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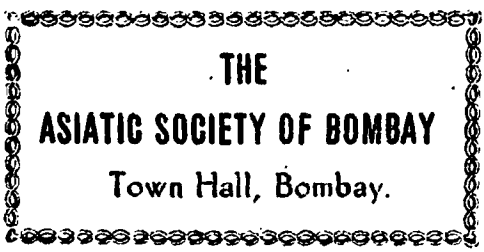

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The Times' Whistle.

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The Times' Whistle:

or

A Newe Daunce of Seven Satires, and other Poems:

Compiled by R. C., Gent.

43542

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM MS. Y. 8. 3. IN THE LIBRARY OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL;

With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary,

BY

J. M. COWPER,

EDITOR OF 'ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,' ETC.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
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TO

Charles Edward Donne, M.A.,

VICAR OF FAVERSHAM, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT SYDNEY, G.C.B.,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE ESTEEM

BY

J. M. COWPER.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Prologue to Hall's Satires opens with these lines :—

"I first adventure, with fool-hardy might
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English Satirist."

But Hall was hardly correct in his assertion that he was the first to adventure in this perilous path, for Hake's *Newes out of Powles Churchyarde* had been given to the public eighteen years before, though without attracting the attention and obtaining the honour which befell Hall's "toothless satires."[1] His challenge, "who 'll be the second English Satirist," was not, however, long unaccepted. In the following year (1598) appeared Marston's *Scourge of Villanie* and *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image*. Samuel Rowlands also (as well as others) now began to write, and continued to add during

[1] Thomas Timme's *Discoverie of Ten Lepers* appeared in 1592. The "Ten Lepers" are :—

1. The Schismatique.
2. The Church-robber.
3. The Simoniac.
4. The Hypocrite.
5. The Proud Man.
6. The Glutton.
7. The Adulterer or Fornicator.
8. The Couetous Man.
9. The Murtherer.
10. The Murmurer.

The full title is :—

A plaine discouerie of ten English Lepers, verie noisome and hurtfull to the Church and common wealth: Setting before our eies the iniquitie of these latter dayes, and indusing vs to a due consideration of our selues. Published by Thomas Timme Minister. London, Printed by Peter Short, dwelling vpon Bredstreet hill, &c. 1592. 4to. A to M in fours. Dedicated to Sir William Brooke, Baron of Cobham (*Hazlitt*), Brit. Mus. 4103. e.

many years to the satiric literature of the time. It was in vain that the authorities endeavoured to wrest the "Rhamnusian whip" from the hands of these powerful writers; it was in vain to enjoin "that noe Satyres or Epigrams be printed hereafter." Whitgift and Bancroft might burn them, but they could not stay their re-appearance, and the Satirist found not only materials for books in abundance, but buyers also, and Satires continued to appear long after the death of the "Virgin Queen," whose ministers condemned Hall's *Satires* to the flames, but spared Harington's *Orlando Furioso*.[1]

The date at which the *Times' Whistle* was written is easily ascertained. The Rev. H. J. Todd, who compiled the Canterbury *Catalogue*, though acquainted with the MS., was incorrect in fixing the date "near 1598." The internal evidence is satisfactory upon this point. The reference to Faux and Ravaillac[2] gives the first clue: the former died in 1605 and the latter in 1610. Other allusions more to the point are to Coryate's *Crudities*, p. 26, which appeared in 1611, and to Dr Carrier,[3] p. 52. Now Carrier died

[1] See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. xii. 436, and Dyce's *Marlowe*, p. xxxviii. note.

[2] Ravaillac, a lay-Jesuit, had, it is said, watched a whole twelvemonth for an opportunity to murder the king, Henry IV., and at last stabbed him as he was on his way to the Bastile. The assassin was at once apprehended and carefully guarded from the fury of the populace. Many consultations were held how to punish him, some Italian physicians offering to prescribe a torment which should continue without intermission for three days. "But he scaped only with this, his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation, they were set again, and so he was carried in a cart standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder; and in the place where the act was done, it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump, to stanch the blood, whereat he gave a doleful shriek. Then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil. Then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes; in all the extremity of this torture he scarce showed any sense of pain, but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arms to stanch the flux, at which time he was reeking with blood, he gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died."—Howel's *Familiar Letters*, ed. 1678, p. 25.

John Taylor, in his *Complaint of Christmas* (1646) mentions, among others, the following *Saints*: Saint *Raviliac*, Saint *Faux*, Saint *Garnet*.

[3] Benjamin Carrier, or Carier, D.D., was the son of Anthony Carrier, a learned and devout preacher, who caused his son to be strictly educated in the Protestant religion, and afterwards in academical literature at Cambridge, where he became a fellow of C. C. Coll., and a noted scholar and preacher. About

"before Midsummer 1614," probably in May or the early part of June in that year, and hence it is evident that the *Satires* cannot have an earlier date than the middle of 1614; most probably they were not finished before the end of this or the beginning of the following year.

The *Poems* will help us to fix the later date. In 1616 Ben Jonson's *Works*, containing his Epigrams, appeared, and to these there is a reference in the Minor Poems.[1] If "R. C." did not see these Epigrams of Jonson's until they appeared in the "Works," then 1616 may be safely taken as the later date, and we are able to fix the Satires and Poems as having been written between Midsummer 1614 and the end of 1616, sufficiently near to answer every purpose. But we know that it was the fashion then for authors to hand about their writings in manuscript.[2] There is abundant evidence that Jonson did so, and presumptive evidence that "R. C." had seen those Epigrams before they were given to the world.

A reference to Jonson will show this. His Eighteenth Epigram, addressed "To my mere English Censurer," answers objections which had been made to his new style of epigrams, and their being unlike those of Weever and Davis. Epigram xlix. is addressed

"To Playwright.

Playwright me reades, and still my verses damnes;
He sayes, I want the tongue of epigrammes;
I have no salt; no bawdrie he doth meane,
For wittie, in his language, is obscene.

the time when James I. came to the throne of England, Carrier published one or more sermons, was made a Royal Chaplain, and one of the first Fellows of Chelsea College, founded by Dr Matthew Sutcliff. Becoming very unsettled in his religious opinions, he abandoned the Church of England for the Church of Rome, and removed to Liege, where he wrote his *Missive* to the king, containing the motives which led him to renounce Protestantism. This appeared in October, 1614. He also published a Letter of the miserable Ends of such as impugn the Catholic Church, which appeared in 1615. He died, according to Anth. à Wood, before Midsummer-day, 1614, when he "concluded his last day, putting thereby a period to the great imaginations that men of learning had of him and his worth, and to the expectation of other books to be published." For further information the reader is referred to a valuable note in *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. vii. 130; Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*; and Bohn's *Lowndes*, but the fullest account of Carrier which I have seen is that in Masters's History of C. C. C. Cambridge (Camb. 1753).

[1] p. 132.

[2] Dyce's *Marlowe*, p. 65, note.

Playwright, I loath to have thy manners knowne
In my chaste booke : professe them in thine owne."
Jonson's Works, folio, 1616.

This reads very much like an answer to that of "R. C." The latter says :—

"Peruse his booke, thou shalt not find a dram
Of witt befitting a true Epigram";

and the retort is,

"He sayes I want the tongue of epigrammes;
I have no salt; no bawdrie he doth meane,
For wittie, in his language, is obscene."[1]

One other point as to date. The poem *In Neandrem* refers, no doubt, to the visit of James I. to Cambridge. Now this visit took place in March, 1615, and gave rise to much good and ill-humoured banter. Francis (afterwards Sir Francis) Nethersole was Public Orator at the time, and, all are agreed, made something very much like a fool of himself. But it cannot be to him that the poem refers. Had he been "struck mute with fear" he would have been spared such taunts as

"Now come we to the wonderment
Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,
The Trinity; which to surpass,
Doth deck her spokesman by a glass :
Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,
Thus opes his mouth, hark how he speeds.

"I wonder what your grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,

[1] I am indebted to Mr Furnivall for the following :—
In the Sale Catalogue of Lilly's books is a copy (No. 1557) of the first edition of Ben Jonson's Workes, 1616, and
On the fly-leaf are the following verses in a cotemporary handwriting :—

"Jonson that whilome brought the guilty age
To suffer for her misdeeds on ye stage,
Ruin'd by age now cannot hold out play,
And must bee forc'd to throw his cards away:
For since he so ill keeps what hee earst wonne,
Since that his reputation 's lost and gone,
The age sweares she 'll no longer hold him play
With her attention; but without delay
Will rise, if some fresh Gamester will not fitte,
That 's furnished with a better stocke of witte."
Catalogue, p. 160.

And this your son, fair *Carolus*,
That is so *Jacobissimus:*
Here's none, of all, your grace refuses,
You are most welcome to our Muses";

and more to the same purpose.[1]

In *A New Quaint Ballad of Cambridge*, the author of which is unknown, we read—

"Oxford she a Christ-church had,
To entertain the king;
And Cambridge had a Trinity,
And scarce one wise therein.
'Most Jacob'd Charles,' did Cambridge cry,
'Thou welcome art to us;'
An Oxford boy must have untruss'd,
If he had cried thus."[2]

In *News out of Cambridge*[3] also the Trinity Oration is dwelt upon; but we learn in addition that Cambridge not only was guilty of nonsense there, but of absolute failure at St Mary's, as we shall show further on. If, then, the poem *In Neandrem* refers to this event, we have another element in fixing the date, and the years 1614 to 1616 may be accepted as conclusive.

To the question, "Who was 'R. C.'?" I am unable to give an answer. "There were," says Mr Corser,[4] "several poetical authors about this period who rejoiced in these initials, Robert Chamberlaine, Robert Chester, Roger Cocks, Robert Copland, Roger Cotton, Ralph Crane, Richard Crashaw, Robert Crowley, and Robert Croft," and to these may be added Richard Carew, Robert Carliell, and Richard Corbet, successively Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. Several of these may be dismissed at once—they were dead, or wrote later than when these Satires were written; Carew, Carliell, Corbet, Crane, and others, were alive, but to few of these can this volume be attributed. One well-known scholar[5] thinks Richard Carew was the author; another[6] suggests Ralph Crane. But after an examination of some of their writings I am reluctantly compelled to say I do not think either Carew or Crane wrote the *Times' Whistle*. If either

[1] *Corbet's Poems*, ed. Gilchrist, 1807, pp. 17, 18.
[2] Inedited Miscellanies. Privately printed, 1870. [3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, p. 231.
[5] J. Payne Collier, Esq. [6] W. Carew Hazlitt, Esq.

did, then it must be confessed that their known writings are far inferior to these Satires. A few lines in *Crane's New Year's Gift* are all that can bear comparison with any portion of this volume:—

——"His great Prouidence (neuer forsaking)
Did first excite thee to this vnder-taking:
He bids thee write: rely on him, and send
Thy prayers vp, and he will fairely end
This thy desire."—*N. Y. Gift*, p. 2.

"Euery one
Moues by his power, liues by his permission,
And can do nothing if the prohibition
Of the Almighty doe oppugne; it lies
Only in him to end each enterprise."—*T. Whistle*, p. 3.

——"All such labours in his nostrils stinke,
And therfore shall prove fruitlesse: men intend,
But God it is that consummates the end."—*Ib.*, p. 17.

There is a writer, who, but for one difficulty, to be mentioned shortly, would meet all the requirements of the case, and that is Richard Corbet, who was at this time very active with his pen. He was born at Ewell, in Surrey, in 1582, received the rudiments of his education at Westminster School, and in 1598 was entered at Broadgate Hall, and in the following year was admitted a student of Christ-Church College, Oxford. In 1605 he graduated Master of Arts, and became celebrated as a wit and a poet.[1] A man who had the reputation of being a wit and a poet, and who was at one time found in a tavern with the jolly fellows of his day; who at another time, and after he was Doctor of Divinity, was seen putting off his Doctor's gown and putting on a leathern jacket, and singing ballads at Abingdon Cross, certainly would not be found among the ranks of the Puritans: and so we find him undisguisedly opposed to Abbott, at this time Archbishop of Canterbury, and siding with Laud, then rising into fame. In 1616 he was recommended by Convocation as a proper person to be elected to Chelsea College, of which, as we have already seen,[2] Benjamin Carrier had been a Fellow. Even when promoted to a bishopric, Corbet could not forget, and did not choose to abandon, some of his jovial habits, for it is said that he would sometimes take

[1] *The Poems of Richard Corbet*, edited by Octavius Gilchrist, 1807.
[2] p. x, *note* [3].

the key of the wine-cellar, and with his chaplain, Dr Lushington, would go and lock himself in and be merry. First of all the Bishop would lay down his hood, with "There lies the Doctor;" then he would put off his gown, with "There lies the Bishop;" and then it was "Here's to thee, Corbet," and, "Here's to thee, Lushington!" The man who could act thus would be the very man to write the lines

> "Then straight into the cellar he 'll them bring—
> 'Tis sweetest drinking at the very spring,"[1]

and to record such a journey as that to Islington to eat cream,[2] described on page 83, and to be credited with writing the song in praise of good ale, which is sometimes attributed to him.[3]

Corbet was certainly no "precisian." But in spite of the want of an austerity befitting his sacred calling, and his hatred of the go-to-meeting portion of Englishmen, it is gratifying to find that the merry bishop died beloved and honoured. "In no record of his life is there the slightest trace of malevolence or tyranny. 'He was,' says Fuller, 'of a courteous carriage, and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaired with a jest upon him.' Benevolent, generous, and spirited in his public character; sincere, amiable, and affectionate in private life; correct, eloquent, and ingenious as a poet;[4] he appears to have deserved and enjoyed through life the patronage and friendship of the great, and the applause and estimation of the good."[5]

Such was the man; and his character seems perfectly consistent with the theory that he wrote these *Satires* and *Poems*. It now remains to present portions of Corbet's acknowledged writings, that the reader may compare them in style and sentiment with what we

[1] p. 60.

[2] Samuel Pepys visited Islington at various times. "My father," he says (ii. 111), "used to carry us to Islington, to the old man's, at the King's Head, to eat cakes and ale." "Back to Islington, and at the King's Head, where Pitts lived, we 'light, and eat and drunk for remembrance of the old house sake."—(*Ib.* 121.) "Thence to Islington, and there eate and drank at the house my father and we were wont of old to go."—(*Ib.* 183.) "Thence to Hackney. There light, and played at shuffle-board, eat cream and good cherries; and so with good refreshment home."—(ii. 133.) [3] See p. xxxvii.

[4] J. Payne Collier, Esq., writes to me, "It is seldom one meets with such measure and such meaning" as are found in the *Times' Whistle*.

[5] O. Gilchrist's *Corbet*, p. li.

have in this volume. King James visited Cambridge, as before stated, in 1615. Many Oxford men were present, and among them Corbet. Now, although Corbet declared "he had left his malice and judgment at home, and came there only to commend," the opportunity to exercise his wit at the expense of Cambridge was too strong for him to resist, and on his return to Oxford he composed a ballad "To the Tune of Bonny Nell." This ballad, and others which appeared at the same time, make reference to the failure of one or more who were appointed to dispute before the king, but broke down. Corbet, in the ballad, says,—

"Now pass we to the civil law,
And eke the doctors of the spaw,
Who all performed their parts so well,
Sir Edward Ratcliffe *bore the bell*,
Who was, by the king's own appointment,
To speak of spells, and magick oyntment."

Corbet's Poems, p. 20.

With this compare the following:—

"In Neandrem.

Neander, held a great cevillian[1]
(Let me not say a Machiavillian)
Appointed to dispute before the king,
Struck mute with fear, could not say anything
Save twas ill luck; for if he had done well
As we expected, he would *bear the bell*
From the whole Academie for the test,
Tis certaine he had been a knight at lest,
And made his wife (what she hath lookt for long)
A Madame. Fortune, thou hast done her wrong
To hinder his once dubbing of his wife
Which hath dubde him soe often in his life."

T. Whistle, p. 134.

These extracts are given that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the known R. Corbet with the unknown "R. C." It is probable that the poem *In Neandrem*, and the following lines from *News from Cambridge*,[2] refer to Dr Richardson.[3]

[1] Cevillian, one versed in civil law.

[2] Inedited Miscellanies. Privately printed, 1870.

[3] The following extract is from Nichol's *Progresses, &c., of Jas. I.*, vol. iii. p. 57 (4to, Lond. 1828). "An extraordinary Act in Divinity was kept at Cambridge before King James, wherein Doctor John Davenant was Answerer,

"One morn they went unto St Mary's,
Where one amongst the rest miscarries,
For, thinking well for to dispute,
Propounds the question and falls mute.
Nor did he blush nor want excuse:
He follow'd but the Cambridge use."

To quote all from Corbet's Poems which might fairly be quoted would be to occupy more space than can be spared; a few examples must suffice. See how he treats the Puritans:—

"I needs must say 'tis a spirituall thing
To raile against a bishopp, or the king;
Nor are they meane adventures wee have bin in,
About the wearing of the churches linnen."

Corbet's Poems, ed. 1807, p. 106.

"Routes and wilde pleasures doe invite temptation,
And this is dangerous for our damnation;
Wee must not move our selves, but if w' are mov'd
Man is but man; and therefore those that lov'd
Still to seeme good, would evermore dispence
With their own faults, so they give no offence.
If the times sweete entising, and the blood
That now begins to boyle, have thought it good
To challenge Liberty and Recreation,
Let it be done in holy contemplation:
Brothers and Sisters in the fields may walke,
Beginning of the Holy Word to talke,
Of David, and Uriahs lovely wife,
Of Thamar, and her lustfull brothers strife;
Then, underneath the hedge that woos them next,
They may sitt doune, and there act out the text.
Nor doe wee want, how ere we live austeere,
In winter Sabbath-nights our lusty cheere;

and Dr. Richardson amongst others the Opposers. The question was maintained in the negative concerning the Excommunicating of Kings. Dr. Richardson vigorously pressed the practice of St. Ambrose excommunicating the Emperor Theodosius; insomuch that the King in some passion returned: 'Prefecto fuit hoc Ambrosio insolentissime factum!' To whom Dr. Richardson rejoyned: 'Responsum verè Regium, et Alexandro dignum! Hoc non est argumenta dissolvere, sed dissecare;' *and so, sitting down, desisted from any further dispute.*"

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Dennis Hall, of the Cambridge Union Library, for this note, and also for pointing out the similarity of expression used by Corbet in reference to Sir E. Ratcliffe and by the writer of *In Neandrem*. Mr Hall, without knowing that the same question had presented itself to me, asks, "Can the R. C. in question be Richard Corbet, Bp. of Norwich?"

And though the pastors grace, which oft doth hold
Halfe an howre long, make the provision cold,
Wee can be merry; thinking 't nere the worse
To mend the matter at the second course.
Chapters are read, and hymnes are swectly sung,
Joyntly commanded by the nose and tongue;
Then on the Worde wee diversly dilate,
Wrangling indeed for heat of zeale, not hate:
When at the length an unappeased doubt
Feircely comes in, and then the light goes out;
Darkness thus workes our peace, and wee containe
Our fyery spiritts till we see againe.
Till then, no voice is heard, no tongue doth goe,
Except—" &c., &c.—*Ib.*, pp. 108—110.

Another quotation from Corbet may be given here.

" Have I renounc't my faith, or basely sold
Salvation, and my loyalty, for gold?
Have I some forreigne practice undertooke
By poyson, shott, sharp-knife, or sharper booke
To kill my king? have I betrayd the state
To fire and fury, or some newer fate,
Which learned murderers, those grand destinies,
The Jesuites, have nurc'd? if of all these
I guilty am, proceed; I am content."—*Ib.* p. 47.

These quotations, and other passages to be found in Corbet's writings, have the ring and the swing which characterize the whole of the *Times' Whistle*. No other Satires which I have read, by any one "rejoicing in these initials," allow of scarcely any comparison being made; but with the Bishop the case is altogether different. The same smooth measure, the same frequent references to history, the same intense scorn of Puritans and Puritanism, are found in Corbet's poetry and in that of "R. C." I am aware of the difficulty —there is, I think, but one—which besets this theory. "R. C., *Gent.*," is not the same as the "Rev. R. C.," or "R. C., Clerk." But it must be remembered that Corbet published none of his Poems during his lifetime, and that it was not till some twelve years after his death that any of them were given to the public. The *Times' Whistle* and the *Poems* were evidently written for publication; but why the intention was not carried out there is no hint to show. If Corbet wrote them, his elevation to high positions in the Church may have led him to abandon the publication alto-

gether, judging that some of the scenes in which the writer took a part would but ill correspond with his ecclesiastical character.[1]

Our Poet, whoever he was, was well read in and made good use of the literature of his time, as well as of ancient classic authors. Shakespeare, Marston, Marlowe, Jonson, Hall, and others, appear to have been consulted to some purpose, but not to an extent to render the author liable to any grave charge of plagiarism. Only a few of these allusions to his contemporaries can be given; the reader will readily supply omissions. And first as to Shakespeare:

Gloucester. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Henry. The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.—3 *K. Hen. VI.* v. 6.

[1] The MS. is not in the handwriting of Bp Corbet. I have compared it with an autograph letter of the Bishop's in the British Museum.

Another "R. C." appears in W. Bosworth's *The Chast and Lost Lovers*. Mr Furnivall referred to the book for me, and forwarded me the following, which seems worthy of attention:—

"The Chast and Lost Lovers, Lively shadowed in the persons of *Arcadius* and *Sepha*, and illustrated with the severall stories of *Hæmon* and *Antigone*, *Eramio* and *Amissa*, *Phaon* and *Sappho*, *Delithason* and *Verista*: Being a description of severall Lovers smiling with delight, and with hopes fresh as their youth, and fair as their beauties in the beginning of their Affections, and covered with Blood and Horror in the conclusion. To this is added the Contestation betwixt *Bacchus* and *Diana*, and certain Sonnets of the Author to *AVRORA*. Digested into three Poems, by *Will. Bosworth*, Gent.

——— *Me quoque*
Impune volare, & sereno
Calliope dedit ire cœlo.

London, Printed by F. L. for *Laurence Blaiklock*, and are to be sold at his shop at *Temple-Bar*, 1651."

8vo. A in 8 unpaged; B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, 127 pages, and last page blank (Brit. Mus. press-mark E. $\frac{1236}{2}$).

The prose Epistle Dedicatory 'To the true Lover of all good Learning, the Honourable *John Finch*, Esq.' is signed R. C., and says that the Poems are 'the work of a young Gentleman of 19 years of Age, who, had he lived, might have been as well the Wonder as the Delight of the Arts, and been advanced by them amongst the highest in the Temple of Fame.'

The prose address 'To the Reader' is also signed R. C., and contains a hit at Ben Jonson, which may identify its writer with the author of *Times' Whistle*, and the Satire against Jonson. Speaking of Bosworth and his work, R. C. says:

"The strength of his fancy, and the shadowing of it in words, he taketh from Mr Marlow in his Hero and Leander, whose mighty lines Mr *Benjamin Johnson* (*a man sensible enough of his own abilities*) was often heard to say, that they were Examples fitter for admiration than for parallel, you shall find our Author every where in this imitation."

With this compare

"He, though he had the murderous hand to spill
Another's blood, himself yet durst not kill,
And was afraid of others. Whatever stirs
He judgeth to be men and officers.
Come to attach him, and, his sight unstable,
Takes every bush to be a constable."—*T. Whistle*, p. 108.

The same idea occurs on p. 94:—

"Each bush doth fright him, and each flying bird,
Yea, his own shadow, maketh him afeard."

Marston's *Scourge of Villanie* was also familiar to our author:—

"Infectious blood, ye gouty humours, quake,
Whilst my sharp razor doth incision make."
Marston's Works, iii. 274, ed. J. O. Halliwell.

"Let ulcer'd limbs and gouty humours quake
Whilst with my pen I do incision make."—*T. W.* 2/19, 20.

Marston has

"Camphire and lettuce chaste
Are clean cashier'd, now sophi ringoes eat,
Candi'd potatoes are Athenians meat.
Hence, holy thistle, come sweet marrow pie,
Inflame our backs to itchin luxury.
A crab's bak'd guts, a lobster's butter'd thigh,
I hear them swear is blood of venery."—*Works*, iii. 257.[1]

Compare with the above,

"Provocatives to stir up appetite
To brutish lust and sensual delight
Must not be wanting; lobsters' butter'd thighs,
Artichoke, marrow-bone, potato-pies,
Anchovies, lambs' artificially drest stones,
Fine jellies of decocted sparrows' bones.
Or if these fail, th' apothecary's trade
Must furnish them with rarest marmalade,
Candi'd eringoes and rich marchpane stuff.
. . . . . .
With allegant, the blood of venery
Which strengthens much the back's infirmity."[2]—*T. W.* p. 87.

[1] "Virginius vow'd to keep his maiden-head,
And eats chaste lettice, and drinks poppyseed,
And smells on camphor fasting."—Hall's *Satires*, iv. 4.

"Letuce seede being often vsed to be eaten a long space, drieth vp the natural seede, and putteth away the desire to Lecherie."—Lyte's *Dodoens*, f. 573 (1578).

[2] Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 1, has "Diving into the

Marlowe was charged with holding atheistical opinions, and it would almost seem that "R. C." had him in view in the opening of the first Satire. The lines

> "Which by religion dost not set a straw,
> Devis'd, thou think'st, but to keep fools in awe" (*T. W.* p. 5)

seem to be another form of one of the opinions "of one Christofer Marlye," namely, "That the first beginning of religion was only to keep men in awe."[1] Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* was published, in quarto, in 1604, and again in 1616. The *Times' Whistle*[2] contains a reference to the story of this Play, although it may be said the story was common enough for "R. C." to have got it elsewhere. The whole scene in which Faust cuts his arm, and writes the agreement with his blood, is too long for insertion here, an extract must suffice:—

> "*Faust.* Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
> I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
> Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
> Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
> View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
> And let it be propitious for my wish.
> *Meph.* But, Faustus, thou must
> Write it in a manner of a deed of gift.
> *Faust.* Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
> My blood congeals, and I can write no more."

The mention of Tamburlaine[3] will at once call the reader's mind to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great.*

fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potato-pies, and such good unctuous meats."

Howel, writing from Alicant, says: "I have bin here now these three months, and most of my food have bin grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat, that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nourriture these deep sanguin Alicant grapes give."—*Fam. Let.* p. 35, ed. 1678.

And John Taylor, *Works*, folio, 1630 (Spenser Society's Reprint): "The Taste plays the Bawd with both Art and Nature, and searcheth through the Earth, Seas, and Skies for variety of temptation; poore and innocent Lambstones, Potatoes, Eringoes, Crabs, Scallops, Lobsters, Wilkes, Cockles, Oysters, Anchoues and Caucare [Qy. Caucare], Cock-sparrowes, Coxcome-pyes, ... doe waite upon the Taste."—f. 259.

> "[He] eates more Lobsters, Artichokes, and Crabs,
> Blew roasted Egges, Potatoes, Maskadine,
> Oysters, and pith that growes i' th' Oxes Chine."—*Ib.* f. 509.

See also Howel's *Familiar Letters*, p. 215.

[1] See Dyce's *Marlowe*, p. 389. [2] p. 53. [3] p. 25.

The Prologue to Hall's Satires has been partly quoted already, another portion of it may fitly come in here:—

"Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And pranck base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned Vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with Virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lies,
Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it might a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be."

That a similar spirit to this animated "R. C." may be seen by reading his introductory lines on the second page of this volume.

The references to Jonson's writings are numerous. Compare the Sordido in *Every Man out of his Humour*, with R. C.'s Sordido,[1] and especially Misotochus,[2] and the effect of fine clothes in the same Play,[3] with the character of Moros[4] and the closing lines of our author's second Satire,[5] and it will be seen at once how closely they coincide. Carlo in this Play[6] says, "Love no man; trust no man; speak ill of no man to his face; nor well of any man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wish them hanged upon turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private. These be principles, think on them."

And R. C.,

"Another's mind by hate distempered is,
Malicing whom in show he seems to kiss.
This bare affection causeth dismal strife,
Despoileth honour and destroyeth life.

[1] pp. 26, 27. [2] p. 99. [3] Act ii. 1; iii. 3. [4] p. 28. [5] p. 30. [6] *Every Man*, &c., iii. 1.

Yet in these days 'tis counted policy
To use dissimulation; villany
Masked under friendship's title (worst of hate)
Makes a man live secure and fortunate.
. . . . . .
These mankind haters, bloody-minded slaves,
Which all the world with horrid murders fill,
Laughing on those whom they intend to kill."[1]

There is evidence too that *The Puritan* had been seen by the author, but it is only necessary to mention the fact.

I do not think any apology will be required for putting these *Satires* before the few scholars who are interested in the literature of the Shakesperean age. Some casual readers there may be, who will fail to see any advantage in having such books within reach—"precisians," they are unwilling to have their senses polluted with the rough language and the pictures, drawn by contemporary hands, of the vices of their countrymen. For such these Satires are not published—they can pass by on the other side, and leave this book to its fate. It is too much the fashion now-a-days to shut our eyes to vice and crime and oppression; to turn our faces from the dark and squalid portions of our cities, towns, and villages; to endeavour to hide all the wickedness and misery under which so many groan, to drive them from the garish light of day, and, compelling them to lie in secret and avoid offending our eyes, to turn with self-righteous complacency to the world, and say, 'See how bright and holy all things are! Vice and misery are not seen in our streets, they do not exist. We manage things better now. A man may walk on the village green, in the beautiful country lanes, in the great streets of our great cities, and see nothing to offend the eye, hear nothing to grate upon the ear. Our writers tell us of nothing but what is pleasant,—of our advances in education, of the improvements which are made on every side.' Yes, it is quite true. We don't like to see vice and misery, we prefer to walk blindfold, and to be ignorant of such things; but is not the difference between the vices of men two hundred and fifty years ago and the vices of men now, simply a difference of dress? Then vices were clothed in

[1] p. 94.

fustian, and were not always hidden from the light; now, we clothe them in broadcloths and silks, and indulge in them secretly.

I do not apprehend that any one reading these Satires will be the worse for the reading. They need no apology from me. If they do, then must all who have spent their talent on the Playwrights and Satirists of the time of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. have erred more deeply than I can have done. The whole Literature is tainted with a certain coarseness, and to condemn one writer is to condemn all. But let no man despise it and think it poor or bad because it is unlike our own. "It is refreshing to look out of ourselves sometimes, not always to be holding the glass to our own peerless perfections; and as there is a dead wall which always intercepts the prospect of the future from our view (all that we can see beyond it is the heavens), it is as well to direct our eyes now and then without scorn to the page of history, and repulsed in our attempts to penetrate the secrets of the next six thousand years, not to turn our backs on auld lang syne!"[1] I do not apologize for adding to this literature. The reader must judge whether I have done well or ill, and by his judgment willingly I abide.

In this volume there is much that is interesting historically, such as the drinking scenes, the tobacco-smoking customs, the alehouse haunting on Sundays, the manner in which the Puritan was spoken of by the orthodox Churchman. These, and the hints illustrative of the atheism, infidelity, and apostasy which were common then (as well as now), give a value to the book which each reader will estimate for himself. Of the moral and religious tone which runs through the whole of it I cannot speak too highly. In our Dramatists and others this is too often overlaid, or lost altogether. Not so here. Is there a sin, a vice, a crime described? the denunciation of its certain punishment is sure to follow, and that in terms so plain that they who run may read.

The preface to the minor poems in this volume is curious. What occurred to prevent the Satires "and this piece of poetry alsoe . . . . . soe sodainlie thrust into the presse" from being given to the world, at present is a mystery, and will probably remain one

[1] W. Hazlitt; Lectures, &c.

for some time to come. Whether the "subsequent endeavours" spoken of ever came to anything is also unknown. The "judicious Catoes" and barking Momists of the time had had their fling at R. C.,[1] and had planted a thorn in his side. His retort calls to mind Ben Jonson's lines :—

> "Perhaps, upon the rumour of their speeches,
> Some grieved friend will whisper to me; Crites,
> Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
> If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
> To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.
> What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
> Hath censured vile before me?"[2]

These poems display the fancies and beliefs which were common at the time they were written. Few of them are without interest of some kind, the best probably being that commencing on page 137.

Of the poetical merits of "R. C." nothing need be said. The book is in the reader's hands. Let it speak for its author. One extract must suffice here :—

> "Latro did act a damnèd villainy,
> Adding black murder to his robbery,
> Yet cause 'twas closely done he might conceal it,
> For save himself none living could reveal it.
> But see the just revenge for this offence;—
> After the deed, his guilty conscience
> Torturing his soul, enforc'd him still to think
> The act disclosed, and he in danger's brink.
> He thought the birds still in their language said it;
> He thought the whistling of the wind bewrayed it;
> He called to mind that murder was forbidden,
> And though a while it could not long be hidden.
> Distract in mind, and fearfull in his place,
> Having no power to call to God for grace,
> The devil doth suborne him to despair,
> Tells him 'tis pity he should breath this air
> Which hath been such a villain; thrusts him on
> To work his own death and confusion.
> He, though he had the murderous hand to spill
> Another's blood, himself yet durst not kill,
> And was afraid of others. What e'er stirs
> He judgeth to be men, and officers

[1] See also the poem *In Momum*, p. 152.
[2] Cynthia's Revels, iii. 2.

Come to attach him, and his sight unstable
Takes every bush to be a constable.
Thus plagued and tortured with despair and fear,
Out must the fact, he can no more forbear;
For which, according to the course of law,
Death's heavy sentence on him he doth draw,
And being brought unto the place of death,
There in despair yields up his latest breath.
Thus each affection like a tyrant reigns
Over man's soul, which letteth loose the reins
Unto selfe will, in which so slavish state,
Man's sense captived, his reason subjugate,
Makes the soul clogg'd, a massy lump of sin,
Which following his creation should have been,
Like his Creator, pure."—*T. W.* p. 108.

I have taken no liberties with my MS. other than those explained in the footnotes. For the punctuation and the use of the hyphen in some of the compound words, as well as the use of Capital letters, I am answerable. I hope it will be found that I have avoided mistakes as much as it is possible to do, and I believe the reader may rest assured that every reading, and every word, which bears a peculiar look is as it stands in my original. I should have preferred to modernize the spelling throughout, but the laws of the E. E. T. S. allow of no such tampering with texts, and it is right they should not. Once begin, and the reader is never sure that his author's *ipsissima verba* are before him.

I have added to this brief introduction a few notes illustrative of the text, and at the end of the volume a glossary of words and phrases, which is intended not only to assist the general reader, but to save any future Lexicographer the trouble of wading through the volume for an example of the use of any word, phrase, or proverb. Of the use of proverbs and phrases these Satires contain many examples.

The most pleasing of my duties remains to be done. To thank the Dean[1] (too late, alas! for him to hear) and Chapter of Canterbury for so generously placing the MS. in my hands to copy and use at my own home. And to express the many obligations under which I rest to the Rev. Canon Robertson, Librarian of the Canterbury

[1] Dr Alford.

Cathedral Library, to J. Payne Collier, J. O. Halliwell, W. Bodham Donne, F. J. Furnivall, W. Carew Hazlitt, and Dennis Hall, Esqrs., and my brother, B. Harris Cowper, who have been kind enough to read my proofs, and to afford me many valuable hints and suggestions, as well as to express their satisfaction that I had undertaken to see these Satires through the press.

JOSEPH M. COWPER.

Davington Hill, Faversham,
March 21. 1871.

NOTES.

Puritans and Puritanism. Page 4. At this day it is scarcely possible to conceive the amount of obloquy which was heaped upon these men. No vice was deemed too horrible for them to commit—they were in all things considered the very incarnation of hypocrisy. In spite of the oppressions under which they bowed they became, as our author says, so numerous that they encumbered the Church, and stuck as a disease within her bowels (p. 10). It is unnecessary to reproduce the taunts and abuses which are scattered up and down the literature of this period. The reader curious in such matters will find enough in the works of Taylor the Water-Poet, Bp Corbet's *Poems*, *The Puritan*, and elsewhere.

As to their numbers we may quote Taylor: "*Item*, he told that there were a great many Puritans in England, and that they did now so disturb the quietness of the Commonwealth that it was now almost turned topsy-turvy."—*The Liar*, 1641, p. 5.

Brownism. p. 4. Robert Brown, the founder of the Sect of Brownists, was born in 1549. He was educated at Cambridge, and, while a young man, obtained the mastership of the Free-School of St Olave's, Southwark, and became chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk. In 1571 he was cited to appear before Parker to answer for his opinions. The influence of Norfolk saved him for this time. Subsequently Brown abandoned the views of the Puritans for those of the Separatists. For preaching against bishops and church ceremonies he asserted that he was committed to thirty-two prisons. Soon after 1580 he found it prudent to go to Holland, but in 1584 he was stirring up strife in Scotland. He returned to the Church of England, but not much to his or her credit, as the remainder of his life seems to have been spent at Achurch, near Oundle (the living of which he accepted as the price of his conformity), in idleness, occasionally varied by beating his wife, not "as his wife, but as a curst old woman." For an almost contemporary account of him see Taylor's *Cluster of Coxcombes*, 1642.

Anabaptists. p. 9. (See Glossary.) The following is from Taylor's

account of *Anabaptists of these latter times* (pub. 1642): On the 29th April in the 32nd Henry VIII. one Mandeville and one Collins (both Anabaptists) were examined in St Margaret's Church at the Hill in Southwark, and there they were condemned and judged to be burnt as heretics, which was executed on them accordingly in the highway between Southwark and Newington.

In 1574 one man and ten women were judged to be burnt for being Anabaptists, but after much suit made, one woman recanted, and all the rest were banished. In the same year four carried faggots and did penance at Paul's Cross, and recanted, but two Dutchmen were burnt in Smithfield for being Anabaptists. "And in these our days the said Anabaptistical sect is exceeding rife, for they do swarm here and there without fear of either God or man, Law or order."—*A Cluster of Coxcombes* (1642), p. 4.

Howel "could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell on a Brownist's back."—*Fam. Letters*, ed. 1678, p. 255*a*.

The Family of Love. p. 9. This sect, often called *Familists*, had its rise in Holland about the year 1550. Thirty years later the Familists appeared in England. They pretended to a more than ordinary sanctity. They asserted that none were of the number of the elect but such as were admitted into their family, and that all the rest were reprobate. They held that it was lawful for them to swear to an untruth before a magistrate or before any other person who was not of their society, for their own convenience. The originator of this sect was Henry Nicholas of Leyden, who made certain blasphemous pretensions that he partook of the Divinity of God. Their numerous books were ordered by Elizabeth to be burnt.[1]

The Familists are often referred to in language far from complimentary.

Those who care to know in what estimation they were held by the orthodox may refer to Taylor's *A Bawd, The Vertue of a Jayle, etc.*, and his *Apology for Private Preaching*.

In 1574, five Englishmen of the sweet sect called The Family of Love did penance at Paul's Cross, and there confessed and detested their wicked and damnable heresies.—*A Cluster of Coxcombes* (1642), p. 4.

Amsterdam. p. 11. No place seems to have been held in such vile repute as Amsterdam. Of course the gossiping Howel has something to say about it. Writing from Amsterdam, in 1617, he says: "The ground here, which is all for the most part twixt marsh and moorish, lies not only level but to the apparent sight of the eye far lower than the sea, which made the Duke of Alva say that the inhabitants of this country were the nearest to hell (the great Abyss) of any people on Earth. . . . . One of the chiefest parts of his [the native's] Litany is From the Sea, the Spaniard, and the Devil, the Lord deliver me."—*Fam. Letters*, ed. 1678, p. 8.

Two years later he writes, "I am lodged in a Frenchman's house

[1] See Hook's *Ch. Dict.*

(at Amsterdam) who is one of the deacons of our English Brownists here; 'tis not far from the Synagogue of the Jews, who have free and open exercise of their religion here. I believe in this street where I lodge there be well near as many religions as there be houses; for one neighbour knows not, nor cares not much, what religion the other is of, so that the number of conventicles exceeds the number of churches here. . . . . The dog and rag Market is hard by, where every Sunday morning there is a kind of public mart for those commodities, notwithstanding their precise observance of the Sabbath."—*Ib.* p. 10.

"The pure reformed Amsterdammers,
Those faithful Friday feasting capon crammers."
Taylor, Works, folio, 1630, f. 402 (Spenser Society's Rep.).

In his *Brood of Cormorants*, speaking of "A Separatist," he writes:

"If in lesser room they may be cramm'd,
And live and die at *Amster* and be dam'd."—*Works*, f. 485.

"Let Amsterdam send forth her brats,
Her fugitives and runagates;
Let Bedlam, Newgate and the Clink
Disgorge themselves into this sink."
A Poem on New England, *Ined. Misc.*, privately printed, 1870.

Sleeping in Church. p. 15.

"Men sleep in church, sure their brains are addle,
Sly Satan lulls them, and doth rock the cradle:
When men thus do no ill, 'tis understood,
The devil hinders them from doing good."—*Taylor, Works*, f. 351.

See also *News from Hell, Hull, and Hullifax, etc.*, p. 46, and Howel's *Fam. Let.*, p. 255.

Sabbath customs. pp. 16, 19. See Crowley's Epigram of Alehouses (1550).

"NEdes must we haue places for vitayls to be solde,
for such as be sycke, pore, feble, and olde.
But, Lorde, to howe greate abuse they be growne!
In eche lyttle hamlet, vyllage, and towne,
They are become places of waste and excesse,
And herbour for such men as lyue in idlenes.
And lyghtly in the contrey they be placed so,
That they stande in mens waye when they shoulde to church go.
And then such as loue not to hear theyr fautes tolde,
By the minister that readeth the newe Testament and olde,
do turne into the alehouse, and let the church go;
Yea, and men accompted wyse and honeste do so.
But London (God be praysed) all men maye commende,
Whych doeth nowe this greate enormitie emende,
For in seruice tyme no dore standeth vp,
Where such men are wonte to fyll can and cuppe.

Wolde God in the countrey they woulde do the same,
Either for Gods feare, or for worldly shame!
How hallow they the Saboth, that do the tyme spende
In drynkinge and idlenes tyll the daye be at an ende?
Not so well as he doeth, that goeth to the plowe,
Or pitcheth vp the sheues from the carte to the mowe.
But he doeth make holye the Sabothe in dede,
That heareth Goddes worde, and helpeth suche as nede."

And *Newes out of Powles Churchyarde* (1577), Satyr 5:—

"Search Tauernes through, and typling bowres
eche Saboth day at morne:
And you shall thinke this geare to be
ene too too much forborne.

. . . . . .

What else but gaine and Money gote
maintaines each Saboth day
The bayting of the Beare and Bull?
What brings this brutish play?
What is the cause that it is born,
and not controlled ought,
Although the same of custome be
on holy Saboth wrought?"

Stubs (*Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 157, ed. 1836) thus writes of Sunday labour:—

"If he were stoned for gathering a fewe stickes vppon the Sabbaoth daie, which in some cases might be lawful for necessities sake, and yet did it but once, what shal they be who all the Sabbaoth dayes of their life giue themselues to nothing els but to wallowe in all kinde of wickednesse and sinne, to the great contempt bothe of the Lord and his Sabbaoth? And though thei haue played the lazie lurdens all the weeke before, yet that daie, of set purpose, they will toyle and labour, in contempt of the Lord and his Sabaoth."

The Mausolean Monument. p. 22. See *Taylor, Works*, f. 553:—

"The Tomb of Mausoll, King of Carea,
Built by his Queen (kind Artemisia)
So wondrous made by art and workmanship,
That skill of man could never it outstrip:
'Twas long in building, and it doth appear
The charges of it full two millions were." (!)

Fertile Kent. p. 26.

"When as the pliant Muse, straight turning her about,
And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, O famous Kent, quoth she,
What country hath this isle that can compare with thee!
Which hast within thy self as much as thou canst wish,
Thy conies, venison, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and fish,

And what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood:
Nor any thing doth want that any where is good."

Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1613.

"Kent
Is termed the civilest place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy."

2 *K. Hen. VI.* iv. 7.

Milk, a cosmetic. p. 36.

"Some I have heard of that have been so fine
To wash and bathe themselves in milk or wine,
Or else with whites of eggs their faces garnish,
Which makes them look like visors or new varnish."

Taylor, Works, f. 44.

Avarice. p. 41.

"The Earth is rip'd and bowel'd, rent and torn,
For gold and silver which by man is worn:
And sea and land are rak'd and search't and sought,
For jewels too far fetcht, and too dear bought."—*Ib.* f. 43.

Simony. pp. 43, 45. On this subject see Hall's *Satires*, ii. 5:—

"Saw'st thou ever SI-QUIS patch'd on Paul's church door,
To seek some vacant vicarage before?
Who wants a churchman, that can service say,
Read fast and fair his monthly homily?
And wed and bury and make christen-souls?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Pauls.
Thou servile fool, why could'st thou not repair
To buy a benefice at Steeple-fair?
There moghtest thou, for but a slender price,
Advowson thee with some fat benefice:
. . . . . .
A thousand patrons thither ready bring
Their new-fall'n churches to the chaffering;
Stake three years' stipend; no man asketh more:
Go take possession of the church-porch door,
And ring thy bells."

Bribery—Lawyers. pp. 42, 45—49.

"One here bewayles his wofull case
and wisheth him vnborne,
Another cryes with wringing handes,
alas, I am forlorne.
My sute thus long depended hath:
The Lawe is on my syde,
And yet in harde delayes I lye
true Iudgement to abyde.

Another thus be friended is,
The Iudge doth loue him well
And me (as poore and needie) they
doo dayly thus depell
Two hundreth myles and more I come:
My Wife at home (alas)
Lyes with my Children halfe forepynde:
(O lamentable case.)
My goods are spent, which labor brought,
through long and carefull toyle:
The Lawe hath lyckt vp all my wealth
for which I dyd turmoyle."

Newes out of Powles, Sat. 2.

The whole Satire might be quoted. Hall (ii. 3) satirizes lawyers thus:—

"The crouching client, with low-bended knee,
And many worships, and fair flattery,
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
But still the lawyers eye squints on his fist;
If that seem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the suit, the law is plain for thee."

Well-drest fools. p. 43. "It is a scurvy fashion of your devising that wise men in russet must reverence and stand bare to silken fools."—*News from Hell, Hull, and Hallifax*, p. 51.

"Why, assure you, signior, rich apparel has strange virtues; it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit: he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties."—*Every Man out of his Hu.* ii. 1.

"Here, in the court, be a man ne'er so vile,
In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a silken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted, you shall have
A fellow that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rinse his clammy guts in beer
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat
And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state
Of virtue in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha!
That raiment should be in such high request."—*Ib.* iii. 3.

Fairies. p. 53.

"*Gert.* Good Lord, that there are no fairies now-a-days, Syn.
Syn. Why, Madam?
Gert. To do miracles and bring ladies money."

1605. *Eastward Hoe*, v. i.

"Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies:
Sweep your house, who doth not so
Mab will pinch her by the toe."—Herrick's *Hesperides.*

"Grant that the sweet Fairies may nightly put money in your shoes, and sweep your house clean."—Holiday's *Marriages of the Arts.*

"Farewell rewards and Faeries,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foule slutts in daries
Doe fare as well as they.
And though they sweepe theyr hearths no less
Then maydes were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness,
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?"—Corbet's *Poems*, p. 213.

For more information on the subject of Fairies the reader is referred to Brand's *Pop. Antiq.*, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, 1870.

Gluttony. p. 55.

"This day, my Lorde his speciall friende
must dyne with him (no naye)
His Partners, Friendes and Aldermen:
Wherfore he must puruaye
Both Capon, Swan, and Hernshoe good,
fat Bitture, Larcke and Quayle:
Right Plouer, Snype, and Woodcock fine
with Curlew, Wype and Rayle:
Stonetiuets, Teale, and Pecteales good,
with Busterd fat and plum,
Fat Pheasaunt Powt, and Plouer base
for them that after come.
Stent, Stockard, Stampine, Tāterueale,
and Wigeon of the best:
Puyt, Partrich, Blackebirde and
fat Shoueler with the rest.
Two Warrants eke he must prouide
To haue some Venson fat,
And meanes héele make for red Déere too,
(there is no nay to that.)
And néedefully he must prouide
(although we speake not ont)
Both Peacock, Crane, and Turkicock,
and (as such men are wont)
He must foresee that he ne lacke
colde bakemeates in the ende;
With Custards, Tarts, and Florentines,
the banequet to amende.

And (to be short and knit it vp)
he must not wanting sée
Straunge kindes of fysh at second course
to come in their degrée.
As Porpesse, Seale and Salmond good,
with Sturgeon of the best
And Turbot, Lobster, with the lyke
to furnish out the feast.
All this theyle haue, and else much more,
sydes Marchpane and gréene chéese,
Stewde wardens, Prunes, & sweete conserues
with spiced Wine like Lées:
Gréeneginger, Sucket, Suger Plate,
and Marmaladie fine:
Blauncht Almonds, Peares and Ginger bread.
But Peares should we assigne
And place before (as meete it is)
at great mens boordes: for why,
Raw fruites are first in seruice styll,
Else Seruing men doo lye."

Newes out of Powles, Sat. 4.

To the above add the following:—"And nowadays if the table be not covered from the one end to the other, as thick as one dish can stand by another, with delicate meat of sundry sorts, one clean different from another, and to every dish a several sauce appropriate to his kind, it is thought there unworthy the name of a dinner. . . . . And these many shall you have at the first course, as many at the second; and, peradventure, more at the third; besides other sweet condiments, and delicate confections of spiceries, and I cannot tell what. And to these dainties, all kinds of wines are not wanting, you may be sure."—*Anat. of Abuses*, p. 107.

Drunkenness. p. 57. Drunkenness "is a horrible vice and too too much used in Ailgna (Anglia); every county, city, town, village, and other places, hath abundance of ale-houses, taverns, and inns, which are so fraught with maltworms, night and day, that you would wonder to see them. You shall have them there sitting at the wine and good-ale all the day long, yea, all the night long too, peradventure a whole week together, so long as any money is left, swilling, gulling and carousing from one to another, till never a one can speak a ready word."—*Anat. of Abuses*, pp. 113, 114.

King Harries Gold. p. 61. The gold coins issued by Henry VIII. were sovereigns, half sovereigns, rose nobles, and George nobles, angels, crowns, and half-crowns. See Humphrey's *Coin Collector's Manual*, p. 451, ed. 1853.

Tobacco. pp. 70—72. Tobacco seems to have been a common road to ruin:

"Tobacco robs some men, if so it list,
It steals their coin (as thieves do) in a mist."
Taylor, *Works*, f. 279.

"Too many there are that pass the bounds of liberality, and spend most prodigally . . . . . on (the devil of India) Tobacco."—*Ib.* f. 336.

"Mischief or mischances seldom come alone: and it is a doubtfull question, whether the devil brought *Tobacco* into England in a *Coach*, or else brought a coach in a fog or mist of Tobacco."—*Ib.* f. 378.

Every thing that can possibly be said against Tobacco may be seen in *A Proclamation* (*Taylor*, ff. 251—253). It is too long for insertion here. The phrase *to drink* (inhale) tobacco was common. "He *drank* colt's-foot among his tobacco." *Taylor*, f. 358. Is this a practice now? I remember my father was in the habit of mixing colt's-foot with his tobacco thirty years ago. In Davies's *Epigrams* which appeared about 1598, one (xxxvi.) is in *praise* of tobacco.

Pict-hatch, the Spitle and Turnboll street. p. 80.

"Old Bembus . . . . . of Pickt-hatch,
That plunging through the Sea of Turnebull Street,
He safely did arrive at Smithfield Bars."—*Taylor*, *Works*, f. 164.

"Sometimes [she] is in the full at Pickt-hatch and sometimes in the wane at Bridewell."—*Ib.* f. 257.

"Turnbull street poor bawds."—*Ib.* f. 253.

"Did ever any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shoreditch baulke?"
Scourge of Villanie, iii. 305.

The *Spittle*, St Bartholomew's.

Dancing. p. 85. Stubs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, on 'The Horrible Vice of Pestiferous Dauncing used in Ailgna,' says: "Dauncing, as it is vsed (or rather abused) in these daies, is an introduction to whordome, a preparatiue to wantonnesse, a prouocatiue to vncleannesse, and an introite to all kinde of lewdnesse, rather then a pleasant exercise to the minde, or a wholesome practise for the bodie (as some list to calle it): . . . . say they, it induceth loue: so say I also; but what loue? truely a lustfull loue, a venerous loue, a concupiscencious, bawdie, and beastiall loue, such as proceedeth from the stinking pump and lothsome sinck of carnall affection and fleshly appetite" (pp. 179, 182, ed. 1585, reprint of 1836).

Bread made of Peas. p. 99. "Do we not see the poor man that eateth brown bread (whereof some is made of rye, barley, peason, beans, oats, and such other gross grains) and drinketh small drink, yea, sometimes water, [and] feedeth upon milk, butter, and cheese."—*Anat. of Abuses*, p. 112.

"My house and I can feed on peas and barley."
Every M. out of his Hu. i. 1.

Wapping. p. 118. Pirates were commonly executed at Wapping.

"I haue seene many of these Prowling fisher-men end their liues like Swans (in a manner singing) and sometimes making their wills at Wapping, or looking through a hempen window at St. Thomas Waterings."—*Taylor, Works*, f. 87.

"By Wapping, where as hang'd drown'd Pirats dye."—*Ib.* f. 181.

"Thus much I mildly write in hope 'twill mend thee;
If not, the Thames or Wapping shore will end thee."—*Ib.* f. 316.

In Henry the VIII.'s time a place called "the Willows" was used for this purpose:—"And this yere was hongyd at the Wyllow by the Temse syde Woolfe and hys wyffe, for kyllynge of two Lumberttes in a bote on the Temse."—*Grey Friars Chron.* p. 37.

Corbet's Song. p. xv. I know not how this song came to be attributed to Corbet. It occurs in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Act ii., and may be found in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. 1773; in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. ii. 1825; and in Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Drama*, p. 197, ed. 1840. The Comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* has been attributed to John Still, who died Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1607; and to Nicholas Udal, who died in 1557. It is not likely that Corbet wrote the song, but I give it here notwithstanding.

Back and syde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hande go colde:
But belley, God sende thee Good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe or olde.

I Can not eate, but lytle meat,
my stomacke is not good;
But sure I thinke, that I can drynk
with him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I stuffe my skyn so full within,
of joly good ale and olde.
Back and syde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hand go colde:
But belly, God send the good ale inoughe,
whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut-brown toste,
and a crab layde in the fyre,
A lytle bread shall do me stead,
much breade I not desyre.
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trow,
can hurte mee, if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt
of joly good ale and olde.
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her life
loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full ofte drinkes shee, tyll ye may see
the teares run down her cheekes;
Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle,
even as a mault worme shuld;
And sayth, sweet hart, I tooke my part
of this joly good ale and olde.
Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
even as good felowes shoulde do,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse
good ale doth bringe men to:
And all poor soules that have scowred boules,
or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wyves
whether they be yonge or olde.
Back and side go bare, &c.

[1]Epigrammi Satiron.

Septem compacta cicutis
Fistula.[2]

The Times Whistle; or a newe Daunce[3] of seven Satires: whervnto are annexed divers other Poems comprising Things naturall, morall, & theologicall. Compiled by [R. C.] Gent.

Parturit, assiduo si non renovetur aratro,
Non nisi cum spinis, gramina mundus ager.

Ad Lectorem.

Reader, if thou expect to find in this booke either affectation of poeticall stile, or roughnesse of vnhewen invention, which amongst many is of moste estimation, being

[*Remainder cut off.*]

[1] leaf 1. [2] Virg. Ecl. 2. 36.

[3] Cf. "The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood in the Head-Vaine. *With a new Morissco, daunced by seauen Satyres,*" etc. London, 1600.

[leaf 1, back]

Epigrammisatiron.

I am sent from Nemesis to punish the sins

From *the* Rhamnusian goddesse am I sent,
On sinne t' inflict deservèd punnishment
All-seeing sunne, lend me thy searching eye,
That I may finde and scourge impietie,
And pull from vice, w*hi*ch hath beguilèd sence,

and expose the vices of this age,

Disguisd' like vertue, brasse facd' impudence.
For now this age, this worse then iron age,
This sincke of synne, this map of hell, this stage
Of all vncleannesse, whose disease is ease,
Wallowing in worlds of pleasure, swallowing seas
Of sensuall delightes, is whollie growne

which is very corrupt, and needs severe remedies.

A huge impostume of corruption,
Whose swelling tumor (well I am assur'de)
Must needs be launcd', or ne'er will be recurde:
To the w*hi*ch act[1] my genius prompteth me,
Though it passe Æsculapian surgerie.
Be stout my heart, my hand be firm and steady,
Strike, and strike home, the vaine worlds veine is ready;
Let vlcerd limbes and gowtie humo*u*rs quake,
Whilst w*i*th my pen I doe incision make.[2]

[leaf 2]

Ad Rithmum.

Fear not, my verse, the punishments which are prepared for truth,

March forth, and boldly march, my tel troth rimes,
Disclose the lewdnesse of these looser times;
Fear not the frowne of grim authority,
Or stab of truth-abhorring villanie;
Fear not the olde accustomèd reward,
A loathsome prison still for truth prepardo;
Though many hundred (Argus hundred) eyes,

or the spies

View, and review, each line, each word, as spies,

[1] *art* crossed out, and *act* written over.
[2] A line is drawn here: the lower half of the leaf is cut off.

Your meaning to entrap[1] by wrong construction, which will misconstrue your meaning.
Vndaunted speake the truth; let not detraction
Apall your courage; spite of iniuries,
Tell to the world her base enormities.

...A Ioue principium Musæ.[2]

When first I did intend to write 'gainst sinne, At first I knew not on what subject to commence,
My Muse was in suspence how to beginne;
What crime to put i' th' forefront of my booke,
Not through defect (let me not be mistooke)
Of number, for the world abounds in vice,
But 'cause 'twas somewhat hard to breake the ice
To any; but at last methought 'twas fitt
First to inveigh 'gainst those that doe committ
The greatst offences; whom I tooke to be but I thought I would begin with atheists who commit the worst offences.
Our Ath[e]ists, which striue to roote vp the tree
Of true religion: by these reasons movd:—
First, that this sinne might be from vs remov'd;
Without the which, it were in vaine to taxe
Other offences, of what note or sexe
Soever; next, because this kinde of men
Doth most dishoner God; and lastly, when
All that we are is his, from whom alone
We doe all good deriue, when every one
Moues by his power, lives by his permission,
And can doe nothing if the prohibition
Of the Almighty doe oppugne; it lies
Only in him to end each enterprise. God only can bring my enterprise to perfection.
These things concurring, I my selfe did fitt
To vse the inchoation of my witte
First in his cause, by whose direction
I hope to bring the rest vnto perfection.

[1] *rap* not clear in MS. [2] Virg. Ecl. 3. 60.

[leaf 2, back]

Satira 1.

[AGAINST THE ATHEISTS, SABBATH-BREAKERS, ETC.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Regnat in humanis diuina potentia rebus,
Non ex naturæ vi generatur homo.
Quid deus, et cui fini animal ratione creatum
Est pietas, est in relligione scelus.

The atheist will one day find a God who can punish sin.

Atheos! forbear to speake such blasphemie!
"There is noe God," O, damnd impiety!
Yes, wicked villaine, thou shalt one day finde,
With horror of a selfe-tormenting minde,
A God, though long it be ere he begin,
That can and will severely chastice sinne.
Thou execrable monster, hatchd in hell,

The atheist was brought into the world by the devil.

Brought by a crew of devills heer to dwell
A plague one earth, why hast thou thus bewitcht
With thy contagion mindes that are enricht
With gifts of nature aboue common ranke?
Who with *the* poyson *that* from thee they dranke
Envenom'd, wound themselues, and others harme
With strange opinions, *which* in heapes doe swarme
From their ill-iudging thoughts; for heresie,

Schism, Puritanism, Brownism, and Papistry, take their rise from atheism.

Scisme, Puritanisme, Brownisme, pa[pi]strie,
And such like hydra-headed errors, all
Proceed from thee, thou art the principall;

Thou which wilt never graunt a Diety,
Vnlesse it be in poynt of pollicie,
Which by religion dost not set a strawe,
Devisde, thou thinkst, but to keep fooles in awe;
Which makest a moncking-stock of hell and devill,
Not in contempt of them, that they are evill,
But 'cause thou vainly dost thyselfe perswade,
Such toyes as these, such bugbears, were first made
On purpose to fright children. Instantlie
The soule thou thinkst doth with the bodie dye.
Nature cannot immortalize a man,
'Tis true indeed, but heavenly powers can.
"That ther are no such things" (saist thou) "this age,
This vicious age, confirmes; what need I wage
Other contentious arguments, when I
By this alone can proue noe Dietie?
Were there a God, sinne would not flourish thus,
Neither would vertue (as it is) by vs
Be trodden vnder foote. For ought I see
The lewdest persons thriue best, and are free
From punnishment for sinne; besides all this,
They that doe worship God doe often misse
The blessings of the world & suffer griefe;
Yet ther is none can giue to them relief.
They often fall in danger & mischance,
Yet never finde a full deliverance.
Were there a God, sure then he would defend
His children still, which wholly doe depend
Vppon his mercy, & vpon them spread
His blessings in abundance: on the head
Of the vngodly, there alon should fall
His curses, crosses, punnishments; but all
The righteous should escape." Peace, impious elfe!
All thou hast saide is clean against thy selfe.
High Ioue permits the sunne to cast his beames,
And the moyst cloudes to drop downe plenteous streames,

The atheist thinks religion was devised to frighten children,

and that the soul dies with the body.

He says if there were a God sin would not flourish as it [leaf 3] does,

while the good suffer many things without help from Him.

But these things tell against the atheist,

Alike vpon the just & reprobate,
Yet are not both subjected by one fate?

while in eternity they will be a cause of honour to the good.

The sunnes kinde heat, heavens fruitfull distillation,
Shall be a cause of greater condemnation
To the vngodlie; but vnto *the* just,
(As gracious blessings w*hi*ch he doth entrust
Vnto his children) they well vsd' shall be
A cause of honou*r* in eternity.

The wicked may flourish now, but they will go to hell in the end.

Well may the wicked flourish in this world,
But there will come a time they shall be hurld
From top of all their pleasures eminence,
And hell shalbe their place of residence.

The righteous will shine as the stars and enjoy perpetual rest in heaven.

Then shall the righteous shine like glorious starres
W*i*thin the sphear of heaven; oppressions, warres,
Afflictions, p*er*secutions, iniuries,
Hatred, contempt, & all calamities
Shall be a crowne of honou*r* to invest
Their then trivmphant browes; eternall rest,
Perpetuall joy, subject to no mischance,
Shalbe their portion & inheritance.

But against him that makes negation
Of principles in art, no disputation
Is to be held: deny God, & his Word
Can smale impression make; it is the sword
[leaf 3, back]
Of iustice w*hi*ch must bring thee to confesse

God's Word must bring men to confess Him.

The powerfull Godhead; yet I 'le somewhat presse
Thy irreligeous minde. Of thy creation
Take but a true consideration;
For 'tis not Nature, as thou dost surmise,
That begets man in soule & qualities.
For thou must know, two parts must first conjoyne

Two parts conjoin to make a perfect man—soul and body.

Before we can a p*er*fect man define;
The soule, an essence intellectuall,
The body, a substance corporeall;
The first we im*m*ediatly receiue
From Ioue; the other God to man doth leaue

(As a subordinat instrument)
To generat; 'tis onlie incident
To man, to cause the bodies procreation;
The soule 's infusde by heavenly operation.
Looke on this with an intellectuall eye,
And it will teach thee ther 's a Diety.
View but the earth, which doth each year renew
Her drouping beauty, & clean change her hiew
Vpon the Springs approch; doth it not shew
A supream Power, that governs things belowe?
Looke on the heavens (which thou shalt ne're ascend,
Vnlesse it be with horrour to attend
Thie sentence of damnation;) looke, I say,
Doth not their goodly opifice display
A power 'bove Nature? Dull conceited foole,
Ne'er trainèd vp but in dame Natures schoole,
Looke in thy selfe, when thou committst a sinne,
Doth not thy conscience prick thy soule within?
If that ther be no God, what dost thou fear?
Why doth remorse of conscience, or dispaire,
Afflict thee thus? This is enough to prove
(Were there no more) an Elohim, a Iove.
How canst thou then thus impiously deny
The sacred essence of the Diety?
Recant this errour, least, to all mens wonder,
Revengefull Iove doe strike thee dead with thunder.
Being once granted (this our true position)
Ther is a God; let 's now make inquisition
What this God is; which must be by relation
Vnto his workes, or else by meer negation
Of what he is not, we may make collection
Of what he is. It is the times infection
[To b][1]e to curious in the mistery
Of searching his essentialitie,
Which simplie, as too glorious for the eye

Look at the earth which, each year renewing its beauty, shows a supreme Power.

Look to the heavens, and they declare a Being who is above nature.

Look on yourself; if there is no God why does conscience make you fear?

This is enough to prove there is a God.

Consider what God is.

It is the fashion now to be over curious in searching into [leaf 4] the Divine Being.

[1] MS. worn off.

Of mortall vnderstanding to descrie,
We cannot comprehend; let 's therfore know him
In that sort onlie that the Scriptures shew him.

God is an intellectual Essence, omnipotent, omniscient, and always true.

God is an Essence intellectuall,
A perfect Substance incorporeall;
A Spirit whose being ne're begining knew,
Omnipotent, omniscient, ever true;
Or rather, in the abstract:—Majestie,
Truth, mercy, wisdome, power, iustice, glorie;

He made the earth, the sun, the moon, and elements, and sustains them.

Which out of nothing this great world did frame,
And into nothing will rechange the same;
Which made that glorious eye of heaven, the sunne
To rule the day, and for darke night the moone;
Which joynes in friendly league each element,
And keeps the sea within his continent;
Which of the dust mans body did create,
Into the which a soule he did translate,

He created man out of the dust and left him to his own free will.

Like his owne image pure; vntill mans fall,
Left to his owne free-will, polluted all
That goodly microcosme; for the which deed,
Had not the issue of the promisde seed,
The valiant Lion of stout Iudahs tribe,
The gentle Lambe vngentlie crucified,
Redeemd his life, borne his iniquity,
And conquerd Satan & his tyrannie,
He should haue been severely punnishèd
And everlastingly haue perishèd.

Christ redeemed man from everlasting punishment, and restorēd what Adam lost.

But now by him, all that make oblation
Of a true faith, assure their soules salvation;
What the first Adam did by sinne destroy,
The Second hath restorde with duble ioye.

But leaving this moste heavenly meditation,
Let 's shew for what effect was mans creation:

Man was created to serve, honour, and love his Maker.

It was, it is, to serve this God alone,
With honour, loue, & true devotion.
The manner how were somewhat long to write,

The Scripture all his precepts doth recite.
Which, cause we cannot in all parts fulfill,
In liew of power he doth except our will.
But man, vngratefull man, this God withstandes,
And, like Briareus with his hundred handes,
Strives, as it were, to pull him from his throne
Which gave him being, & through whom alone
He his well-being has. O, impious deed,
Which to recount my very heart doth bleed!
That wee (like to those giants, *which* made warre
Against the heavens) with such presumption dare
Lift vp our selues against our Maker by
So many kinde[1] of damnd impietie,
So many hellish sinnes, whose hideous cry
Percing the clowdes, mounting aboue the skie,
Affront Gods power, & doe deserve to finde
Another Deluge to destroy mankinde.
But God, this gracious God, with mercie strives
To bring vs to him & to saue our lives;
And therfore hath chalkd out a ready way,
(That we no more might goe so farre astray)
His Gospell; *which* path (if not trod amisse)
Will safelie bring vs to celestiall blisse.
This profferd grace some see not, some despise,
Although herein alone their safetie lies.
Omitting Iewish superstition
With soule-profaning Turkish Alcheron,
And Infidels, *which* noe religion vse,
Whose ignorance cannot their sinne excuse:
We that doe boast of Christianity,
And knowledge in Gods holie misterie,
With sects & scismes our religion
Have made a chaos of confusion.
Our Anabaptists I will set aside,
With Families of Love, whose aimes are wide

Man strives against God and tries to pull Him from His throne. [leaf 4, back]

Like the fabled giants, we lift up ourselves against our Maker.

By our sins we affront Him and deserve a second deluge to destroy us.

He sent the Gospel to guide us to bliss, but while some see it not others despise it.

We who boast of our Christianity have made a chaos of our religion by our sects.

[1] MS. tinde

From the true faith. There is a trinall kinde
Of seeming good religion, yet I finde
But one to be embrac'd, which must be drawne
From Papist, Protestant, or Puritane.

I will speak first of the Puritans who have become very numerous,

And first to speake of that pure seeming sect,
Which now of late beginneth to infect
The body of our land:—This kinde of men
Is strangelie (for I know not how nor when)
Become so populous, that with the number,

and cumber the Church, sticking as a disease within her bowels.

But more with new devises, it doth cumber
Our Catholique Church, & sticks as a disease
Within her bowels; whilst it seems to please
With fainèd habite of true holinesse
Which is indeed the worst of wickednesse.

[leaf 5]

The thought of this hath set my Muse one fire,
And I must rage e're I can swage mine ire.
You hypocriticall precisians,
By vulgar phrase entitled Puritanes,

Of their apparent sanctity they make a cloak to hide their villany.

Which make of superficiall sanctitie
A cloke, to hide your inbred villanie;
You soules-seducers vnto worst of evils,
You seeming saints & yet incarnat devils,
How dare ye slander our religion,
And make a scoffe at our devotion?
How dare you with opprobrious wordes revile,

They revile the sacred orders of the Church;

Or with vnhallowed actions thus defile
The sacred orders which our Church doth hold,
And sanctimonious customes, which of olde
Haue by grave counsels, to a godlie end,
Not superstition, as you doe pretend,
Been instituted? Cease your open wrongs!

even the bishops cannot escape their slanderous tongues.

Cannot our Bishops scape your slanderous tongues?
No: you maligne their great authoritie,
Because they doe search out your villanie.
You must haue private meetings! To what end?
In bellie-cheer and lust your time to spend.

O rare devotion & strange holinesse,
Which endes in soule polluting beastlinesse!
Well may you blinde the eyes of common sence,
And passe for men of zeale & confidence
'Mongst simple worldlings, which by outward shew
Doth iudge the inward man; but God doth know
All your intents, & with severity
Will castigate your damnd hypocrisie.
In the mean time may you be forcd to dwell
At Amsterdam, or else sent quicke to hell.
For now my Muse doth hear another motion;—
"Ignorance is the mother of devotion!"
Erroneous papist, hast soe litle grace?
Thou knowst 'tis false, then how, or with what face
Canst thou maintaine against thy conscience
So manyfest an error without sence?
For how can he be good that knowes no cause
Whie he is good, but like a milhorse drawes,
Blindfolded, in a circle? Yet you teach
(For to the learnèd I addresse my speech)
Religion in an vnknowne tongue to those
Whom we call common people; I suppose,
Nay trulie may averre, you doe conceale
Your misteries, not daring them reveale,
Lest that the people, knowing them for lies,
Should contemne you & hate your heresies:
You that are worse then cannibals by oddes,
For they devoure but men, you eat the gods!
From whom doe you assume authoritie
To pardon capitall iniquity?
Why, not from God, the Pope 's sufficient
To pardon sinne & divert punnishment.
Who taught you soe, you wilfully blinde fooles?
Sure Satan read this lecture in his schooles.
Wher did you learne? (was 't in the Devils booke?
For from Gods word I 'me sure you never tooke

They pass for men of zeal amongst the simple, but God knows all, and He will punish their hypocrisy.

Till then may they go to Amsterdam, or hell.

Ignorance is not the mother of devotion, as the papists say.

who teach religion in an unknown tongue, not daring to reveal their mysteries.

[leaf 5, back]

They are worse than cannibals, who only eat men, while the papists eat the gods.

Where did they learn that it is lawful to murder princes?

Such damnable positions) that to murder
A prince, which doth not your religion furder,
Is a moste lawfull act, yea commendable,
For which you will at any time enable
That man with your best benediction,
And all his sinnes free absolution,
And warrantize him heaven & happie day:
("A warrant seald with butter!" as we say).
All this, & more then this, you will performe,
Be 't to the meanest abject, basest worme,
That dares attempt soe horrible a deed.
And though his enterprise doe not succeed,
(As God forbid it should) but he doe die
For his lewd treason, he shall instantlie
Be canonizd a Saint. Ravilliacke
Doth neither Saints nor Martires title lacke.
But you had reason: his vnhappy hand
Destroyde a kinge,[1] & almost brought a land
To vtter ruin; for being thus defilde
With her owne princes blood, a tender childe
Was to succeed, & we know Scriptures say,
"Woe to those landes whose scepters children sway."
But Faux & his confederats[2] are enrolde
For blessed Saints among you.—Who will holde
Your piety authenticall, which makes
Such hell-houndes Saints? What godly heart not quakes
To hear such mischiefe, to record such evill,
As they would haue committed? The grand Devill
Was their instructer sure, else could they not
Haue once devisde soe damnable a plott,
As by one blast our king to ruinat,
And our whole kingdome to depopulate,

The man who attempts the murder of a prince

is canonized, as was Ravaillac for the murder of Henry IV. of France, May 14, 1610,

and Fawkes for his attempt on our King and Parliament in 1605.

The devil only could have put such a plot into a man's head.

[1] MS. kinde.

[2] Garnet and Oldcorn are set down as "martyrs" in an "Apologia" published at Cologne in 1610, written by A. E. Ioannes Cydonius, who justifies the killing of heretic kings. Others at that time did the same.

And spoile of her best treasure. But high Iove,
Against whose power in vaine their forces strove,
Crost their designes, & with a mighty arme [leaf 6]
Delivered vs from the pernicious harme
Of that moste eminent danger; to whose Name
All praise & all thanksgiving for the same
We doe ascribe; beseching him to blesse
Our realme from you & your accomplices.
But to proceed: no man may kill his prince
Although a tyrant; which I could evince
By arguments drawne from the word of God,
But I too long one this haue made abode.
Besides your errour I soe plaine repute,
As needs noe disputation to confute,
There are more errours of especiall note,
Which, if I list recite, I heer could cote;
But I doe leave them for the learned pen
Of great divines and more iudicious men.
Your holy water, purgatorie, bulles,
Wherwith you make the common people gulles,
Are grosse abuses of phantastique braines
Subtillie devisd'e only for private gaines,
Which you pull from the simple as you list,
Keeping them blinded in black errours mist;
And from the truth doe lead them clean astray,
Whilst of their substance you doe make your prey.
You false impostors of blinde ignorance,
Think you to 'scape eternall vengeance?
'Tis not your Popes fond dispensation,
Your workes of supererrogation,
Your idle crossings, or your wearing haire
Next to your skin, or all your whipping-cheer,
Your praiers & pilgrimage to Saints, your pixes,
Your holy reliques, beads, & crucifixes,
Your masses, Ave Maries, images,
Dirges, & such like idle fantasies

304 But God delivered us from the danger,
for which we give Him thanks.
308
No man may kill his king, as might be proved from the Bible.
312
Besides this error, the Church of Rome has many others:—
316
Holy water, Purgatory, and bulls,
320
which are devised for private gain.
324
328
The Pope's dispensation, works of supererogation,
wearing of hair,
332 whippings,
pilgrimages,
pixes,
relics, beads,
masses, images,
336 and such idle fancies,

Of superstitiously polluted Rome,
cannot save men's souls. Can saue your soules in that great day of doome.
Between the schismatic and the Romanist is the Church of England. Between these sects, as in a golden meane,
Stands the religion whervnto we leane;
Vndoubted truth it is that we doe holde,
But its zeal is cold, choked with thorns, and polluted. Yet is our zeale so frozen & so colde,
So chockt with thornes of covetous desire,
So hoggishlie polluted with the mire
Of carnall lusts, that our best sanctity
Is but a kinde of bastard piety.
And yet the times as now did neu're afford
Such plenty of dispencers of Gods word;
[leaf 6, back] Yet the gospel displays its light over all our land. For now the Gospell, like the midday sunne,
Displaies his beames over all Albion.
But we, as if by too much light strucke blinde,
Neglect this meanes of grace, which is assignd
For our soules health. Some out of pride contemne it,
Others, bent vnto greedy gaine, condemne it,
Because it speakes against the slavish vice
The proud, the greedy, and the sensual hate the gospel. Of soule-bewitching, sordid avarice.
Others, that follow Epicureus fashion,
Cannot abide to hear of reformation,
And therfore hate the Gospell, which doth cry
Against their brutish sensuality.
Many there are which live like libertines,
And the holy C[h]urch & good devines
Many say they can pray at home when they want to pray. Doe hold ridiculous;—their homely homes
Will serve them well enough to pray, when 't comes
Into their fancies; they cannot abide
Vnto Church orders strictlie to be tide.
Others, forsooth, will haue a congregation,
But that must be after another fashion
Some hold our Church to be too papistical. Then our Church doth allow,—no church at all,—
For that they say is too papisticall;
Like[1] their profession, they themselves will sever

[1] MS. Likes.

From stone walles;—tut, their church shall last for ever;
Theire soules shalbe their tabernacles still,
That kinde of church doth only please their will.
Iove separat me from these Separists,
Which think they hold heavens kingdome in their fists,
And yet their life, if we into it prie,
Is full of sinne & damnd impiety.
Some, more for fear of the lawes punnishment
Then zeale vnto devotion, doe frequent
Gods holy temple, where they doe imploy
Themselves as ill as if they staide away;
On[e] part in sleeping, in discourse another;
A third doth seeme to marke, but doth discover
Slilie some object that withdrawes his eye
From what he should attend; the yoonger frie
Come only to be seen & see: of all
Which doe repaire to church, the fruit is smale
That is collected by them. I surmise
That wickednesse by this doth rather rise
To greater height, then anywise decaie;
For pride & lust it is the ready way
I'me sure. Of every new framd fashion,
This is the place to make moste ostentation,
To shew the bravery of our gay attire
Hether to come on purpose; our desire
Is to be seen of all, whilst we observe
The like in others. Though our soules doe sterve
For want of knowledge, we doe litle care;
From gazing vp and downe we cannot spare
A iot of time to hearken to Gods word,
When all 's to litle that we doe afforde
To our owne fancies; thus the time we spend,
Which devine service soone brings to an end;
And then againe we homeward doe advaunce,
Fuller of pride, as full of ignorance.
Is there a wench whose beauty is of note?

Jove, deliver me from such men!

Some go to church because they fear the law.

Some sleep, some talk;

others come to see and be seen.

Every new fashion is displayed at church.

[leaf 7]

Not a moment can be spared from gazing about.

If there's a pretty wench,

the gallants come to observe her perfections.

Hether your gallants come, only to cote
Her rare perfections; yea, this sacred place
Serves them to make (they have soe litle grace)
Compacts for lust. Thus by these hellish evils
The howse of God is made a den of devils.

I do not wish to hinder people from going to church;

I speake not this to hinder the concourse
Of well affected mindes vnto that source,
That fountaine, blessed fountaine, which doth flow
With living waters, Gods word; no, my bow

I only want to rectify abuses.

Aimes at another marke; I onlie strive
To rectifie abuses which deprive
The Gospell of his propagation,
And plentifull encrease. Our nation
Rather needs spurres to quicken his slow pace
Vnto religion & the house of grace.

Some are so greedy of gain that even the Sabbath cannot hinder them from following their occupations.

For some there are which gape soe after gaine,
That on the Lords day they will not refraine,
So 't to their benefit tend, to exercise
Themselves in some laborious enterprise.
In towne & cuntrie this vngodlie sinne
To grow vnto a custome doth beginne;

The country man does so, and so does the tradesman.

Your country swaines will moste familiarlie
Worke one this day & labour impiouslie.
But 'mongst our tradesmen specially, this vse,
Which I may iustlie call a damnd abuse,
Is most familiar. Six dayes in the weeke
Are not sufficient, but the seventh must reeke
With sweat of their vngodly labour, when
They should repaire to church with other men,

They labour when they ought to be at church.

To give vnto the Lord, the only Giver
Of blessings, & the gracious Forgiver
Of hell deserving sinnes, all praiers & praise.
What though the word of God expresly sayes,
"This is the day which thou must dedicate
Vnto my service, this day at no rate
Shalt thou performe thy worke, least thou doe draw

My heavy wrath vpon thee?" Though the law
Of man forbid the same, and doe inflict
A punnishment on those it doth convict
Of this offence; yet fearlesse of all danger,
From the man borne i' th' land vnto the stranger,
If they can cast a mist before the eye
Of sinne-correcting, strict authority,
Moste of our tradesmen will enact this crime;
It stands not with their profit to loose time;
They'l take their best advantage while they may;
It is sufficient once a month to pray.
Vngracious villaines, how can you expect
A blessing to your labour, which neglect
The only meanes, Gods service, which alone
Can bring your workes vnto perfection?
The manna gathered in the wildernesse
By the Iewes vnbeelieving wickednesse
Vpon their Sabboth, by the Lord forbidden,
Both putrifide & stuncke. Nothing is hidden
Which shall not be reveald; though you may blinde
The eyes of man, there is a God will finde
And punnish this lewd sinne. I' th' meantime think
That all such labours in his nostrils stinke,
And therfore shall prove fruitlesse: men intend
But God it is that consummates the end.
I cannot 'scape the blest Communion,
Which doth with God effect our vnion,
It is soe much abusd by sinfull man,—
To passe the papist & the Lutheran,
Their trans & consubstantiation,
Of both these errors to make no relation,—
We that doe holde the verity indeed,
That this same bred, wheron our soules doe feed,
This wine we drink, is reall bred and wine,
Although the mistery be moste devine;
Even we, I say, though we doe represent

444 They despise the laws of God and [leaf 7, back] man which forbid this sin.

448

452 Most of our tradesmen are guilty of it, thinking once a month often enough to pray.

456

460 The manna collected on the Jewish sabbath putrified.

464

468 All Sunday labour is in vain.

472 The Holy Communion is much abused.

476 Passing by the Papist and the Lutheran, we

ourselves err in our opinion of this Sacrament.

The true opinion of the Sacrament,
Yet in the vse doe erre, nay rather sinne,
Which applide rightly is the meanes to winne
Eternall life. Some men, which are vnable

Some go to the Holy Table to please their sense;

To iudge the worth, come to this Holy Table
Only to please their sence; others there are
Which for so smale a pittaunce doe not care;—
"What is a bitte of bread, a sip of wine?"—
But that the law doth straightly them enioyne,
To be partakers of this holy meat

some think it is not worth the trouble, but go because the law compels them.

And sacred drink. By farre they'd rather eat
At their owne howses, wher their carnall sence
May be suffic'd; their soules intelligence
May sterve for want of this spirituall food,
And they regard it not. That 's only good
In their grosse braines, whose visibility
And appetituall sensibility
Lies open to their sence. Others ther be,

[leaf 8]

Others esteem themselves unworthy, and refuse to go on that account,

Which doe indeed esteem more reverendlie
Of the Lords Supper; & because they knowe
The danger great, that to their soules may grow
By their vnworthy eating, quite refuse
To be partakers of it; still they vse
Some let or other to detaine them back;

or because they are not in charity with all men.

Either they doe due preparation lacke,
Or else they are not in true charity
With other men. Ther must noe malice be
In a communicant: 'tis true.—What then?
Doe you surmise, O shallow-pated men,
That this excuse is all sufficient
To satisfie for such a foule intent?

But remember, the king made his feast, and that you were bidden.

No, simple worldlings; the king made his feast,
And you were bidden to it 'mongst the rest;
But 'cause you would not come, you shall not tast
His sacred supper, but you shalbe cast
Into that pitt, with the ungodlie rout,

Where the worme dies not, the fire ne're goes out.
And soe shall likewise he that boldlie came
Without his wedding roabe; I mean the same
Which comes vnto the Table of the Lord
As to some common, ordinarie bord,
And never seekes to make true preparation,
But even eats & drinkes his owne damnation.
It is a lamentable thing to see
The ignorance & strange stupidity
Of men now living in the clearest light
Of the resplendant Gospell, as if night
Of darkest error still ecclips'd their eyes;
They are so rude in the true misteries
Of their salvation, scarce one man 'mong ten
Can giue a true account of 's faith; nor, when
He comes to due examination,
How he hath made his preparation
For the Lords Table, iustlie tell the number
Of Sacraments; this only thing doth cumber
The wits of many & confounds their sence,
As I haue seen by plaine experience.
How far then are they from the perfect knowing
Of their true vse! yet these men will be shewing
Themselues moste forward to receive; but what
They know not, nor they care not much for that;
But for the world, to purchase earthly gaine,
They follow that with dayly sweat and paine.
It is a custome, lewd enough I 'me sure,
(And I doe wonder that our lawes endure
Such profane vses) after the receate
Of that cœlestiall sacramentall meat,
For olde & young i' th' country frequently
Vpon that day to vse most luxurie.
Each on[e] must then vnto an alehouse run,
Drink drunk, act any sinne vnder the sunne.
Why? this same day 's a day of iubile;

You and he who came without his wedding garment will alike be cast into hell.

It is lamentable to see the ignorance and stupidity of men

in that which concerns their own salvation.

Some cannot even tell the number of the Sacraments,

or their true use.

[leaf 8, back]

After receiving the Holy Sacrament,

it is common for old and young to go to the alehouse.

It has been the custom; and they would rather lose their souls than their privileges.

It hath been an accustomd liberty
To spend this day in mirth, and th[e]y will choose
Rather their soules then priviledges loose.
And soe (I fear) not few among them will;
For they, which on this day doe drink & swill
In such lewd fashion, may be likened well

Such men are like him who swept his house, after which seven evil spirits came to dwell with him.

To him that swept the howse wher he did dwell,
And made it clean, & garnisht it full faire;
After which act ther did to him repaire
Seven evill fiends worse then the former were;
More ougly sinnes did enter & dwell there,
And by his falling to more wicked sinning,
He made his end far worse then his begining.

Satan stands ready to enter into them as he did into Judas.

So is 't with them that in this sort doe sinne,
Satan stands close ready to enter in,
Even as he did in Iudas, which had eat
Vnworthily the sacramentall meat.
And yet fond man regardeth not one whit,
Till he have made himselfe the devils bit,
Who at two bits, for so his name imports,
Devours both soule & body, mans two parts.

So man, whose life is but a bubble, is blown from Christianity.

Thus is man blowne, by every puffe of vanity,
From the true scope of Christianity,
His soules salvation. Wretched, wicked man,
Returne, repent! Thy life is but a spanne,
A breath, a buble; think that thou must die
To live in joyes or endlesse miserie.
And if the comfort of celestiall blisse,

If the joys of heaven have not softened his heart,

Whose joy beyond imagination is,
Haue not sufficient power to mollifie
Thy heart, heart hardned in iniquity,

let the fear of hell do so.

Yet let the horrour of damnation,
Of whose strange paines no tongue can make relation,
Enforce repentance with a true contrition,
And that produce a forward disposition

To a new course of life; refuse not grace
While it is offered; while ther's time & space
Dally not with repentance, least iust Iove
Convert to furie his contemnèd love;
And in that ire, iustly conceivèd ire,
Confine thy soule to hells tormenting fire.

588 While he has time let him not daily [leaf 9] with repentance!

592

Satira 2.

[AGAINST SHAMS.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Fronti nulla fides, ludunt spectacula mentem ;
Non facies verum symptoma cordis habet.
Decipimur specie recti, sub imagine veri
Falsa latent; virtus dissimulata placet.

No poet has been able to describe the Mausoleum,

The brave erect Mausolian monument,
That famous vrne, the worlds seventh wonderment,
Whose sumptuous cost & curious workemanship
Noe poet, though in Helicon he dip
His pen, by verse is able to dilate,
Being made for wonder, not to imitate ;

which, for all its outward beauty, is full of corruption.

For all his glorious outside, without staine,
Filth[1] & corruption doth within containe.
The sunne, whose spacious orbe in magnitude
Doth far exceed the earth, seemes to the rude,
Ignorant of the astronomicke art,

The sun looks no bigger than a cart-wheel.

Noe bigger then the wheel of Hobnols cart.
Counterfet gold, if we doe trust our eye,
Will passe for purest mettall currantlie.

The crocodile sheds tears before he devours his prey.

The dredfull beast, yclepèd crocodile,
Whose dwelling is about Ægiptian Nile,
Before he doth devoure his wishèd prey,
Pitty in outward semblance doth display ;

[1] MS. Fill.

For brinish teares from his false eyes distill,
When he is ready to destroy & kill.
Full dear seafaring passengers abie
The Syrens sweet enchaunting melodie,
Which by their singing evermore presage
Death thretning danger by the furious rage
Of an ensuing storme. Of Circes cup
Who hath not heard, that who therof did sup
Was changd (strange metamorphosis in nature)
From humane forme into a brutish creature?
And yet the cup [w]as goodly to beholde,
Richly enchasde with pearle, composde of golde.
Glorious in view appeard Medusaes head,
Nathlesse it did strike the beholders dead.
Serpents & poysnous toads, as in their bowers,
Doe closely lurke vnder the sweetest flowers.
But sencelesse things & sensuall beastes alone
Mislead not mans to rash opinion;
Even rationall creatures doe our iudgements cheat,
Man is to man a subject of deceite;
And that olde saying is vntrue, "the face
Is index of the heart." False looking glasse
To view the thoughts of man, when there doe raine
Stormes of displeasure in mans vexèd braine;
When mists of sorrow reasons eyes doe blinde,
When revenge thunders in his ragefull minde,
His face can carry sunneshine of delight,
Allthough his soule be blacke as ougly night.
You erre, fond physiognomers, that hold
The inward minde followes the outward molde.
Philosophers, your axiome is vnsure,
The soule is as the bodies temperature;
Complexion noe certaine ground doth shew
The disposition of a man to know;
Els why should Nisus, that same[1] pretty youth,

The Syrens by their melody entice sailors to their destruction.

Circe's cup, though beautiful, changed him who drank from it into a brute.

Serpents and toads lurk under sweet flowers.

[leaf 9, back]

Man is to man a subject of deceit;

his face is not the index to his heart;

and his complexion does not always show his disposition.

[1] MS. some. Cf. Sat. 3. 1101; 4. 1397.

Be of soe lewd behaviour? when, in truth,
His bodies crasis is angelicall,
And his soules actions diabolicall.

If men were as they seem, detraction would not profess himself my friend.

Things are not as they seeme; for were they soe,
Detraction would professe himselfe my foe,
Shewing his rancors hate before my face,
And not behinde my backe worke my disgrace,
When in my presence he doth seem to be
As Damon to his Pithias, friend to me.

The tradesman seems civil and honest, but he'll cheat you.

Mechanico, reputed by moste men
An honest tradesman & grave citisen,
When thou dost come into his shop to buy,
Although it be the least commodity,
With kind salutes & good wordes will receave thee;
But trust him not, in 's deeds he will deceave thee.

Madam's face is painted and her hair only a periwig.

Madam Fucata seemeth wondrous faire,
And yet her face is painted, & her haire,
That seemes soe goodly, a false periwig.
Thus all her beauty is not worth a fig,
That doth appeare so glorious to the eye,
And strikes my gallant in loves lethurgie,
That soe doth boast of famous ancestry
And from great Iove derives his pedigree,

Her gallant shoots out oaths like artillery.

And speakes indeed, like Iove himselfe, in thunder;
For othes, as if they would rend heaven in sunder,
Shot out in vollies, like artillerie,
Flie from his mouth, that piece of blasphemie.
Like some great horse he paceth vp and downe,

He puts on a disdainful frown, [leaf 10]

Gracing his lookes with a disdainefull frowne,
And takes vpon him in each company,
As if he held some petty monarchy.
If any man by chance discourse of warre,
He being present this discourse will marre
By intermixing his high martiall deeds,

and swears he has killed more

Swearing his manhood all mens else exceeds;
Vowing that his Herculean arme hath slaine

More men then populous London doth containe,
Except the subvrbs. He hath made to flie
The potent Turke, & got the victory
By his owne valour. Charles the Fift of Spaine
Was nothing to him, nor great Tamburlaine;
Stout Scanderbeg a childe; he paralels
Strong sinnewed Sampson, or, indeed, excels.
What dares he not performe? Hee 'l vndertake
To make the Spanniards vtterly forsake
The Westerne Indies & their mines of gold,
With some few chosen men; nay hee 'l vpholde
His force sufficient to reconquer Fraunce,
And with that kingdome once againe enhaunce
The faire revennewes of the English crowne,
Or lay their citties levell with the ground.
Hee 'l chase the Turke out of Hungaria,
And force him leave his seat in Grecia;
Europe hee 'l free from his vexation,
And bring againe that scattered nation,
The Iewes, together to their Palestine,
Which he by force will conquer, & confine
To his obeisaunce. These he dares be bolde,
And more then these, even acts that would make colde
The heartes of men only to hear recounted,
His martiall force, which Mars his force surmounted,
Shall vndertake. Thou vainly bragging foole,
[1]Ne're trainèd vp in brave Bellonaes schoole,
Doe not I know, for all thou lookest soe big,
Thou never yet durst see a sillie pig
Stucke to the heart? A frog would make thee run!
Thou kill a man? No, no! thy mothers sonne,
Her only sonne, was a true coward bred.
I 'le vndertake a sword shall strike thee dead,
And never touch thee! As for thy discent,

men than London contains.
He has put the Turk to flight.
Samson and Charles the Fifth were nothing to him.
He can drive the Turk out of Hungary and Greece,
and restore the Jews to Palestine.
He's a vain, bragging fool.
His mother's only son was a coward.

[1] *descript: of coragious brag:* in margin of MS. by a later hand.

He was born in fertile Kent, and his father was a clown.

Though thou maist boast the place was firtill Kent
That gave thee birth, yet was thy syre a clowne,
And kept his wife in a course homespun gowne;
Who, scraping vp a litle wealth, began
To fashion thee an ill shapd gentleman.

But because he has travelled a little

And now, because thou hast, like Coriate,[1]
Traveld a litle ground, & canst relate

[leaf 10, back]

How many baudy houses thou hast seen
In the French country; how the whores have been

and seen a little of French life,

Kinder there to thee then *our* English puńckes;[2]
How many nunnes thou hast heard sing, & monckes
Say mattens; thou thyselfe dost now repute
[3]The wort[h]iest wort[h]y of the race of Brute;

he thinks he excels all men in bravery and learning.

The rarest linguist England doth afford,
The bravest soldier that e're wore a sworde.
Vain vpstart braggadochio! heartlesse cow!
Leave Mars his drum*m*e, goe holde thy fathers plow!

The Puritan's wife lives in sin,

Fine M*ist*ris Simula, the Puritane,
W*hi*ch as the plague shunnes all that are profane,
Ready to faint if she an oth but hear,
For all her outward holinesse doth blear

and is her country's shame.

The worldes dim*m*e eyes, plaies but the hypocrite,
Living in sinne & sensuall delight.
For, would you think it? she was tane in bed
W*i*th a young, tender, smoothfaced Ganimed,

Do their meetings lead to this, while the world thinks them so good?

Her husbands prentice. Out, lascivious whore!
Thy countries shame, thy husbands festered sore!
Are these the fruits thy frequentation
Of learned sermons yeilds? Is this the fashion
Of y*our* pure seeming sect? Y*our* meetings tend
Surely vnto some such like holy ende.
And yet the world, blinde world, thinkes you to be
Men of most zeale & best integrity.

Methinkes I see the rich chuffe, Sordido,

[1] Coryate's "Crudities" first appeared in 1611.
[2] See "Crudities," p. 26. [3] /*I* in margin of MS.

How basely in apparrell he doth goe;
Vpon his head a thrice turnd greasy felt,
His hose & dublet a tuffe ramskin pelt;
His stockings of the coursest woole yspunne,
Full of broad patches, with thicke hobnaild shoone;
His lockram bande sewde to his hempen shirt;
A lethern thong doth serve his wast to girt,
At which a pouch full 20 winters olde
Hangs for his codpiece to keep out the colde.
How hunger-starvd he lookes! With thin lank cheekes,
With beard vnkemd, with face fit soile for leekes,
I dare be sworne, who e'er should see the goat,
Would iudge him to be scarcely worth a groat.
And yet this boore, this miserable swine,
Hath landes & lordships, with good store of coine.
Slave to thy wealth, thus from thy selfe to rend
What thy next heir will soone as vainly spend!

The miser goes in a greasy hat, and coarse clothing, his linen collar stitched to his hempen shirt:

how hungry he looks! His cheeks are thin, his beard uncombed; you would not judge him to be worth a groat.

Scotus, thou hast deceiud the world enough,
Which takes thee, clothd in thy embrodered stuffe,
To be some lord at least. Poore silly groome,
Which tother day wouldst faine have had the roome
Of some base trencher-scraper, so to put
Scraps twice runne over, in thy half starvd gutt.
And now, with often filling of the pot,
An office vnder my lords man hast got,
Being some bread-chipper or greasy cooke,
For much observance & respect dost looke.
Goe where thou wilt, thou gettest none of me.
I know too well thy genealogie.
Let ignorant asses bend their supple knees,
And cry, "God blesse your worship," for some fees
Of thy cast office; I as much doe scorne,
As they desire the plenty of thy horne.
Proud meacocke,[1] make the world no more believe

The world takes Scotus for a lord at least, but the other day he was [leaf 11] half starved;

and now, having a post under somebody, he looks for respect.

The ignorant may salute him,

but I scorn him,

[1] The *m* has been crossed out and *p* written over by another hand.

Gentility is pind vpon thy sleeve;
For if thou doe, with my satirick verse,
Thy parentage & manners I 'le reherse,
And make the world, for thy monstrous othes,
To laugh & hisse thee out of thy fine clothes.
He that sees Moros in his brave attire
Would deem him to be some discreet esquire,
He speakes soe seldome, soe demure doth looke.
But see how much a man may be mistooke;—
A verier foole dame Nature never bred,
That scarce knowes chalke from cheese, or blew from red;
Yet amongst many which haue purblinde eyes
This foolish sot hath been thought wondrous wise.
I know a fellow (I 'le conceale his name)
Hath purchasd, & yet doth possess, the fame
Of a rare scholler, that hath noe one part
Of learning, not the smallest dramme of art.
And will you know how he got his repute?
I 'le tell you, soe you 'l promise to be mute
And make no wordes on 't. 'Tis his asses guise,
As soone as he from 's morning bed doth rise,
After some turne or two in Paules, to drop
In the precinct of some knowne stationers shop,
And there, like a learnd Sir, with a grave voice
He doth demand to see some special choice
Of famous authors, whose true names by heart
The foole hath gotten, of what tongue or art
It skills not much; French, Latine, Hebrew, Greeke,
All 's one, he vnderstandeth all alike:
Montaignes Essaies in French,[1] the history
Of Philip Comineus,[2] poesie
Of Virgil, Horace, & such Latin writers,
St. Austine, Bernard, or some new enditers

and will make the world laugh at him and hiss him.

Moros, who is a very fool, speaks so seldom and looks so demure, that many think him wise.

I know a man who gained a repute for learning

by attending booksellers' shops and asking to see the writings of famous authors—

Montaigne, whose Essays in French, books 1 and 2, were first published in 1580; books 1, 2, and 3 in 1588.

[leaf 11, back] Virgil, Horace, Augustine, Bernard,

[1] English translation published in 1603, 2nd ed. in 1613.
[2] Philip de Comines died in 1509. He wrote memoirs of his own time.

Of commentaries theologicall;
And sometimes he 's for philosophicall,
And the best writers of astronomie,
With phisick, logicke, & geometrie.
Then Aristotle, Di[o]scorides,
Avicen, Galen, & Hypocrates;
The Hebrew Rabbins, Ptolomeus, Plato
(Although the foole did never learne his Cato),
Are in his mouth familiar. Some of these,
Which to demaund his fancy best doth please,
He for some hower or two will pore vpon,
Which time is worth your observation;
For sometime smiling with a simpring grace,
In turning over those same leaves apace,
To shew his skill i' th' tongues, hee 'l nod his head,
As if the place which he doth seeme to read
Mov'd him to laughter; then with thumb hee 'l cote,
As if that sentence were of speciall note,
And straight cry "pish!" as if he dislikd that
Which he as much knowes as his grandams cat.
Well, having (as he thinkes) sufficiently
Guld the opinion of the standers by
To his desire, the booke he downe doth lay,
Demaunds the price, dislikes it, goes his way.
Somtime perhaps, to blinde dull iudgements eye,
Some petty English pamphlet he will buie.
Thus hath this gull, among the common sort,
Which iudge by outward shewes, got the report
Of a great scholler, when, God knowes, the foole
Was never farther then the grammer schoole.
Thus mans opinion doth him oft deceave,
And of true iudgement doth his minde bereave.
Iudging by outward shewes we iudge amisse,
For vice in vertues habite clothed is.
Hypocrisie seemes holinesse in looke,
Fixing his eyes on heaven or in his booke.

Aristotle, Dioscorides, Galen,

Ptolemy, and Plato,

and poring over them for an hour or two.

Nodding his head, smiling,

and crying "Pish!" sometimes,

he demands the price, and sometimes will buy a petty English Pamphlet to gull the by-standers.

If we judge by outward appearances we judge amisse:

O, 'tis a most dissembling, harmfull devill,
That 's good in shew & yet in heart is evill.
hatred is often beneath salutation; Backbiting slander, deep dissimulation,
Are inside hate, yet outside salutation.
valour is only cowardice in disguise; Vanting in wordes true valour oft doth seeme,
Yet by his actions we him coward deem;
flattery takes the form of good counsel; Soothing vp ill, pernicious flattery,
In outward shew good counsel seemes to be.
[leaf 12] Deformity, daubde with a face of paint,
With beauties title doth herselfe a[c]quaint;
avarice is accounted thrift; Base avarice & sordid parsimony
Is thrift[1] accounted, & good husbandry;
prodigality, Excessive spending, sensuall prodigality,
liberality. Is thought all one with liberality;
Impudent boldnesse, rash temerity,
Is held for vertuous audacity;
Ignorance passes for learning, while learning is held in no repute. Ignorance in his scarlet robe yclad,
Accounted learning, in respect is had,
When vertuous[2] art, clothed in poor aray,
Is held in no repute, till time bewray
The seeming good that ignorance hath not,
And the not seeming good that art hath got.
Put no trust in seeming. Thus ther 's no trust to be reposde in seeming,
Since virtue 's knowne by act, not by esteeming.

[1] MS. thirift.
[2] Originally written *verteous*, but altered apparently by another hand into *vertuous*.

Sat[ira] 3.

[AGAINST PRIDE, ETC.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Dum tendit superos ambire superbia cœlos,
Decidit ad Stigium fulmine quassa lacum.
Æterno verum sic indignata perisse,
Cœcos mortales ad sua regna trahit.

After the fabricke of heaven, earth, & seas
Were gloriously composde, it then did please
High Iove (e're he began mans operation)
To give vnto the Angels their creation.
No earthy substance was in them at all,
Their formes were heavenly & spirituall.
Yet some of these, vpon the very day
They were by God created (if I say
Vntruth, I can alleadge mine author for it),
Swelling with pride (oh, I to write abhor it)
Because they were such glorious creatures, strove
To take possession of the throne of Iove.
But he, displeasde with such ambition,
Struck them with lightning downe to Acheron,
And them confined perpetually to dwell
In the darke horrour of infernall hell.
Thus were faire angels ougly devils made,
And one dayes sinne an everlasting trade.

After the creation of the heavens and the earth, angels were called into being.

On the very day of their creation they attempted to dethrone the Almighty,

who drove them into hell.

After the fall of these, man was created and woman made to be his associate

After the fall of these was man compacted,
And from him sleeping woman was extracted
And made to be a kinde associat
Vnto him. Now the devill shewes his hate
[leaf 12, back] And swelling envie 'gainst God in his creature
Formd to his image, man; to make defeature
Of his estate in blisse, he doth intend
And fittest opportunity attend.

To work their fall Lucifer seeks an opportunity,

To worke this feat proud Lucifer's enioynd,
And goe[s] about it swifter then the winde.
"Shall I," quoth he, "fall from celestiall blisse
Into the horrour of hells blacke abysse,
And man escape? Shall I in torment live,
And man in pleasure? Shall I only grieve,

thinking to ease his own pain by making man co-partner in his grief.

And man goe scotfree? No, 'twill ease my paine
If in my griefe I him copartner gaine;
And I will doe it: if my plots hit right,
I 'le bring his soule vnto perpetuall night."
This saide, the serpents shape he takes & hies
Vnto the tree in midst of Paradise.
There findes the woman, after namèd Eve,
The weakest vessell, easiest to deceave;

Eve's mind he inspires with pride,

Whose minde with hellish pride he straight inspirde
That she [the] trees forbidden fruit desirde;
The tree of which alone she might not eat,
The tree forbidden by the Lord for meat.

causing her to eat of the tree of knowledge.

The tree of knowledge, knowledge of much evill,
She gathers straight, seducèd by the devill,
Which greedilie, without advice, she tasted,
And then to give her husband of it hasted.
Whom when she had allurde vnto her will,
And both had tasted, then they knew their ill;

Grown wise, Adam and Eve

But all too late (first Phrigians[1]) they grew wise,

[1] This may refer to the Phrygian oracle which promised empire to him who untied the Gordian knot, cut by Alexander the Great. Or it may be an allusion to the low estimate in which Phrygian character was held by the ancients.

Being both thrust forth Edens Paradise;
Which happy place man ever had possessed,
If they had never in this sorte transgressed.
Vnhappy three, first causers of our evill,
Fond man, proude woman, & accursèd devill!
Since this hath pride increasd with Adams seed,
And Lucifer companions shall not need;
Man with soe many kindes of pride doth swell
As if he strove headlong to run to hell.

lost Paradise, which man would ever have possessed.

Since this, pride has gone on increasing in Adam's seed.

Some shew their pride in raysing stately bowers,
Which seem to threatne heaven like Babell towers;
Building so strong, erecting them so high,
As if they ment to live eternally,
In spite of Iove. Others bestow more cost
In houses built for pleasure, which they boast
Are but for shew, then would maintaine & cherish
Thousands of poore soules which are like to perish:
Confusion sure will light on their pretence
Which wast their treasure in soe vaine expence.

Some show their pride in stately buildings, and some in houses built for pleasure.

[leaf 13]

Others there be which, clad in gay attire,
In stately gate & loftie lookes, aspire
Above their ranke; holding inferiors base,
Scarsely permitting equalles come in place
Of fellowship, vnlesse their peacock sutes
Gaine them admittance in their proud reputes.
O, these are men of admiration,
Which follow each fantastique fashion,
To be observde with reverence & respect;
When, if we could the inward man detect,
God knowes that I am not deceavd a whit,
Their gay apparrell covers litle witt.

Others, in fine clothing and lofty looks, aspire above their rank.

These follow each vain fashion, but their gay apparel covers little wit.

Most of our women are extreamly proud
Of their faire lookes, & therfore doe enshroud
Their beauties in a maske; with greater care
Their faces then their soules, to keepen faire.
Some of this kinde when beauty gins decay,

Most of our women are proud—they paint their faces.

By art restore what nature takes away,
Painting their visage. Cursed Iesabell
That taught them this, will bring them all to hell.
This vice in woeman only doth not bide,
The men curl their pates and wear love-locks; others paint their faces.
Men alsoe are infected with this pride.
Some curle their pates to make their lookes more fair,[1]
Others delight to wear a locke of haire,
A lovelocke, which being of the longest size
Doth the lewd wearer quite effeminize.
Nay some with fucus will besmear their face,
It ads to their complexion better grace.
I know one who is ever looking in his glass, setting his perfumed beard or combing his hair.
I knowe a snowt-faire, selfe-conceited asse,
Which is still prying in a looking glasse
To see his fooles face, washt with ly o 'th' chamber,
And set his beard, perfumde with greece of amber,
Or kembe his civet lockes, soe far in love
With his owne beauty, that I fear hee'l proove
Sicke with conceat; for the which maladie
I can prescribe no better remedy
Then wish the glasse, wherin he views his face,
The fate of Narcissus might cure him.
A river, him to take Narcissus place,
So the next time he came on 's face to looke
He should be drenchèd in the liquid brooke.
But leaving him a courting in the glasse
His owne vaine shadowe, I this coxcome passe.
[leaf 13, back]
Others there be which, selfe-conceited wise,
Take a great pride in their owne vaine surmise,
Some delight in hearing themselves speak, and tire all men with their chatter.
That all men think them soe; these take delight
To hear themselves speak; if they can recite
A thing scarce worth the hearing, they will prate
Till they tire all men with their idle chatt.
Some, like Phaeton, aspire at honours far above what they deserve,
Others, ambitious like fond Phaeton,
Aspire to guide the chariot of the sunne,
Aiming at honours far above their place,
Till by their pride they worke their owne disgrace.

[1] Margin worn away: may have been *faire*.

Presumptuous pride in others doth remaine,
And these high Ioves almighty power disdaine,
And (like those giants) fight against the gods,
Till, Pharoah like, they scourgèd are with rods
Of dire affliction, & their hardned hearts
Vnto their guilty soule dispaire impartes.

and are punished for their presumption.

But I too much insist in generall:—
Pride in particular must be dealt withall.
He that desires to breake a bunch of wandes,
Must not take all at once into his handes,
But singlie, one by one; and if he trie,
He may then break them with facility.
Reader, doe thou the application make,
For I to other matters me betake.

I have dealt long enough with generalities, I come now to particulars.

Proud Romish prelat, triple crownèd Pope,
Which vauntst of Peters heavenly keis, that ope
The dore that leads vnto celestiall blisse;
Which makst great princes stoope thy foote to kisse,
Emperours vpon thy stirrop to attend,
When as thou wilt thy stately horse ascend;
Damd Antichrist, proud Lucifers first sonne,
Ambitious beast, great whore of Babilon!

The Pope makes princes kiss his feet, and emperors hold his stirrup, as Frederick Barbarossa did that of Alexander III. [*Coryate's Crudities*, p. 201, ed. 1611.]

Thou false vsurper of Gods regal throne,
How darst assume his honour, which, alone
Monarch of heaven & earth, disdaine[s] to see
Corrivals in his sacred Emperie?
How darst thou take vpon thee such authority
Which doth belong to Gods high majesty,
To forgive sinnes, to award heaven & hell
At thine owne pleasure? Wher didst learne to swell
With such ambition? Thinkst thou Peeters chaire
Can sheild thee from Gods wrath? Can once impaire
And lessen thy deservèd punnishment?
Can free thee from eternall detriment?
Thinkst thou that he presumption can abide,
Which did not spare his angels for their pride?

He is a false usurper of God's honour.

Peter's chair can not shield him from God's anger.

No. Thou shalt finde that he will vengeance take,
Sending thee headlong to the Stygian lake.

[leaf 14] Madam Poppæa is so stately that she can neither sit nor walk alone.

Maddam Poppæa is soe stately growne
That she can neither sit nor walke alone;
Store of attendants still must wait vpon her,
And doe obsequious homage to her honour.
The ground she thinkes vnworthy is to bear
Her precious body; when she doth vprear
Her selfe vpon her feet, there must be spread
Rich clothes of Arras wher she goes to tread.

Cloth of Arras must be her carpet, her horse must be shod with gold.

If she doe ride, the horse that must vpholde
So rare a burden must be shod with golde.

She bathes in goats' milk.

When she intends to wash her selfe she hath
Of goats pure milck a sweet preparèd bath.
Musick beyond the musick of the spheares
Must still attend vpon her itching[1] eares.
Her food must be Ambrosian delicates,
Dissolvèd pearle her drink. Impartiall fates!

How can the Fates permit her to go on unpunished?

How can ye suffer this lascivious quean
Thus swell in pride, thus swim in pleasures streame,
And holde your thunder fast? Proud, stately dame,
Which more respectst thy body then thy fame,

The Almighty, who slew Herod for his pride, will punish her.

Or thy soules health, know that all working Power
Which did confound (by wormes that did devour
His cursed body) Herods lofty pride,
Will, when thou thinkst thou art most diefied,
Severely punnish with confusion,
To thy soules horrour, this presumption.

Lucius spends his substance & his store,

Lucius spends his all to maintain his harlot in luxury.

To keep in gallant fashion his proud whore,
Yet al 's to litle to maintaine her pride;
She must be coatcht, forsooth, & bravely ride.
Lackies before her charriot must run,
And she in spangled gold, clothd like the sunne,
Dazels the eyes of men, or she complaines

[1] MS. 'itching.

He loves her not, & such a man maintaines
His love in better fashion! Then his land
Must flie, for soe his mistris doth command,
To bolster vp her pride. O foolish sot,
Thus to procure thy reputations blot,
Thy states vndooing, & thy soules perdition
For on[e] soe base & of soe vile condition!

His lands go to minister to her pride.

Drusus, that fashion-imitating ape,
Delights to follow each fantastique shape;
Every new habit of hell-hac[t]hed sinne,
Though it vndooe him, hee'l be clothèd in;
And prodigally vpon every toy
Lash out his substance; 'tis his only ioy
To see himselfe not differing in a hair
From the true stamp of a brave Cavaleer.

Drusus imitates the fashions like an ape, and will dress like cavalier.

Vain Epainnutus, selfe-admiring gull,
Doth speake orations, write whole volumes full
Of his owne praises. Silly, simple sotte,
Hast thou that auncient, true saide sawe forgot,
That "a mans praise in his owne mouth doth stinke"?
Or dost (foole if thou dost) absurdly think
This age such shallow pated men affords,
That will give credit to thy boasting wordes?

[leaf 14, back] Another writes volumes of his own praises,

Because in gay apparell thou art drest
Some puppet-like thou dost advaunce thy crest,
And swell in big lookes like some turkie cocke,
Ready to burst with pride, & even to choake
With selfe-conceit of thy perfection,
Which is iust nowe, though the infection
Of thy high leveld thoughts lets thee not see
The ougly face of thy deformity.

and because he is well-dressed is bursting with pride.

Thou which thinkst Adon, that same lovely boy,
Dame Natures dareling, Citherea's joy,
A taunie Negro, or Barbarian Moore,
Comparèd to thy sèlfe, & dost adore
Even thine owne beauty like some demigod,

He thinks Adonis a Negro compared to himself,

Which (for on purpose thou dost goe abroad
and fancies his good looks ravish the eyes of all who see him, To shew thy selfe), thou vainely dost surmise
Doth even ravish the beholders eyes.
Noe wench that sees thee, but straight fals in love
With thy rare feature, & doth wish to prove
and that one kiss from him would be endless bliss, The tast of thy Ambrosian lip; one kisse
From thy mirre-breathing mouth were endless blisse;
But gavst thou other joyes (which in thee lies)
They would be thought 'bove ioyes of paradise.
But he is only like a bladder puft up with vanity, Thou bladder full puft vp with vanity,
Whom with my pen I prick, that ther migh[t] flie
Out into open aire all windy pride,
All self-conceit; then being repurifide,
Before the purchase of all earthly pelfe
Learn Solons saying, "Mortall, know thy selfe."
Neotimus, why art thou growne so proud,
Instead of Iuno to embrace a cloud
Another is proud of empty honours, I' nothing worth? These honours heapd vpon thee
Are but as shadowes, & will soone flie from thee.
Ther is an everlasting dignity
Of greater worth and more insignity,
To be sought out, which thou shalt ne're attaine,
If pride in thy aspiring thoughts doe reigne.
[leaf 15] and forgets that he might have been as low as those whom he despises. Contemne not them because thy selfe art high,
Who, if the heavens had pleasd, might equally
Have rankd with thee, yet now are low in state;
All men are not predestind to on[e] fate.
Become more humble, & cast downe thy looke,
Least prides bait snare thee on the devils hooke,
And having caught thee, hale thee downe to hell,
With fiends in everlasting paines to dwell.
For why shouldst thou be proud 'cause thou art high
In titles of renownèd dignity?
Honour is a flower, a vapour, and is soon blown away. Honour 's a flower that will soon decay;
Honour 's a vapour, quickly blowne away;
And 'tis a saying held for true of all,

"A sudden rising hath a sudden fall."

Philarchus (which in his ambitious minde
Devoures whole kingdomes) doth smale comfort finde
In his olde vnckles new-framde married[1] life,
But lesse in the male issue of his wife.
The bastard brat (for soe he calles his cozen)
Defrauds his expectation of a dozen
Of goodly lordships, which (his hopes were faire)
Should come to him, as the next lawfull heire.
But now this boy, which stands as a crosse-barre
Twixt him & home, doth all his fortunes marre.
But long he shall not soe, if figs of Spaine,
Or pils of Italy[2] their force retaine;
If ther be meanes that his pretence will furder,
If ther be hands that dare enact a murder,
Hee'l send his soule (wher himselfe ne're shall come)
To Abrahams bosome (mans long lookd for home).
Nor shall his aged vnckle 'scape this net,
Least if he live he doe more sonnes beget;
Least he more issue by this marriage have,
He shalbe wedded shortly to his grave.
But then his vnckles wife survives, purchance
Left quick with childe; & then he may goe dance
For a new living; no, he likes not that,
She shall be soone pact after too, that 's flat;
Besides, her ioynture, in his heart engravde
With duble greatnesse, by her death is savde.
Ambitious slave! wilt make a crimsen flood
Of thy neare dearest kinsmens vitall blood,
To wash thy murdrous handes? Think not at all
Vpon a deed so much vnnaturall!
Shall hope of some vain titles move thy minde,
To doe an act perpetually combinde
With horrour of a guilty conscience

Philarchus is annoyed because his old uncle is married and has a son,

who, if he lives, will defraud him of the property he expected.

The child and his father must be got rid of, and so must the wife.

He will bathe his hands in his kinsmen's blood

[leaf 15, back]

[1] This word seems to have been originally written *marriag*.
[2] Referring to the practice of secret poisoning.

(A most deservèd & due recompence)
to gain a little land. Wilt thou for purchase of a litle land,
With innocent blood distaine thy guilty hand?
Desist; for murder 's an iniquity
Their blood will cry to heaven for vengeance. That for iust vengeance vnto heaven doth crie.
And darst thou then insist in thy invention?
Is there noe hope to alter thine intention?
No! Thou art flesht in sinne, & dost despise
My Christian counsell; Satan blinde[s] thine eyes.
Goe forward then in this lewd preparation,
But know thou headlong runst vnto damnation.
Thus Lucifer strives to increase the inhabitants of hell. Thus Lucifer, *which* through ambition fell,
Strives dayly to bring company to hell
Of each degree & sex, from every nation.
Mortals, become more wise; make preparation
Of armes defensiue to resist this devill
Which would procure *your* everlasting evill.
But you, whose vnrelenting heartes *per*sist
In fearfull pride, will then cry, "had I wist,"
When it is too late men will see their error. Yet all too late, when each his sinne shall rue;
You having *your* iust meed, & hell his due.
Thoug[h] God awhile his punnishment delay,
A thing deferd 's not taken quite away.
But now enough of Luciferian pride,
Ther 's other vices in the world beside.

Sat[ira] 4.

[AGAINST AVARICE, BRIBERY, APOSTASY.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Effodiuntur opes ex imo viscere terræ,
Quæ fiunt miseri causa, cibusque mali.
Omnia sunt auro nostræ vænalia Romæ,
Ius, pudor, & probitas, favor & ipse deus.

Insatiate Avarice then first began — Avarice soon took possession of man's min l,
To raigne in the depravèd minde of man
After his fall; & then his mother Earth,
That gave first being to his bodies birth,
Vngracious childe, he did begin to wound,
And rend the bowels of the harmelesse ground;
For precious metals & rare minerals[1] ies — and induced him to search the earth for treasures,
Her veines, her sinnewes, & her arteries.
Among these, Golde, Dame Tellus glittering sunne,
Was with his sister Sylver, earth[s] bright moone,
Digd from the center of rich Aurimont,
Sol & his sister Phebe to confront.
But for that silver golde in price doth follow, — for gold and silver and rare minerals.
Because from him, as Cynthia from Apollo,
She takes her light, & other mettals all — [leaf 16]
Are but his vassaile starres; they well may fall

[1] The final *s* is 'smudged,' and the Author's comma is after *ies*—thus: *minerals ies*, . The sense is not very clear, but it seems to mean, Avarice, for precious metals and minerals, eyes (i. e. searches) her veins, &c.

Vnder his title, therfore I 'le expresse
Others in him, the great includes the lesse.

He who first sought gold was the cause of 'wronging right.'

He that first searched the teeming earth for golde,
Now as a demigod perhaps enrolde
In Fames eternal booke, was the chief cause
Of wronging right & abrogating lawes.
For since these mines bewi[t]chd the mindes of men,
What mischiefs haue ensude my worthlesse pen
Cannot delineat, but we all can tell
The number infinitly doth excell;
Omitting former ages & strange climes,

The mischiefs which have ensued are numberless.

The vices of our nation in these times,
So far excede in quality & number,
That to recite them would whole volumes cumber.
Iustice, opprest by golden bribery,
Hath left the earth-stage of mortality
And fled to heaven for succour & defence,
Wher she doth keep eternall residence;

Justice, oppressed by Bribery, has left the earth.

And now our lawes for Mammons cursed golde
Like as at open mart are bought & solde.
Our lawyers, like Demosthenes, are mute,
And will not speak, though in a rightfull sute,
Vnlesse a golden kei vnlocke their tongue;
Then how thei 'l sweat, be it for right or wrong,
And get their cause too, or it shall goe hard,

Lawyers plead no man's cause unpaid.

When the poore client, of his right debard,
Cursing the law, first for mans good ordainde,
Grieves at his losse, which ne're can be regainde.
Let some damnd villaine of all grace bereft

Murder, sacrilege, theft, lust, are all purged by money.

Commit a murder, sacriledge, or theft,
And if he can procure but store of pence
Our iustice then will with the law dispence,
And grant the hell-hound life, when, for lesse cause,
Poore men abide the rigor of the lawes.
Let lustfull Iove, that virgins would defloure,
In Danaes lap rain but a golden shower,

Her chastety will soone be washt away,
And she be ready for his amarous play.
Let some rich cuffe, Thersites-like in shape,
Of far worse qualeties then an olde ape, 1256 An old wretch who can't speak without slavering
Which hath nought in him that may speake him man,
But a good purse; although he scarcely can
Speake without slavering, goe without a crutch,
Be rivall to a man that is not such 1260
In wealth, though far above him in desertes,
As good discent, rare features, vertuous partes;
Yet for all this, I ten to one will lay, [leaf 16, back]
The richer man carries the wench away. 1264 will gain a wife where a poor man of good parts will fail.
Honours & offices, which in times of olde
Were given for deserts, are bought for golde.
Sir Iohn Lacklattin, one that ne're did passe
In any place, but for an ignorant asse, 1268
If he can grease his patron in the fist,
Shall for his gold be richly beneficde;
When he that better doth deserve the place,
If poore, shall be repulsèd with disgrace. 1272 *Honours and offices are bestowed upon the ignorant because they can pay.*
Lode but a silly asse with store of golde
And he will enter in the strongest holde.
Let a foole passe by in a golden coate,
He shalbe reckond for a man of note 1276
By those that know him not, when on[e] that 's wise,
Poore in arraie, seemes abiect in their eyes.
Tradesmen make no account for golden gaine
To sell their soules vnto eternall paine; 1280 Tradesmen cheat, and cozen and forswear themselves.
Daily each one, in vttering of his wares,
Cosens his chapmen & himselfe forsweares.
The vserer hords golde vp in his chest,
Making an idole of it. To be blest 1284 The usurer hoards up gold
Is to get store of golde, the wre[t]ch doth thinke;
When the fruition scarcely lets him winke,
For sleep he cannot, till i' th' end his pelfe
Shipwracks his soule vpon hels rocky shelfe. 1288 and shipwrecks his soul.

Many for golde have turnd (like Iulian)
Apostates to true religion,
Some, Judas like, sell Jesus for gold. And have, with wicked Iudas, Iesus solde
For the vaine purchase of a litle golde.
Thus doth the devill, full of slie deceits,
Fish for the soules of men with golden baites;
And to increase his kingdome, doth assay
By this temptation to pervert our way.
The Lacedæmonians banished gold from their commonwealth. Well did the Lacedæmons banish golde
Out of their common wealth; well did they holde
Community of all things necessary;
For by this meanes they were not accessary
Vnto the many kindes of wickednes,
Which the vnsatiable greedinesse
Of golde in this our iron age begets;
He who gains most is best off, for the world may be led in a golden string. Which to entrap, so many kinde of nets,
So many damnèd plots are dayly laide;
He that gets moste thinks himselfe best apaide,
And well he may, for in a golden string
A man may lead the world to any thing.
[leaf 17] What in these days may not a man command,
That seekes to purchase with a golden hand?
Fortunate Fatuo was late dubd a knight,
Not for his wit, or for his martiall fight;
For wit ne're blest him, valour never knewe him;
What may the cause be then that only drew him
One is dubbed a knight because by stealth he can buy the honour. To this preferment? Faith, his store of wealth,
For honours now ar[e] purchasèd by stealth
Of vndermining bribes. Canst thou disburse
Good store of coine from a well lined purse?
Thou shalt not want authority to grace thee,
And in an office of repute to place thee,
Be thy life ne're so vilde. O evill times,
Men now esteem great means more than greatness, and goods more than goodness. And ill conditioned men, that act such crimes,
Which great meanes then good meaning better deeme,
And more of goods then goodnesse doe esteeme!

But bootelesse I exclaime on this same age,
This vnrelenting age, whose furious rage
Will not be mollified as it hath been,
But is now hardned in vngodly sinne.
Yet, though the world nothing the better grow,
I 'le rip vp all the villanies I know.

Though the world may be none the better, I'll expose all its villanies.

Flavia, because her meanes are somewhat scant,
Doth sell her body to relieve her want,
Yet scornes to be reputed as a quean,
Though with moste nations she have been vnclean.
English, Scots, Dutch, French, Spannish, yea, black Moor[es],[1]
If they bring store of gold, her open dores
Conveigh to private lust; bee 't day or night,
Golde vshers them to sensuall delight.
Thus often fighting vnder Cupids banner
Perhaps she 's sometimes taken in the manner,
And being brought before authority,
Which should correct her hell-bread villany,
If golde speake for her in the present tense,
The officer deputed for th' offence
Will winck at smale faultes & remit correction.
This foolish, knavish pittie 's an infection
Spread through our land, & hurtes our common wealth—
Iustice restore her to her former health!
For true 's the saying (magistrates, beware!)
"He harmes the good that doth the evill spare."

Flavia, scorning to be called a quean, sells her body to all comers,

no matter of what nation they may be.

If she's brought before the magistrate the prosecutor can be bribed.

Midas is patron to a goodly living,
And Stolido, that dunce, hath now been driving
A price for it. What, benefices solde?
This was not wont to be in times of olde,
But Simonie is now soe common growne,
That 'tis account noe sinne, if kept vnknowne.
Or[2] otherwise, lawes danger to prevent,
The patron with the parson will indent

Benefices are bought and sold:

[leaf 17, back] Simony is so common that men don't care to hide it.

[1] MS. worn away. [2] MS. Or.

That he shall have the living in this wise,
Suffering him yearly to reserve his tithes;
When the whole parish knowes the better part
Of all the living, those his tithes imparte.

It is very wrong to deceive the Church and dissemble with God.

Thou wicked imp, thus to abuse the C[h]urch,
And with such sacrilegious handes to lurch
Gods sacred duties, which he doth afford
To the dispensers of his holy word!
How dar'st thou with all-seeing Iove dissemble?
Me thinkes thou shouldst with great amazment tremble
At that most fearfull yet just punnishment
Powrd downe one Ananias, whose intent,

Men who do so should remember the fate of Ananias

Like thine, was in most damnd hypocrisie
To mocke God with a shew of charity.
But for this sinne he & his cursèd wife
Suddenly fell downe dead & lost his life.
Take heed the like plague fall not on thy head,
If thou persist, high Iove can strike thee dead;
Though he awhile forbear to shew his ire,
His mercy keeps back what thy sinnes require.

The man who is ignorant of the law is made a Justice of the Peace,

Signior Necessity, that hath no law,
Scarce ever read his Litleton,[1] a daw
To a solliciter, is now become
Iustice of peace & coram; takes his roome
'Mongst grave & learned Iudges; is still cald
Right worshipfull, his wit & pate both bald.
And yet the foole expects th' ensuing year
To be elect high sherif of all the sheire.
I, & he hath great hopes, for the whole tribe

and expects to be sheriff and M. P. He'll bribe the lot to gain his end.

Of voices that elect the sherif hee 'l bribe;
And after that he hopes to get consent
By this meanes to be knight o' th' parliament.
Base minded peasants, which for some few pence
Give to [a] foole such place of eminence!
Ignoble Crassus did in litle time

[1] Littleton died in 1481.

Vnto the top of honours mountaine clime;
If you aske how he rose, let this suffice,
His wealth was great, & therfore needs must rise.
Ruffino, that same roring boy of fame,
By braules & wenches is diseasde & lame;
Yet hath some store of crownes left in his purse,
Which he with all his heart would fain disburse,
And those that healpt him benefactours call,
To get a place in the new hospitall.
Fear not Ruffino, for it is decreed
Those that have meanes to give shall only speed.
Loth am I to rip vp my nurces shame,
Or to accuse for this those schooles of fame,
The Academies: yet for reformation
Of this abuse, I must reprove the fashion
Of divers seniors, which for private gaine
Permit some ignorant asse, some dunce, attaine
A schollers or a fellowes place among 'em.
Some think perhaps of malice I doe wrong 'em,
But the poore students know it to be true,
Which wanting meanes, as often want their due.
Art was not thus rejected heertofore,
But plenty now hath made a scholler poore.
Learning was wont to be the highest staire,
Vpon whose top was fixd preferments chaire;
In which the best deserver was instald,
The worthiest man to highest honour cald.
But now the world 's altred, changèd is the molde,
And learnings step is turnd to massie golde.
To get preferment who doth now intend,
He by a golden ladder must ascend.
Thus cursed golde doth bear soe great a sway
That nurseries of learning doe decay;
For not the meanes of taking our degrees
Are quite exempt from bribes; for duble fees
A dunce may turne a Doctour, & in state

Men whose wealth is great must rise.

Even admission to the hospital is to be gained by money.

[leaf 18]

The Universities are not free from blame.

A dunce may buy a fellowship.

Learning used to be the ladder to preferment,

but now the ladder is made of gold.

For double fees a dunce may be a doctor and walk in scarlet.

Walke in his scarlet! O, vnhappy fate!
When paltry pelfe doth worthlesse ignorance
Vnto the top of learnings mount advaunce.

If a cook wants to dress meat in Lent,

Cocus, that faine would thrive, hath a[n] intent,
To curry favo*u*r, to dresse meat in Lent—
How is 't to be obtainde? hast store of golde?
And canst thou spare a litle? then be bolde,

and can bribe the overseer,

Persue thy project, & I 'le vndertake
The overseers will a licence make,
By w*hi*ch is granted leav to dresse for th' sicke,—
Vnder the colo*u*r of w*hi*ch pretty tricke

he is sure to escape all trouble.

Thou mayst make sale of it to whom thou list.
Sayth master mony-taker, greasd i' th' fist,
"And if tho[u] comst in danger, for a noble
I 'le stand thy friend, & healp thee out of trouble."
But these are petty crimes w*hi*ch now I cote,
This vicious age acts sinnes of greater note,
And them by greater p*er*sons, in w*hi*ch sence
Th' offenders greatnesse aggravates th' offence.

A ruffian committed a murder and was apprehended for it. [leaf 18, back]

Taurus, that ruffen, in his drunken fit
An execrable murder did com*m*itte,
For the w*hi*ch fact he straight was apprehended,
And should, had right tooke place, have been condemnèd.

The Judge was bribed, and instead of condemning,

But marke th' event; his mony stood his friend,
And sav'd the caitife from a shamefull end.
For having the chief iudge sollicited
With bribes, from iustice him he quite misled;
Who when he should pronounce[1] his condemnation,

acquitted him because '40 angels' attested his innocence.

Instead therof gave him his approbation,
Vowing there was good reason him to clear,
'Cause 40 angels did to him appear,
W*hi*ch spake him guiltlesse. O,[2] rare vision,
And admirable golden apparition,

[1] MS. *of pronounce*, with *h*, and a partially-formed *a* crossed out, between the two words. [2] MS. ô.

That had the power to make good such evill,
And turne a demigod into a devill!
Turnus his enemy would faine supplant,
Yet how to doe it iustly, cause doth want.
His Machiavillian[1] pate doth then devise
To overthrow him by meer forgeries;
Then saith he is a traiter to his[2] prince,
And that he can of treason him convince.
Divers seditious wordes are then invented,
For which he is before the iudge convented;
But there wants witnesse to confirme this lie,—
Tut, they are easily found; his neighbours by
Are knights o' th' post,[3] and for a litle coine
Will swear what ever he doth them enjo[i]ne.
Thus armde, he brings to passe his damnèd will,
And like a villian guiltlesse blood doth spill.
But he & 's knights o' th' post will post to hell,
That thus their soules vnto damnation sell.
Codrus to his poore cottage had some land,
With which, & with the labour of his hand,
Six litle children & his sickly wife
He did maintaine in such estate of life
As his best meanes could yeild, sufficient
Because they therwithall did live content.
But now Antilegon, his neighbour by,
Because the ground did lye commodiously
For his owne vse to make a garden plot,
Hath encroacht all & sure possession got,
Which he maintaines by force. Poor Codrus is
Constraind to sue *sub formâ pauperis*,
(As wanting friends & mony) to regaine
What is his owne. T' other doth entertaine
The best of counsell, & his golde 'gainst lawes
O're throwes the poor man in his rightfull cause;

If a man wants to supplant his enemy

he accuses him of treason and bribes his

neighbours to give witness against him.

The poor man with six children and a sickly wife owns a cottage and a bit of land;

but his rich neighbour wants it for a garden.

With the best of counsel and gold he gains his end,

[1] Machiavelli died 1527. [2] *to his* repeated in MS.
[3] Professional perjurers, &c.

and the poor man is undone.

Who with his family are quite vndone,
Through this vnjust & damnd oppression.
[leaf 19] Thus Iustice eyes closde vp in golden sleep,
The ravenous woolfe eats vp the harmlesse sheep.
Thou wicked Ahab, which hast got possession
By such iniurious transgression,

If God punishes those who have no compassion upon the poor,

Think that if God inflict damnation
On them that doe not take compassion
Of their poore bretheren, & their wants relieve,
What will he doe to thee, which seekst to grieve
With an oppressours hand the innocent!
Being not only not to give content,
But even to take away by cursed wrong
All that in right doth to the poore belong?

He will most severely punish those who oppress them,

Vnlesse thou doe due restitution make,
And to a better life thy selfe betake;
Vnlesse repentance purchase grace from Ioye
And his iust iudgements from thee quite remooue,

especially unjust judges.

Surely the Lord (which doth such sinne detest)
With horrid tormentes will thy soule invest.
And you, which should true equity dispense,
Yet bear a gold-corrupted conscience,
Looke for some plague vpon your heades to light,
That suffer rich wrong to oppresse poore right.

All lawyers are not guilty of this sin,

All lawyers I cannot heerof accuse,
For some there are that doe a conscience vse
In their profession. This our land containes
Some in whose heart devine Astræa raignes.
To these, whose vertue keeps our land in peace,

and I wish all prosperity to the impartial.

I wish all good, all happines encrease.
Go forward then, and with impartiall handes
Hold Iustice ballance in faire Albians landes.
Olde greedy minded Pandarus hath a paire
Of daughters whom the world reputeth faire,
And faire indeed they are to outward eyes,
Which not discerne inward deformities;

These, for the purchase of a litle golde,
By the olde miser vnto lust are solde.
This slave will even vsher his disgrace,
Bringing his daughters vnto any place
Which is appointed to commerce with sinne,
And himselfe keep the dore, whilst that within
The shamlesse strumpetes are with lust defilde,
Having the gallants of their golde beguilde.
Impious villaine! to defame the fruit
Of thine owne loynes, & basely prostitute
Thy childrens body to such luxurie,
Whom with paternall care & industrie
Thou shouldst traine vp in vertuous education,
For want whereof theire horrid imprecation
Will light vpon thy soule, &, which is worse,
Gods fearfull plaugues[1] second thy childrens curse.
Me thinkes the hellish & mad lunacy[2]
Of them that doe commit apostacie
For gold, might well a Christian heart affright
Only to hear another but recite
So damnd a sinne; yet every day their fall
In these relapses diabolicall
Many, too many,—Christians shall I name them?
Ah, noe! their actions otherwise defame them.
Some have tur[n]d Turkes for gaine, yet live despisde
After they once have been but circumcisde.
Base slaves, which Dagon 'bove the Arcke doe set,
And for true Christ adore false Mahomet.
But Mahomet, as Dagon did, shall fall,
And all those wicked priests that worship Baal.
Others, that would to high preferment come,
Leave vs, & flie vnto the Sea of Rome.
But how dost prosper with them being there?

Pandarus sells his two daughters for gold,

and keeps the door while their gallants are within.

[leaf 19, back] In the end his children will curse him.

Those who apostatize for gold are many.

Shall I call them Christians?

Some join the Church of Rome,

[1] This word twice written: *plages;* the letter over the ʌ is uncertain. This is crossed through and *plaugues* written, but here the first *u* is blurred. [2] MS. lunary. See Glossary.

Contemptibly they live, & full of feare.
and are employed to murder princes. Is ther some damned enterprise in hand,
To murder princes, ruinate a land? 1568
These be the men that must be actours in it,
Who ever were the author to beginne it.
If they refuse, 'tis death; if they procced
Death & damnation waites vpon their deed. 1572
Thus chaind in wre[t]ched servitude, doth live
A runagate, & English fugitive;
Like fools they submit their necks to the yoke of the Pope. And yet like fooles, they doe submit their necke
Vnto the slavish yoke & proudest checke 1576
Of Romes insulting tyrant, vpon hope
That their demerits will win larger scope;
Many which theither dayly flocke apace
To worke their owne confusion & disgrace 1580
Witnesse their fearfull endes & wre[t]ched lives:
"Needs must when the devil drives." "But goe they must because the devill drives."
Carrier of late would have made his career
If Carrier, who died (? at Liege) before midsummer, 1614, (Thinking perhaps to be esteemèd dear 1584
Of th' antichristian prelate) to the citty
Of seven hilld Rome, "O, &," say some, "'twas pitty
That his (how e're they grant it lewd) intent
Met not a look't for prosperous event. 1588
For he, because his learning[1] was not small,
had succeeded in reaching Rome, he might have become a Cardinal. Might in short time have been a Cardinall."
What the successe had prov'd I dare not say,
For he was cut of from his wishèd prey; 1592
High Iove incensd that thus he should backslide
Stroke him, & in a neighbour land he died.
Some think he was not Apostolicall,
But alwaies in his heart papisticall; 1596
[leaf 20] Certaine it is, how e're they can excuse him,
The devill in this act did but abuse him.
He was either an apostate or a hypocrite. And were he not apostate in his flight,
In his stay heer he was an hypocrite. 1600

[1] MS. *learming.*

Pistor was falln into great poverty,
How come he to grow rich thus sodenly?
For[1] he of late hath matchd his daughter well
Vnto a gentleman, as I hear tell,
Of faire demeanes, & great extent of ground,
And made her portion worth five thousand pound.
Why, once within these five year (as was thought)
Ten pounds would all the wealth he had have bought,
And now he 's in his thousands! This quick change,
This sodaine metamorphosis is strange.
Belike he hath found out some mine of golde,
Or else the Fairies bring him heapes vntolde
Because he sweeps his house cleane, sets a light,
Faire water in a basen, every night,
And other pretty toyes, to doe them pleasure;
Or else some spirit shewes him hidden treasure.
O now you hitt it, 'twas indeed a spirit,
To whom, for certaine tearme of yeares t' inherit
His ease and pleasure with aboundant wealth,
He hath made sale of his soules dearest health.
And in a deed engrost, signd with his blood,
Sould soule & body with all hope of good
In heavenly ioyes to come, vnto the devill.
O horrid act! O execrable evill!
Another Faustus, haplesse, hopelesse man,
What wilt thou doe, when as that litle sand
Of thy soone emptied houreglasse, is spent?
When horrour of thy conscience keeps repent
From thy black spotted soule? O (but in vaine)
Thou wilt then wish (& think it ease, not paine)
"That I had that estate of grace I solde
[For the] fruition of a litle golde.
Thoug[h] I liv'de ne're soe miserablie poore,
And like an abject begd at every doore
Millions of yeares, I could be well content

Pistor, who was poor, matches his daughter with a rich man.

Perhaps the Fairies bring him gold, perhaps a spirit.

He has signed a contract with the devil.

What will he do in the end?

He will be willing to be a beggar if he can

[1] Originally *Why*: *For* written over.

thereby escape hell.

To 'scape the everlasting punnishment
Of hells infernall lake, & purchase heaven,
Of *whi*ch for ever I am now bereaven."
Then wilt thou curse thy selfe, thy wretched fate,
The wombe that bare thee, him that thee begat;
Wish thou hadst been a beast, a sencelesse stone,
To 'scape that horro*u*r of confusion.

He will curse all men, but in vain.

But wishes, vowes, & horrid execration
Cannot preserve thee from damnation.

So every honour is bought and sold: let buyers and sellers beware.

Thus each thing of esteem is bought and solde
For mindes-corrupting, soules-confounding golde.
Sellers take heed, & byers have a care,
This is no com*m*on ordinary ware!

[leaf 20, back]

Looke to 't betimes, lest you to late repent
The poore mans curse, earths plague, hells punnishment!

Sat[ira] 5.

[AGAINST GLUTTONY, DRUNKENNESS, AND TOBACCO.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Nobiscum in terris Epicuri vivitur instar
Delitijs: ventri mille placere modi.
Turpior ebrietas animam cum corpore fœdat,
Et demum ad Stygias ducit vtrumque domos.

From thirst of wealth & golden villany
I now am come to brutish gluttonie,
Of which my Muse doth almost loath to treat,
It is soe base a crime, yet growne soe great
In customary action, that 'tis deemd
If sinne, a smale one, not to be esteemd.
This vice doth not alone it selfe extend
T' excesse in meat, but eke doth comprehend
That base vnmanly sinne of drunkennesse,
Whose worse then worst of brutish beastlinesse
Defiles both soule & body, & doth bring
Both of them to eternall ruining.
This age of men to *that* excesse is growne
That was I think in Sodome never knowne,
Although it were *that* capitall offence,
Which iustly did all-seeing Iove incense
Them & their eitty vtterly to quell
With fire which from heavens architecture fell.

I now come to brutish gluttony, which is very common, 1654

and drunkenness, which defiles body and soul. 1658

The present age is worse than Sodom ever was. 1662

1666

How can we wretches in this sinfull time
Expect lesse vengeance for as damnd a crime? 1670
For to speake first of *our* excesse in meat,
Though man should eat to live, not live to eate,
Many care only for what they shall eat. Many there are *which* only vse their care
In dainty banquet*es* and delitious fare. 1674
What beast doth breed in *our* Britannicke soile
That doth delight the tast, but we doe toile
Every beast, bird, and fish is captured for their tables, To take & kill? What bird doth cut the aire
With her swift wing, but that we doe repaire 1678
Therw*ith* *our* tables? We doe fish all seas
To catch *the* rarest dish, therby to please
Our dainty palates: & yet fish, bests, bird*es*,
Which in aboundance this *our* land affordes, 1682
and yet they must have delicacies from other nations. Are not sufficient; we must have more cates
From other nations at excessive rates
To furnish out *our* table, w*hich* (like swine
That eat the fruit, but ne're cast vp their eyen 1686
To the faire tree) we dayly doe dev*our*
*With*out thankesgiving to that heavenly power,
Whose gracious goodnesse doth such blessinges give,
And suffers vs so peaceably to live 1690
In such a land of plenty that doth flow
With milck & hony, w*hich* we doe bestow
[leaf 21] We pamper ourselves, and live like epicures, To pamp*er* *our* selves & please *our* sence
Like Epicures; as if alone from thence 1694
We had *our* being, & vnto that end,
The cause of *our* creation, did intend.
Thus are the guift*es*,[1] wherw*ith* God man doth blesse,
Abusd'e by vaine & riotus excesse. 1698
Like the rich gluttons in the Gospell are
The feast*es* we make, from w*hich* we doe debarre
without regarding the poor who crave charity at our doors. The poorer sort of men. Well may they lie
Before *our* dores, & crave *our* charity; 1702
But *with* poore Lazarus they shall obtaine

[1] MS. guist*es*.

Cold comfort, & small relicfe to sustaine
Their hunger-starvèd bodies, while within
The richer sort doe stand vp to the chin
In delicates, & euen with excesse,
Are like to surfet; while the wantonnesse
Of their insatiat appetite, that feeds
On such plurality of viands, breeds
Offensive humors. This I thinke the cause
Which our rich men to such diseases drawes,
Wherwith we dayly see they are tormented,
When if with moderate fare they were contented
They might both keep their bodies in good health,
And save the residue of all their wealth
To feed the hungry soule, the naked cherrish,
Which wanting succour still one heaps doe perish.

The rich overfeed themselves, and draw on themselves many of the diseases from which they suffer.

But now let me discourse of drunkennes,
Which is a part of gluttony, whose excesse
Is likewise of the belly, & is made
Even a common ordinary trade.

Drunkenness is common.

We count the nation of the German Dutch
The greatest drunkard, but our land as much,
Or rather more, is with this vice infected,
Which doth deserue sharply to be corrected,
And yet 'tis slackly punnishd; but 'twere good
That Dracoes [laws] for ours in vertue stood.
This vice, I say, with vs as frequent is
As with the Dutchmen, who, if I not misse
Mine aime, were the first founders of this sinne
Within our country; but we now beginne
T' appropriate to our selves their noted vice,
So apt we are to follow each devise
That tendes to wickednesse & villany;
After forbidden things we swiftly flie,
When after that from which much good may growe,
Although by force compeld, we slowly goe.
But man must follow the times fashion,

We are worse than the Germans.

The Dutch first began this vice, but we quickly imitated and now often excel them.

And shew himselfe an ape in imitation
Of every new found & hell-hatched sinne
Or else he is not counted worth a pinne.

[leaf 21, back] A man who cannot sit and drink all day is made a jest.

He that cannot sit quaffing all the day,
Carousing healths till wit & wealth decay;
Which will not vpon every lewd request
Drink drunk in kindenesse, why, he 's made a jest
To those companions, whose licentious veine

The drunkard sits and makes base speeches.

And drunken humours still doe entertaine
The basest speeches, & in their mad fit
Doe speake at randome without fear or wit.
How far vnlike Lacedemonians,
Though they were hethen & we Christians,
Are men in this our age? To them this crime
Soe loathsome was, that they would finde a time

The Lacedæmonians used to make their slaves drunk as a warning to their children.

To make *the* Helottes drunk, *which* wer their slaves,
A sort of loutish, abject-minded knaves;
And being in the basest sort disguisde,
Shew them their children, mock them as despisde
And debaush creatures, by their beastlynesse,
To teach their young to loath all drunkennesse.
But if others will not doe it for vs
Will[1] even fox ourselves till all abhorre vs.
Well may it fit this our vntemperate age,
To shew a drunkard in his equipage.

I pass over the man who had a thousand dishes at one feast,

I 'le passe Apitius, *which* spent all the year,
In brave carrousing, & fine belly-cheer;
He that to please his sence had at one feast
His thousand severall dishes at the least,
Although he had noe other company
But his sole single selfe to satisfie;

and by his extravagance

For all *the* flesh that Noahs Arke contained,
The whole seas fish, if he had entertained
His friends, could not sufficient store affordo,
To furnish out th' insatiate gluttons bordo.

[1] ? We'll.

Thus he run one, till on[e] yeares gluttony — brought himself to poverty.
Brought him from millions vnto poverty:
I will omit the brave Ægiptian Dame,
Which by her death hath got eternall fame,
Proud Cleopatra, Anthonies loose minion, — Cleopatra, to gain her lover's good opinion, drank dissolved pearls.
Who, to obtaine her lovers good opinion,
Did in a cup of wine, drunk to his health,
Carouse dissolvèd pearles of infinite wealth;
Her great excesse & sensuall gluttony
Procurde her owne & his sad tragedie.
I 'le leave th' Assirian Sardanapalus, — Sardanapalus lost his life not through such means
With that lewd Roman, Heliogabolus;
Only their riot was the fatall knife
That cut them of from empire & from life.
Examples from soe farre I need not fetch,
We have more moderne ones *within our* reach;
In this *our* native Isle, each day, each hower
Millions of such like subiects doe ever shower — as millions in our own country now [leaf 221 practise.
Before our eyes, *which* live in vaine excesse
Of soule-polluting, beastly drunkennesse.
On[e] pot companion & his fashion
I will describe, & make relation
Of what my selfe have seene, that they that hear it
May hate the like, & hating may forbear it.
Cervisius is a most accomplisht man, — Cervisius is a true drunkard
Whether he deale at halfe pot or whole can,
No flincher, but as true a drunkard bred
As ever lifted cup vnto his head.
A right good fellow, a true ioviall boy, — and a right good fellow,
And on[e] that of his purse is nothing coy;
Hee 'l spend his dozen of beer *with* any friend,
And fox him if he can, before hee 'l end;
I, or hee 'l fox himselfe, but that 's no wonder
The fox & he are seldome time a sunder.
But if the man, to sobernesse inclinde, — but if a man declines to drink with him he is
Refuse to follow his inordinate minde,

ready to compel him.

Because his nature cannot brooke to doe it,
His stab is ready to compell him to it.
This alehouse-haunter think*es* himselfe a safe

He drinks with his companions and makes them drink with him,

If he with his companions, George & Rafe,
Doe meet together to drink vpsefreese
Till they have made themselves as wise as geese.
O ther this man (like lord within a hutch)
Will pay for all & ne're his mony grutch;
Th[e]y must not part till they have drunk a barrell,

or else he will quarrel with them.

Or straight this royster will begin to quarrell.
Wher e're they meet, to th' alehouse they must goe,
He sweares they shall, & they must not say noe.
As soone as e're the alehouse them receives,
The tapster, duble diligent, straight leaves
His other guest*es*, in course to take his cup,
And make the full messe of these drunkards vp;

As it is sweetest drinking at the spring, they go into the cellar

He knowes what best belongs vnto his gaine,
These are the men he seekes to entertaine.
Then straight into the seller hee 'l them bring,—
'Tis sweetest drinking at the verry spring,—
Wher as a barrell, for the nonce set out,
Must straight be pearc'd, then each must haue his bout
And drink vp all; to leave a litle snuffe
Is petty treason; & such pretious stuffe

and drink till their hands shake and their heads are addled.

Must not be throwne away. Thus they drink round,
Vntill their adle heads doe make the ground
Seeme blew vnto them; till their hands doe shake,
Their tongues speak duble, & their braines do ake.
But they proceed till one drop[s] downe dead drunke,
Wher he doth lie long time, a sencelesse trunk;
And all the rest in a sweet pickle brought
(Such op*er*ation hath the barrell wrought),

[leaf 22, back] One falls dead drunk, a second goes to sleep, the third is sick,

Lie downe beside him. One straight fall*es* a sleep
Ready to drowne himselfe, in that doth keep
The broken beer from spoiling; then another
Fall*es* into spuing, & is like to smother

Himselfe in his owne vomit. He that least
Seemes to be drunk, yet shewes himselfe a beast,
And that 's the tapster, which hath got a tricke,
Because he would prevent his being sick,
To force himselfe to cast, then on the barrell
To take a nap. Thus ends this drinking quarrell.
After some 3 howers sleepes strong operation
Hath brought their braines into a better fashion,
They gin to wake, & finding themselves ill
Of their late surfet, which hath force to kill
The strongest body, to 't afresh they goe,
To drink away their paine; such heartsick woe
By an immoderate drunkennesse procurde,
Must by "a haire of the same dog" be curde.
Then once againe the pot must keep his round,
Vntill the barrell, with his hollow sound,
Fortell his emptinesse. Trivmphantly
They doe then eccho forth this victory,
As 'twere a conquest, that deserv'd with golde
In Fames eternall booke to be enrolde.
But still Cervicius paies for all, his purse
Defraies all recknings; there must none disburse
A penny but himselfe. "Tut, I have landes
Which now of late are come into my handes,
And whilst they last, I will not want good drink,
Nor boon companions. Wherfore was my chinck
Made but to spend? And can 't be better spent
Then 'mongst good laddes in ioviall meriment?
Faith, no. Flie, brasse! More precious I do holde
Maltes pure quintessence then king Harries golde.
Good liquor breeds good blood, good blood best health,
And that 's a iewell to be prisde 'bove wealth.
Drink round, sweet George, to me, my turne is next,
And I'le charge honest Rafe; let 's ply our text
Without digression. Tapster, take your bout,
Leave not a drop, you'r best, but drink all out.

while the tapster vomits and goes to sleep on the barrel.

Three hours later they all wake and go to it again till the barrel is empty,

because "a hair of the same dog" must cure them.

Cervisius pays for all;

so long as he has money he will not want good drink,

which breeds good blood, and good blood best health.

Why soe, brave boyes, this gear doth cotten well,
He thinks the four would beat any four in Europe.
I think we foure might win *the* silver bell
Of any 4 in Europe, for *our* drink.
Let 's make a challenge, Rafe; I doe not think
But we shall put downe all that dare contest
With vs in this, if we but doe *our* best.
And yet ther were 4 roring boyes, they say,
That drunk a hogshead dry in one poor day.
This conceit makes him dry, and he drinks hoping to meet again next day.
Tapster, some beer; the conceit makes me dry!
Heer honest rogue, night part*es* good cumpany;
But my good lad*es*, let 's meet againe to morrow,
And at this fountaine we will drinke downe sorrowe."
[leaf 23] Thus he runs on his course, til 's drunken vaine
Ruines his substance, makes him entertaine
For his companion penurious want.—
All other friends doe then wax wondrous scant;
In the end comes poverty, and it alone sticks to him.
But this alone, when men fall in decay,
Will never leave them till their dying day.
His substance poore, his soule more poore in grace,
Get*es* him contempt on earth, in hell a place
Of everlasting paine, vnlesse the smart
Of misery reforme his wicked heart.
For sometimes want & hard calamity
Even Athies*tes* turn*es* to Christianity.
Another scorns to get drunk on beer or bottled-ale.
But Bacchanall is of a higher straine,
He scornes soe base a thought to entertaine,
As to drink drunk with beer or botle-ale;
Noe, he contemnes the vse, that fashion 's stale.
Marry, *your* true elixar, all rare wine,
That doth enspire, & make the thought*es* divine!
Whie, he esteemes the nectar of the godd*es*,
Nepenthe to him falls far short of delicious wine,
Homers Nepenthe, to come short by odd*es*
Of [this] delicious iuice. Rich Malago,
Canarie, Sherry, with brave Charnico;
Phalerno, with *your* richest Orleance wine,
Pure Rhenish, Hippocras, white Muskadine,

With the true bloud of Bacchus, Allegant,
That addes new vigour which the backe doth want
Are precious wines. Marrie, your white or Charret
Is but so so; he cares not greatly for it;
But for the rest, whose vertuous operation
Doth cheer the heart opprest with passion,
Doth rapsodize the soules intelligence
Above the levell of inferiour sence,
Why, had he to his wish the cranes long necke
To tast with more delight, he would not wrecke
Of all celestiall ioyes; this were a treasure
To be preferd above that heavenly pleasure.
From thine owne mouth, thou beastly Epicure,
Dost thou condemne thy selfe, thou shalt be sure
Never indeed to tast celestiall bliss!
But know withall (though thou those joyes doe misse)
That thou (when as thy soule will be agast)
Shalt of the cup of Godes iust vengeance tast!
Fower kindes of drunkardes this our age hath quoted,
Which, since by observation I have noted,
It shall not be amisse heer to insert,
That we may know how much each doth pervert
The soule of man. The first is merry drunk,
And this, although his braines be somewhat shrunk
I' th' wetting, hath, they say, but litle hart
In his demeanour; to make harmles sport
Is all his practise. In what fashion?
Is baudie talke, & damnèd prophanation
Of Godes most holy name, a harmlesse thing?
Are apish tricks & toies, which vse to bring
Men in dirision, sportes to breed delight?
Is that which makes the soule as black as night,
Which takes away the perfect vse of sence,
Which is the high way to incontinence,
A thing of nothing? Whie, if this be soe,
I graunt you then a drunken sot may goe

and claret is but "so-so."

Wines cheer the heart and elevate the senses.

If Bacchanal had but the neck of a crane, to taste with more delight!

There are four kinds of drunkards:

1. The merry drunk: his sport is called harmless;

[leaf 23, back]

but bawdy talk and apish tricks are not harmless.

For one that is innocuous; otherwise
He is a beast & worse, let that suffice.
And if this be the hurtlesse sport you meant,
Iove keepe me from such harmlesse merriment.

2. The maudlin drunk, whose drink seems to fall from his eyes.

The second kinde we maudline drunkard*es* call.
I thinke the humid stuffe they drink doth fall
Out of their eyes againe, for they distill

Women can cry when they will,

Teares in great plenty. Woemen when they will
Can weep, we say, but these doe never cry
Except they first be drunk; but then they dry
The fountaine of their teares quite vp before

but he only when he's drunk.

They cease from weeping, or doe once give o're
Their dolefull lamentation. I suppose
The name of "Maudline drunk" from hence arose.
This kinde of drunkard is the kindest creature
That ever did converse with mortall nature;
When he is in his fit, you may comm*a*und
All that he has, his purse, his heart, his hand,
To do you service; why hee 'l ever kill

If you'll sit and swill with him he's happy.

Your heart with kindenesse, soe you 'l sit & swill
In his loathd presence; keep him company
And he is pleasde, ther 's his felicity.
And now I call to minde an accident
That did befall to one of his lewd bent,
One of these maudline drunkards (I will passe
Over it briefly). In this sort it was:

Once a wealthy young gentleman

A certain wealthy-left young gentleman,
One that had more skill how to quaffe a can
Then manage his revenewes, for his ease

let out his land to a crafty old fox,

Put out the best part of his land to lease,
And had to tennant an olde crafty fox,

who knew on which side his bread was buttered.

Who, though his landlord made him a right oxe,
Knewe for all that on which side of his bread
The sweetnesse of the butter was yspread;
Knew how to turn all to his best of gaine,
And therfore did with patience entertaine

His supposde wrong. What cannot thirst of golde
Performe when men to wickednesse are solde?
This old sinckanter, when he came to pay — When he came to pay his rent he
His landlord*es* rent at the appointed day,
Was for the most part sure to finde him fast
*W*ithin a taverne; whilst his coine did last — always found his landlord at the tavern,
Ther was his randevous. The mony tolde,
*Whi*ch was as welcome vnto him as golde,
They needs must drink together ere they part. [leaf 24]
Then is wine cal'd for, & quart after quart
Comes marching in, till my young gallant fals
Into his maudline fit, & then he calles
Afresh for wine, & *w*ith right weeping eyes
Hugging his ten*n*ant, "You are welcome!" cryes, — where he was welcomed and treated,
"In faith you are, be God you are! Beleeve it,
What is it thou willt have & I will give it.
Sha 't hâve a new lease for a hundred yeares,
Of all the land thou holdst!—I speake in teares
Of my affection,—& shalt yearly pay — and offered his land at a peppercorn rent
A peppercorne, a nutt, a bunch of may,
Or some such trifle. Tut, man! I desire
To have thee thrive,—I only doe aspire
To purchase credit; thou the gaine shalt reap;— — by his maudlin drunk landlord.
Hang him that will not let his land*es* good cheap!"
Well, for this time they part. Next quarter comes,
And after that a third; he payes the sum*m*es,
And findes his landlord in this humo*u*r still.
Then doth the crafty fox begin to fill
His braines *w*ith cun*n*ing; if his plot*es* doe hit
To his desire, his landlord*es* want of wit
Shall make him rich for ever. Vpon this — This time they part, but before they meet again he prepares indentures.
He makes a feast to *whi*ch he doth not misse
To invite his landlord; but before, compacted
With an attur*n*ey by whose healp directed,
A paire of large indentures, fairely drawne,
Are formally composde. These as a pawne

Of his deer hopes he keeps, & when the fit
Hath quite deprivde my gallant of his wit,
Hee 'l make his landlord set both hand & seale
Men act for their own advantage. To this new lease. Men of experience deale
To their best proffit; & it were as good
That he should be a gainer as the brood
Of cut-throat vintners. Well, to make short worke,
My gentleman, his braines as light as corke
With brave carrousing, fals to his odd vaine
The landlord complains that his offer is not accepted. Of weeping kindenesse; nay, seemes to complaine
That his kinde offer findes noe acceptation!
Olde Gray-beard knowes his cue, & by gradation
Still drawes him one, till the kinde foole protestes
Were the indentures drawne, so firme he restes
In his opinion, ther should be a match,
And his hand soone should all the rest despatch.
Then the indenture is produced and signed, and he is robbed. Straight vpon this are the indentures brought;
Witnesse there needs not, for the house[1] is fraught
With store [of] guestes; then the kinde harted gull
Seales and subscribes to all: his wits are dull
And sencelesse of this wrong. Thus is he[2] shorne
Of eight score poundes a year for one poore corne
Of pepper, & the lease, that hath noe flawe,
For a whole hundred yeares is good in lawe.

[leaf 24, back]

3. "Lion-drunkards" come next. But now to passe this & to make reporte
Of lyon-drunkardes, which is the third sorte.
Your lyon-drunkard is a kinde of man
That in his fitt will rage, sweare, curse, & banne,
Break glasses, & throw pottes against the wall,
Quarrell with any man, & fight with all
They are far worse than Hercules. That yield not to his rage. Mad Hercules,
In the extreamest rage of his disease,
Clad in the shirt which Deianira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, to prevent

[1] A letter like *O* is written before the word *house*.
[2] MS. this is the

His love to Iöle, when the poyson boylde
In every veine, & with the torment spoilde
And quite bereaft him of true reasons vse,
Making him teare vp trees, & break all truce
With man & beast, was not yet halfe soe madde
As this outragious drunkard, nor soe bad
T' encounter with; for this man is indeed
Worse then a mad man. Let that man take heed
Which comes within his reach; vnlesse he have
More lives then one, this wretch will dig his grave.
These are the men that make soe many fraies,
That stab & kill soe many now adayes,
On whom just vengeance oftentimes attendes,
Bringing their lives vnto most shamefull endes.

This drunkard is worse than a madman.

These are they who commit so many murders.

The fowerth & last kinde of this drunken crewe
Is beastly drunk, & these men vse to spue,
Lying in gutters, & in filthy mire,
More like to swine then men. Promethean fire
Is quite extinct in them; yea, vse of sence
Hath within them noe place of residence.
Some of this kinde, as if a deadly potion
Had wrought th' effect, doe seeme to have no motion
Of vitall faculties; a man would deeme
That they were dead indeed, for soe they seeme,
When only superfluity of drink
Deceives the eye, & makes the heart misthink.
On[e] of these men (I am about to tell
Noe fable, reader, therfore marke it well)
Vpon mine owne moste true intelligence,
Being dead drunk i' th' time of pestilence,
Was thought t' have dide o' th' plague, & seeming dead,
Was amongst others alive burièd.
But being by some of his companions mist,
And diligent ẽhquirie made, they wist
At length what was become of him, & went
Vnto his place of buriall, with intent

4. The beastly drunk, who lie in gutters like swine.

They are dead drunk.

One of these was missed during the pestilence which raged in 1603. [See *Defoe's History of the Plague of* 1665, p. 68, ed. Bohn.]

If it were possible to save his life.
He had been buried alive.
The grave digd vp, they saw with how great strife
The drunken man, to wonted sence restorde,
Had vsde himselfe, being all with blood begorde
[leaf 25]
With violence to help himselfe was wrought,
But all in vaine; for not the aide they brought,
Which came-too late, nor his owne power, could shend
This wretched man from a moste fearfull end.
This serves as an example of God's hatred of this sin.
Surely this iust example doth expresse,
How much God hates this beastly wickednesse.
Yet sinfull man, whose very heart should bleed
With recordation of soe straunge a deed,
Is not reformd a iot from this lewd sinne,
But every day more deeply plungèd in.
Nay, drunkennesse hath got an arch-defender,
Yea, more then that, a principall commander,
But a certain physician says it is necessary to drink.
A great phisitian, which prescribes some dayes
Wherin 'tis necessary, as he saies,
To drink drunk for the bodies better health,
And being done in private & by stealth,
It is a thing of nothing! What phisitian,
Whose vertuous minde, religious condition,
Speak him a Christian, would once entertaine
Soe vilde a thought, or such a lye maintaine?
He must be an atheist or an Epicure.
It is some at[h]eist sure, vpon my life,
Some Epicure, for 'mongst such men ar[e] rife
These damnd opinions; on[e] that knowes noe God,
Was neuer scourgèd with afflictions rod,
And therfore luld a sleep in pleasures lap,
Securely sinnes, & feares no after-clap.
This man, which only setteth vp his rest
In that which man communicates with beast,
He denies the immortality of the soul.
The soule of sence, denies th' eternity
Of th' intellectual part, & doth apply
All his endevours to delight the sence;
Noe marle though he with drunkennesse dispence,

Which, though it may the bodies health secure,
The soules continuall death it doth procure.
Old Monsier Gray-beard with your poynts vntrust, — Old Gray-beard who hangs his chamber with baudy pictures,
Dublet vnbuttond, ready for your lust;
You, which the chamber wher you lay your head
With baudie pictures round about doe spread;
Which make your maide daunce naked to your eyes,
Only to see her veines & arteries;
Which hast given out this foolish prophesie,
That, vnlesse throngd to death, thou ne're shalt die; — thinks he will only die by being thronged.
And therfore neither vnto church nor faire,
Nor any publicke meeting darst repaire,
But idlie livest at home in ease, secure,
A very atheist, & meer Epicure,
This is your axiome, "drunkennesse is good — He too thinks drunkenness good sometimes.
To clear the stomach, & to purge the blood."
Well maist thou be a good phisitian
But I am[1] certaine a bad Christian.
After the killing of some hundred men, — [leaf 25, back]
And yet I scarcely recken one for ten,
To trie the working of thy minerals,
Thy hearbes, thy drugges & such materials, — In his experiments to test his drugs he has killed many.
Perhaps some litle knowledge thou hast gaind
To ease the head or stomach, being painde;
To help an ague-shaken bodie, cure
A fever, dropsie, gout, or cicature;
All this, & more then this, as farre as nature
Permites thy skill to healp a mortall creature,
Suppose thou canst performe; graunt thou couldst give
To a dead body force againe to live,
As poetes faine that Æsculapious — Though he has learned something, yet, ignorant of his soul, his learning is useless.
Did to vnjustly slaine Hypolitus;
Yet all thy skill wherof thou makst thy vaunt
Is nothing worth, because thou standst in want
Of the true knowledge of thy soules salvation,

[1] Not unlike *ar* in MS.

The sweetnesse of whose only contemplation,
The vertue of thy art doe passe, as farre
As bright Apollo doth the meanest starre.

We may not do evil that good may come.

Which if thou knewst, it would thee quickly teach
Another lesson, far above thy reach
Of principles in phisick:[1]—that noe evill
(Which had it's first begin[in]g from *the* devill)
Though good ensue therby, must be committed,
Yea though the ill with more good be requitted.
How much more then soe horrible a crime

Drunkenness darkens the splendour of our country,

As drunkennesse, whose putrefactious slime
Darkens the splendour of *our* common wealth,
Must not be acted to secure the health
Of *the* base body (I doe call it base
In reference to the soule), so to deface
The purer part of man; yea, by such action,
The loathsomnesse of whose infection

and makes man worse than a beast.

Makes man, indued with reason, worse then beast;
Both soule & body doe become vnblest,
Vnsanctifièd members, & vnlesse
Godes grace in time this wickednesse represse,
Th' all[2] both together perish, & remaine
In hels eternally tormenting paine.

Besides ale and wine, we now have Tobacco,

Besides ale, beer, & sundry sortes of wine
From forren nationes, whose more fruitfull vine
Yeilds plenty of god Bacchus, we have got
Another kinde of drinke, which well I wot
Is of smale goodnesse, though our vaine delight
Follow it with excessive appetite;

a rare Indian weed of great virtues,

And that 's Tobacco, a rare Indian weed,
Which, because far fetcht only, doth exceed
In vertue all our native hearbes,—for what?
For many pretious vses, vertues that

[1] The sense seems to require "*the* reach of principles in phisick," or, "thy reach in principles of phisicke."
[2] MS. *Th'all* for they 'll.

May be applide to phisicke? Graunt it soe,
Although I see great reason to say noe;
How can that iustifie our common taking
In such excesse, our even for that forsaking
All other nutrime[n]tes? Doe we applie
Phisick in this sorte? If I should say I,
I should belie my knowledge; phisicks vse
Serv's only to reforme the knowne abuse
Of the distempered body, & must be
But seldome, & with mediocrity,
Applide on speciall causes when they fall;
To take Tobacco thus were phisicall,
And might perhaps doe good; but this excesse
And ordinarie practise, questionlesse,
Annoyes th' internall partes & makes them foule,
But I am sure commaculates the soule.
Yet in these dayes hee 's deemd a very gull
That cannot take Tobacco; every skull
And skip-iacke now will have his pipe of smoke,
And whiff it bravely till hee 's like to choke.
You shall have a poore snake, whose best of meanes
Is but to live on that he dayly gleanes
By drudgery from others, which will spend
His pot of nappy ale vpon his friend,
And his Tobacco with as ioviall grace,
As if he were a lord of some faire place
And great revenewes! "Tut, why should he not?
I hope a man may spend what he hath got,
Without offence to any. What he spendes
Is his owne monie, & among his friendes
He will bestowe it." I, & doe soe still,
Follow the swinge of thy vngoverned will,
See what 'twill bring thee too; for I fore see
Thy end wilbe both shame & beggerie.

Whom have we yonder with a pipe at 's head?
He lookes as if he were true Indian bred.

[leaf 28] which, even if good in itself, cannot justify the excessive use of it.

Physic is used seldom and with moderation,

and if tobacco were so used it might do good.

But now every skip-jack must have his pipe

and pot of ale.

And why should a man not spend what is his own?

Fumoso is the best of smokers;

O, 'tis Fumoso with the tallow face,
He that of late hath got a speciall grace,
And that 's to be the best Tobacconist
That ever held a pipe within his fist.

but he has ruined himself by the practice;

It cost him dear enough; for the fame goes
H'as smokd out all his living at his nose
To purchase this rare skill. But hee 'l repaire
This losse with greater wealth vnto a haire,—
He has the rediest meanes this gap to stop.

he means to regain his wealth by selling tobacco and bottled ale.

"What 's that?" Why he intends to keep a shop
For smoke & botle-ale, which soone will drawe
Good store of gallantes (even as iet doth strawe)
Vnto his custome, &, for greater gaine,
A bonny lasse or two hee 'l entertaine.

[leaf 26, back]

As take me e're a shop subvrbian
That selles such ware, without a curtezane,
And we will have the deed cronologizde,
Nay it may well be now immortalizde.
Doth a tobacco pipe hang before the dore,

A woman is always kept at these shops.

'Tis a sure signe within ther is a whore.
"A whore," sayes he; "O, fie! you speake to broad;
A punck, or else one of the dealing trade;
And such a one I mean to keep, & she
Will help, I hope, to keep & maintaine me.
O, 'tis the only thriving meanes of all

He will purchase riches in abundance,

To rayse mans fortunes vp by womans fall."
An excellent project, follow thy designe,
And thou shalt purchase a rich golden mine,
And hell with all to boote;—soe thou hast golde
It makes noe matter. But perhaps being olde,
One foote already within Charons bote,
Thou thinkst it time enough to change thy cote
To a more Christian habit, if th' intend,
How vile so e're thy life have been, thine end

but must lose his soul in the end.

Shalbe repentant, though thou doe deferre
To the last minute, yet thou darst aver

'Twill be sufficient. From the theefe o' th' crosse
Thou dost example take; God seekes the losse
Of no mans soule; his Sonne he therfore gave
The soules of sinners, soe we are all, to save.
Thou silly sott, how well thou canst invent
Against thy selfe to make an argument!
Foole, Foole! Not every dying man shall enter,
That saith "Lord, Lord," into the heavenly center
Of everlasting blisse; true faith must be
The only meanes to this eternity.
And how doth that but by good workes appear,
Good woorkes are true faiths handmaides, & are dear
In the Almighties eyes, though (I confesse)
Not of sufficient power to release
The soule from everlasting punnishment
(As papistes doe persuade by argument)
And purchase heaven. Godes mercy, not deserte
Of mortall man, can heavenly ioyes impart.
But to returne to thee which thinkst to die
In the true faith, yet livst in villanie;
That makst account to purchase heavenly grace
At thy last hower, yet dayly sinst apace;
Presumpteous slave, thy error doth deceive thee,
And of those heavenly ioes will quite bereave thee!
For if the truth thou doe exactly scanne,
As is the life, so is the end of man.
Wheras the theefs example thou dost bring,
Who being ready, his last requiem sing
Vpon the crosse, was in that instant hower
From shamefull death to the celestiall bower
Of Paradise transported; learne to know
That this example was indeed to shew
Gods mercy infinite, his power to save,
Though man belike to drop into his grave.
The vse of this we rightly may applie
To comfort them whose huge iniquity

Faith only can gain a man admission to heaven.

and faith shows itself in good works.

They who hope to purchase heaven at the last hour are deceived.

The example of the thief on the Cross was only to

[leaf 27]

comfort such as

are oppressed with sin, and to keep them from despair.

Their conscience doth oppresse, & make them faint,
Lest black dispaire their guilty soules attaint.
But as this one, so but this only one,
To keep man from such damnd presumption
As thou dost fall into, Gode*s* word containes,

Man's intellect is alienated and his body dedicated to sin.

How darst thou then presume? Wher are thy braines?
How is thy iudgement from truth alienated?
How is thy soule, w*hi*ch should be consecrated
Vnto Gode*s* service, dedicat to sinne,
To such presumpteous sinne? If thou shouldst winne
All thy lives precious time to clear this blot,
To purge thy conscience of soe foule a spot,
To wash thy sinne in true repentant teares,

Nothing that man can do will appease God's wrath.

Yet all thy sorrowes, all thy Christian cares
Are not sufficient to appease Gode*s* wrath.[1]
Vnlesse his mercy helpe to expiate[1]
The foulnesse of thie crime; w*i*thout his grace,
Hell shalbe thy p*er*petuall dwelling place.

Gluttons, drunkards, and Epicures,

And you rich gluttons, drunkard*es*, Epicures,
Whom carnall sence & appetite immures
From God & goodnesse, think not (though you live
Like beast*es*) that you noe strict account shall give
How you have spent yo*ur* time, consumd'e yo*ur* treasure,
Livd' brutishlie in ease, delight, & pleasure.
Yes, for each act, for every word & thought,

will appear before the Judgment Seat of God.

Before Gode*s* high tribunal being brought,
You must all answeare, yet you wilbe mute,
For yo*ur* owne conscience will yo*ur* cause confute.
Then to yo*ur* terro*ur* shall that sentence be,
"Depart ye cursed to helle*s* miserie!"
But I too long vpon this vice have staide,
Ther 's something else of others to be saide.

[1] *So* in MS.

Sat[ira] 6.

[AGAINST LASCIVIOUSNESS.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Vndique squalenti scelerata libidine terra
Affluit, & templis spargitur vsque Venus;
Luxurians ætas læna, meretrice, cinædo
Polluitur, mœchos angulus omnis alit.

Having discoursd of sensuall gluttonie,
It followes now I speake of venerie;
For these companions as inseperable
Are linckt together with sinnes ougly cable;
The heart of lust 's excesse in delicates,
And in this vice the soule precipitates.
Lot was first drunk, & in this drunken fit
He that incestuous sinne did straight committ.
But I leave recordes of antiquity
And take me to this times iniquity.
Lust, as a poyson that infects the blood,
Boyles in the veines of man; the raging floud
Of Neptunes kingdome, when th' impetuous might
Of the fierce windes doth make it seem to fight
With monstrous billowes 'gainst the loftie cloud,
Is calmer then the sea of lust, though loud
Vnto the eare of sence, & is more safe;
For this can only drowne the worser hafe

Excess of delicates is the heart of lust.

Lot was drunk when he sinned.

[leaf 27, back]

Now lust as a poison infects the blood,

Of man, the bodie; but lustes ocean
O'rewhelms both soule & body; yet fond man
Runnes in this gulfe of sinne without all stay,
And wilfully doth cast himselfe away.

and if ever a nation were defiled it is our own.

If ever age or nation with this crime
Were beastiallie defilde, now is the time,
And ours that nation, whose libidinous heat,
Whose fire of brutish lust, is growne soe great
That it doth threaten with proud Phaeton
To give the world a new combustion.

Both sexes and all ages are given to this sin.

Both sexes, each degree, both young & olde,
Themselves vnto this filthy sinne have solde;
Yea, even the tribe of Levie (which should be
The mirrours of vnspotted chastety)
Are slaves to lust! I speake not this alone

Popish priests are guilty notwithstanding their vows.

Of Popish priestes, which make profession
Of an immaculate virginity,
Yet live in whoredome & adultery;
But alsoe to our clergie, which to blame,
Preach continence, but follow not the same.
And their example 's able to seduce
Well given mindes vnto this knowne abuse;
For euery man doth vse in imitation
To follow his instructours fashion.

One country parson keeps his whore,

The country parson may, as in a string,
Lead the whole parish vnto any thing.
Eulalius hath had good education,
Pens sermons well, hath good pronuntiation,
Stiflie inveighs 'gainst sinne, as gluttonie,
Pride, envie, wrath, sloth, brutish lecherie,
Covetousnes, & such like, no man more,—
Yet every man can tell he keeps a whore.

while another defiles his neighbour's wife,

Philogonous doth love his lust as well,
But he would clear from all suspition dwell;
'Tis safest gutting at a loafe begunne,
And therfore he his neighbour[s] wife hath wonne

To be his paramour; they may suspect,
But hee 's soe wary, no man can detect
His close encounters. O, but heers the spite,
On[e] wench cannot suffice his appetite!
His first must then be baude vnto another,
She to a third, the daughter to the mother,
Til like the parish bull he serves them still,
And dabbes their husbandes clean against their will.
But he that knew him not, & heard him preach,
Would think it were impossible to teach
Vertue with such a fervent seeming zeale,
And yet thus looslie in his actions deale.
You lustfull swine! that know the will of God,
Yet follow your owne waies, think *that* his rod
(For soe he saith himselfe) shall scourge your sinne
With many stripes;—with you he will beginne.
The greater man, the higher is the evill
He doth committ, & he the vil'er devill.
Turne convertites, & make true recantation,
And leave at last to act your owne damnation,
Lest your reward be Godes just vengeance,
And hell your portion & inheritance.
Sempronia 's married to a gentleman
That in the joyes of Venus litle can;
'Tis very likely, & you may believe her,
And you, her honest neighbours, should relieve her.
Saith lustfull Spurio, "Would she me accept,
I'de pawne my head to please her e're I slept,
And save the paines of suing a divorce."
Yet Messalina doth, without remorse
Of conscience for the act, take to her bed
A second husband ere the first be dead,
With whom she lives but an adulteresse
In brutish sinne & sensuall beastlinesse.
Pray Iove he please her well, or, though 't be strange,
This second for a third I fear shee 'l change.

but is not satisfied with one or two.

[leaf 28]

If a man heard him preach he would think he could not sin thus.

Let him repent, or God will judge and condemn him.

Women, for various reasons,

are guilty of adultery.

The incest of Cæsar Borgia,

Borgia 's in quiet, & is let alone,
Although his sister & his whore be one;
The father likewise doth (a hellish fact!)
With his owne daughter cursed incest act.
Who dares to let him? Hee 's a great commander,

and Alexander VI.

Romes triple crownèd Pope, Sixt Alexander!
Incestuous slaves! think you to scape the rod
Of the Almighty sinne-revenging God?
No, though the world doe wink at your offence
God never will with wickednesse dispence.

The young wife deceives her husband,

Sulpitia, leave at last to wrong thy spouse,
Lest thou the furious sleeping lion rouse;
Desist to act thy aged husbandes scorne,
He hath olde plenty, give him not the horne,
And I 'le not tell the world thy hatefull sinne,
How full of luxury thy life hath been,
How many severall lovers thou hast had,
How often thou hast faind to see thy dad,
That by such meanes thou mightst have free accesse

and robs him to put money into the hands of her lover.

To meet thy paramour. Nor will I presse
Thy conscience with recitall of that ill
When thou, thy letchers purse with golde to fill,

[leaf 28, back]

Emtiedst thy husbandes bagges; the diamond ringes,
The sutes of sattin, & such pretty thinges,
Which thou, as pledges of thy lewd desire,
Gavst to thy sweetheart for his lustfull hire,
I 'le not once name; no, I will hold my peace,
Soe thou wilt from thy filthy lust surcease.

Let the man who has escaped the penalty for rape be careful.

Drugo, although thou lately didst escape
The daunger of the lawe, which for a rape
Awardeth death, be wise & sinne noe more,
Least that thou run soe much vpon the score
Of wickednesse, that thou canst never pay it;
And soe for want of meanes how to defraie it,
By death arrested, in helles prison cast,
Thou pine in torment which shall ever last.

Sodomeo scorneth women ; all his joy
Is in a rarely featurde lively boy,
With whom (I shame to speake it) in his bed
He plaies like Iove with Phrigian Ganimede.
Monster of men, worse then the sensuall beast !
Which by instinct doth follow the behest
Of nature in his kinde, but thou dost fall
Into a sinne that 's moste vnnaturall.
Degenerate bastard ! by some devill got,
For man could never, sure, beget a spot
Of such vncleannesse ; how dost dare enact
Soe damnd a crime, soe lewde a loathsome fact ?
Dost thou not fear that iust Iove, in his ire,
Will raine downe brimstone & consuming fire ;
As in his wrath, though many ages since,
He did one Sodome, whose concupiscence,
Like thine, deservde black helles damnation ?
Or that some fearfull invndation
In his swift streame, should hurry thee to hell,
With damnèd fiendes & torturde ghoastes to dwell ?
Methinks such thoughts as these should purge thy soule,
And keep thy bodie from an act so foule.

Sodomy is not unknown in the land.

Such men must be the children of the devil.

He who punished Sodom will punish them.

But 'tis noe marvell though thou be not free
From the contagion of this villanie,
When the whole land 's thus plagued[1] with this sore,
Whose beastlinesse then now was never more :
In Academie, country, citty, Courte,[2]
Infinite are defiled with this spurt.
O, grant, my dearest nourse, from whose full brest
I have suckt all (if ought I have) that 's best,
Suffer me to condole the misery
Which thou gronst vnder by this villanie !

The Universities, the City,

and the Court, are alike guilty.

[1] Spelling uncertain : it appears to have been *plaguied*, but the *i* is undotted and the *e* is blurred.

[2] MS. Corrte.

I grieve at the vices which prevail at the Universities. [leaf 29]

How many towardly young[1] gentlemen
(Instead of ink, with teares I fill my pen
To write it) sent vnto thee by theyr friendes
For art & education, the true endes
Their parentes aime at, are with this infection
Poysned by them whose best protection
Should keep them from all sinne! Alacke the while!

Each pedant Tutor spoils his pupils.

Each pedant Tutour should his pupill spoile.
O, how I grieve at this vnhappy fate,
Because this vice is soe inveterate,
Growne to so strong a custome that (I fear)
The world shall end ere they this sinne forbear!

I pray for a speedy reformation.

But I leave thee with my best exoration
For thy moste speedy & true reformation.

Nothus, without crossing the sea, has been into France.

Nothus which came into the world by chaunce
At a bye window, hath been late in France,
Yet never crost the seas, it cannot bee;
'Tis newes that passes our capacity!
'Tis soe, & by th' event I wilbe tride,
For I am sure hee 's hugely Frenchifide,
Gallicus morbus is his owne, I swear,
He has it paide him home vnto a haire.

Let those pity him who choose; he gets none from me.

Pitty him they that list, soe will not I,
Hee 's iustly plagud for his damnd luxurie,
He might have keapt his whore-house-haunting feet
Out of Picthatch, the Spitle, Turnboll street;[2]
He might, forewarnd, have left his pockie drabbes,
They must have veriuice that will squeese such crabbes.
But he had cause to love a puncke the more,
Because his mother was an arrant whore.

Claudia has caught a clap.

I cannot chuse but grieve at the mishap
Of Cloudia, which of late hath caught a clap.
Alack, poore wench! the trust of promisde marriage

[1] MS. goung. It may have been originally *gounе*, as the final letter seems to have been altered. Cf. Taylor, "Gown-men," Works, fo. p. 178.

[2] All notorious haunts of prostitutes.

Hath loded thee with an vnvsuall carriadge.
Take comfort lasse, & I a time will spie
To shew thy lover his discourtesie,
And though he have thee in this sort beguilde,
He shall give somewhat to bring vp the childe;
A litle mony from the law will quite thee,
Fee but the Sumner, & he shall not cite thee;
Or if he doe, only for fashion sake,
The lawe of thee shall no advantage take.
And though due pennance thou deservst to doe
For tredding thus awry thy slippery shoe,
Be not dismaide at all; if thou dost flow
In thy frank guiftes, & thy golde freely stow,
The principall will make thy pennance ebbe.
The Comissaries court 's a spiders webbe,
That doth entangle all the lesser flies,
But the great ones break through; it never ties
Them in his circling net. Wher golde makes way
Ther is no interruption, noe delay
Can hinder his proceeding; therfore, wench,
Thou maist with a bolde face confront the bench.
If thy forerunners bribes have made thy peace,
Thy shame shall vanish, but thy sinne encrease,
And when thou once hast scapèd this annoy,
Goe to it roundly for another boy;
Lose not an inch of pleasure, though thou gaine,
For momentarie ioyes, eternall paine.
But yet be sure, if thou still goe about
To play the drab, my pen shall paint thee out,
And thy lewde actes vpon thy forehead score,
That all the world may note thee for a whore.
O Linceus,[1] that I had thy searching eye!
Then would I in each secret corner prie,
To finde the hidden knaveries of this age,

A promise of marriage has been her ruin.

Fee the summoner and the law will hold you innocent.

The Commissary's court is like a cobweb which only holds small flies.

[leaf 29, back]

Bribery will cover your shame,

but increase your sin.

If I had the eyes of Lynceus I could expose the vices of this age.

[1] Lynceus, one of the Argonauts, could see through the earth, and distinguish objects at a great distance.

And lay them open to this paper stage.
Then Glabria should be exposed,
Then Glabria should not, with her wanton eye,
Allure faire Quintus to her villanie,
But I would straight detect her for the crime,
And hinder their appoynted meeting time.
Then Lusco, 'cause his wife 's in years decaide,
Should not entise to ill her waiting maide,
Lusco's sin should be noted,
But I would spie them out, & note[1] them downe,
To her discredit & his smale renowne.
Then Scilla, 'cause she might without suspect
Play the lewd harlot, & none might detect
Her lustfull conversation, should not hide
Her loosnesse in a masculine outside,
Scilla's disguise ripped off;
[2]But with my pen I soone would her vncase,
And lay her open to noe mean disgrace.
Then Galla, that insatiate citty dame,
(*Which* loves a player, 'cause he hath *the* fame
Of a rare Acto*ur*, & doth in his part
Conquer huge giant*es*, & captive the hart
Galla should not tempt the actor with presents.
Of amarous ladies) should not him intice,
Prone (as all players are) vnto this vice,
With goodlie present*es*. I their match would lett,
Or catch them sleeping in a Vulcanes nett,
And having caught them to *the* world display
How lusty Mars *with* lustfull Venus lay.
None should escape me; I would expose all.
Then lustfull Iove, what shape soe e're he tooke
Should not deceive mine eye, nor scape my booke.
Thy lust Pasiphae I 'de sett to th' full,
Whose bestiall appetite desirde a bull.
Mirrha, thou shouldst not scape, *that* didst desire,
To make thy father to thy childe a sire.
But since I can*n*ot, as I would, be fitted,
Let me detect what I have knowne com*m*itted.
It was once my fortune
It was my fortune, *with* some others moe,
On[e] sum*m*ers day a progresse for to goe

[1] Final *e* by a later hand. [2] */I†* in margin.

Into the countrie, as the time of year [leaf 30]
Required, to make merrie with good cheer.
Imagine Islington to be the place, to go to Islington to eat cream.
The jorney to eat cream. Vnder the face
Of these lewd meetings, on set purpose fitted,
Much villanie is howerly committed.
But to proceed; some thought there would not be
Good mirth without faire wenches companie, To make good company,
And therfore had provided, a forehand,
Of wiues & maides a iust proportiond band
In number to the men of vs; each on[e]
Might have his wench vnto himselfe alone. a wench was provided for each.
I that, till afterwardes, not comprehended
Whereto this meeting chieflie was intended,
But thought indeed the only true intent
To spend the time in honest merriment,—
Went 'mongst the thickest, & had intercourse
In many a mad & sensuall discourse.
Among the women kinde a wife ther was, Among them was a married woman,
Her name I could not learne, I therfore passe
It over; but a fainèd one to frame,
Call her Veneria, that 's the fittest name.
This wife, which with the maides did holde her walke,
I chanc'd to overhear in her lewde talke, whom I will call Veneria,
How she did them by argumentes perswade
To vse the pleasure of the common trade,
I will repeat, that you may iudge with me,
Women moste prone to filthy luxurie.
"My friendes," quoth she, "first, all of you must knowe,
Good things more common doe the better grow;
For 'tis an axiome in morality, who persuaded the maidens to lust.
Which you must all believe for verity.
If, then, community doe goodnesse adde
To actions that 'dre good, who 'd be so mad
To lose the vertue of this common good
When 't may be purchasde without losse of blood?

For that 'tis good, I think you 'l not deny,
Or if you doe, then thus I doe replie :—
To do a friend a pleasure is a good deed, To doe *our* friend a pleasur 's a good deed,
If it be done for love, & not for meed ; 2640
To doe an act *that* addes to *our* delight
Is it not good? what foole will once deny 't?
or, as we call it, "a good turn." Besides, the name import*es* it to be good,
For we a good turne call it. *W*ith my blood, 2644
If all this be to weake, I will maintaine
Ther 's none of all *our* sexe that would refraine
To vse *the* pleasure of this knowne delight,
If fear did not restraine their appetite. 2648
Secret lechery is less sinful than hypocrisy. And this I holde, *that* secret letcherie
Is a lesse sinne then close hypocrisie.
A preacher tolde me that the action wrought
(Because more seldome then the wandring thought)
[leaf 30, back] Is not soe great a fault, soe we chuse time 2653
And place convenient to conceile *our* crime ;
And that we will not want, nor lusty boyes
Able to give a wench her fill of ioyes. 2656
Her lewd discourse made my ears glow, Then to it, lasses, when you have desire,
'Tis dangerous to suppresse a flaming fire ! "
To hear this lewdnesse both mine eares did glow,
but "I bit in my tongue" for the sake of peace, But I bit in my tongue, lest there should grow 2660
Some discontentment 'mongst them by my speach,
*W*h*i*ch happily might have procur'de a breach
Among vs ; & indeed soe much the rather,
and because I wanted to see the end. Because by circumstances I did gather 2664
Wherfore this meeting was, & did intend
to observe all vnto the very end.
By this time we th' appointed place attainde,
Where straight with welcomes we were entertaind. 2668
We had music and good cheer. Musicke was sent for, & good chear preparde,
*W*ith w*h*i*ch* more like to Epicures we farde
Then Christian*es* ; plenty of wine & creame
Did even vpon *our* table seeme to streame, 2672

With other dainties. Not a fidlers boy
But with the relicks of our feast did cloy
His hungry stomach. After this repast
(Which feast with many a baudy song was graced)
Some fell to dauncing (& dauncing is a cause
That many vnto fornication drawes),
In which lascivious kinde of merriment,
Till the darke evening did approch, we spent
The lightsome day. But now the time drew nigh
That was comprisd'e to act their villany;
And therfore after candles were brought in
(For then the night grew on) we did beginne
The fidlers to discharge, who being gone,
There straight was held a consultation,
In which, when each man had his wench assignde,
The filthinesse of this lewde act to blinde
With darkenesse, all the candles were put out,
Which favouring my intent, I left the rout,
And closely stole away, having defraide
A great part of the reckning; which I paide
Whilst they were all full busie in the darke,
Because they should not think I came to sharke
Only for vittailes. How the rest agreed,
Iudge you which doe this true narration read.
But leaving this mad crew, I have to say
Somewhat of bawdes, cheife actours in this play.

After the feast some fell to dancing, which lasted till dark.

When the candles were brought in the fiddlers were discharged.

As soon as the lights were put out I escaped.

Gabrina, in her youth a pretty ducke,
Hath been, they say, as good as ever strucke.
It was her fortune (long she could not tarry
'Cause she was faire) with a rich foole to marrie.
I call him foole, because he let her have
Her minde soe much, that he became her slave
To his vndooing. She must keep her coach,
Consort with ladies; each new set abroach
Fantastique fashion which she did affect,
His gold must flie for; yet she did respect

Gabrina married a rich fool.

[leaf 31]

She kept her coach and consorted with ladies.

Others above him, vpon whom she spent
His wealth ; her lust his care could not prevent.
Her pride and sensuality brought him to beggary, and broke his heart.
Thus soone her pride & sensuality
Brought him vnto disgrace & beggery,
Till griefe for her lewd life, his ruind state
Broke his weak heart, & made him yeild to fate.
Then was she glad her whores flag to advaunce,
And get her living by a Scottish daunce.
Thus with her sister, such another piece,
Many a gallant of his golde they fleece.
In their age she and her sister hire out a crew of whores.
Now ceazd with age, & both of them turnd bawdes,
Olde hackny women, they hire out their jades,
A crew of whores far worse then crocodiles,
Killing with fainèd teares & forgèd smiles.
Confusion with their fortunes ever dwell,
That keep the dores that ope to sinne & hell!
These bawds uphold their state
These bawdes which doe inhabite Troynovant,[1]
And iet it vp & downe i' th' streetes, aflaunt
In the best fashion, thus vpholde their state,
As I haue heard a friend of mine relate,
Who once in privat manner with another
Went purposly their fashions to discover.
by keeping wives as well as common whores.
They doe retaine besides these common queanes,
Even mens wives which are of greatest meanes,
That yearly pay them tribute for their lust,
Vpon whose secrecie they doe entrust
Their blotted reputation, for which pleasure
They lewdly doe consume their husbandes treasure.
The custome of these bawdes is thus: if any
Repaire vnto them (as God knowes too many
Run to this sinck of sinne), at the first view
When a man comes in, they show the cheapest wares first.
To shew their cheapest ware ; if they will glue
Their slimy bodies to those common whores,
The bawdes proceed no farther, keep the dores,
The price paide, which repentaunce findes to dear,

[1] London. See Taylor, Works, fol. 491.

And the act done, doe straight the men cashier.
But if some gallant, whose out side doth holde
Great expectation that good store of golde
Will from his bounty shower into their lappes,
Come to demaund (for soe it often happes)
To see their choysest beauties, him they bring
(After request [not][1] to say any thing)
Into a privat roome, which round about
Is hung with pictures; all which goodly rout
Is fram'de of Venus fashion, femals all,
Whom if I name whores, I noe whit miscall,
For soe they are, whom these doe represent.
All citty dames, which vsually frequent
This cursed place, who, though they goe full brave,
Are in their lust insatiat as the grave.
That picture which doth best affect the eye
Of this luxurious gallant, instantly
Is by some traine brought thether in true shape
Of lively substance. Then good Bacchus grape
Flowes in abundance; Ceres must be by,
For without them ther is noe venerie.
Provocatives to stir vp appetite
To brutish lust & sensuall delight,
Must not be wanting; lobsters buttered thighs,
Hartichoke, marrowbone,[2] potato pies,
Anchoves, lambes artificiallie drest stones,
Fine gellies of decocted sparrowes bones.
Or if these faile, th' apothecaries trade
Must furnish them with rarest marmalade,
Candid eringoes, & rich marchpaine stuffe;
Vpon which cates ther is consumde enough
To give sufficient to a hundred men,
Spent but on ordinarie fare. But then
These dainties must be washd downe well with wine,

But if he looks rich he is shown into a private room

hung round with portraits of City dames.

[leaf 31, back]

The picture which takes his fancy is soon replaced by its "lively substance."

Wines and nutritious food are provided in abundance.

Lobsters, pies, jellies, marmalade,

[1] Blank in MS.; something erased.
[2] Very much like Moorrowbone in MS.

sack, eggs, Muscadine, Alicant,

With sacke & sugar, egges & muskadine,
With Allegánt, the blood of Venerie,
That strengthens much the backes infirmity.

and dainties enough to crack a man's purse-strings.

Abundance of these dainties they 'l not lacke,
Although it make my gallantes purstrings cracke.
And yet sometimes these cittie dames will spend
As if their husbandes wealth could ne're have end.
Then after this libidinous collation
They doe proceed to act their owne damnation.

Thus is our great city made a brothel.

Thus is the worthiest citty of our land
Made a base brothel-house, by a lewde band
Of shamelesse strumpets, whose vncurbèd swing
Many poore soules vnto confusion bring.

The Magistrates should rid it of this cursed crew.

You magistrates, which holde Astræas sword,
For countries cause joyne all with one accord
To clear the citty of this cursed crew,
Least the whole land the noysomenesse doe rewe
Of their contagion. For the better health
Of the whole body of the commonwealth,
Cut of these rotten members, & beginne
First at the head of this notorious sinne.

Remove the cause, and the effect will perish.

For this is written one the Lidian stone,
"The effect doth perish when the cause is gone."
These bawdes & panders which doe give receat
(Being indeed the meanes wherby they eat)
[leaf 32] To whores & ruffians, whose damnd villanie
Doth purchase gold & sell iniquity;
Were they expeld the cittie, ther would grow
More continence, for[1] them these heades doe flow;
The springs of lust, these fountaines, being drawne dry
The lesser streames would stint immediatly.

Lop off these ulcered members with the hand of justice.

Lop of these vlcerd members of our land,
These putrifièd members; with the hand
Of iustice chase hence this vngodly rout,—
Subtract *the* fewell & *the* fire goes out,—

[1] ? from.

And let *our* land this damnèd devillish crew,
As excrement*es*, out of her bosome spewe;
And then you manifestly shall p*er*ceave
The greater part their brutish lust will leave.
For every man this olde saide saw beleeves,
"Were no receivers there would be no theeves."
Thus City scapes not, nor the Court is free
From obsceane act*es* of hatefull luxurie.
Those men or women *that* doe make resorte,
In hope of gaine or hono*ur*, to *the* Court,
Doe live soe idely, & in such excesse,
That it must needs produce this wickednesse.
Vitellius hath gotten a good place,
And might live well i' th' Court, had he *the* grace
To keep it to good end*es*, & vse it soe,
"But lightly come," we say, "doth lightly goe."
It cost him nothing but a supple knee,
[1] And oyly mouth & much observancie,
But he doth vpon worse then nothing spend it,
Yet 'tis well spent, he saies, & hee 'l defend it.
He keeps a whore i' th' city, what needs that?
Ther 's whores enough i' th' Court, w*hi*ch (as a cat
Waites to supprise a mouse) watch to espie
[2] Whom they can draw vnto their villanie,
Some for meer lust, others for greedinesse
Of gaine; as, 'mongst all yo*ur* court landresses
If but one honest woman can be found,
I 'le give her leave to give me twenty pound.[3]
But these are stale; Vitellius must have one
That 's a rare piece of *the* best fashion,
Although she make these three thing*es* fare *the* worse,
His soule, his body, & his strouting purse.
His purse, her gay apparel & fine fare
Have made allready very thin & bare;

"No receivers, no thieves."

The Court is not free from these sins.

"Lightly come, lightly go."

City and Court are alike.

Scarce one honest woman to be found.

They ruin soul, body, and purse.

[1] /*Ion* in margin of MS.
[2] /*I* in margin of MS.
[3] MS. 20[l].

Bodily disease.
His bodie, her vnwholsome luxurie
Hath brought to *the* disease of venery;
And I much fear this their lewde fashion
Will bring his soule vnto damnation.

[leaf 32, back] I need not talk of Silvius and City dames,
Silvius doth shew *the* citty dames brave sights,
And they for *that* doe pleasure him a nightes.
Citty & country are beholding to him,
And glad with purse & body both to woe him.

when higher personages are guilty.
But what talke I of these, when brighter starres
Darken their splendant beauty with *the* scarres
Of this insatiate sinne? If honour fall
Gentry must needes submit himselfe a thrall.
But whether climst thou, my aspiring Muse?
It wilbe thought presumption & abuse

Forbear, my Muse, to tax nobility!
To taxe nobility! Forbear, forbear!
Thou art an orbe above thy native spheare,
Something thou canst not in oblivion drowne;—
Why come one then, & briefly set it downe.

One boasts that he has made fifty-one cuckolds in the year:
I heard Brusano by his honour sweare
He on[e] & fifty cuckoldes made last yeare.
Pitty it was he did noe farther goe,
Each weeke would have done well to struck a doe,
And given *the* keeper his due fee to seeke
When as he came to th' two & fiftith weeke.

but he who made so many,
Whom shall we finde to make vp *the* iust number?
To bring 't about it my conceit doth cumber.
Why, what a foole am I to seek thus farre!
You did soe many cuckoldes make or marre?

is himself the fifty-second.
Well then, i' faith you may, for all your pelfe,
Make vp the two & fiftieth your selfe!
Madame Emilia hath a proper squire
To vsher her vnto *the* filthy mire

Madam's page knows all her arrangements,
Of soule-polluting lust, who knowes his cues
Wher he must leave her, where attendance vse;
And can while 's lady actes the horrid crime,
With picking rushes trifle out *the* time;

And for a need, when she wantes fresh supplie, — and can at times supply her wants himself.
Her sensuall desires satisfie.
Base slave! which standest centinell to lust,
Suffering thy soule, polluted with the rust
Of canckered sinne, by thy neglect to perish,
Which above all thinges thou shouldst love & cherish!
Thou instrument of sinne & Sathans[1] rage!
Incarnate devill! pandarizing page!
Be sure (vnlesse repentance pardon gaine) — But he may rest assured that there's a place reserved in hell for him,
There doth a place in hell for thee remaine.
And for those lechers which will never linne
(Accounting lust but as a veniall sinne)
To committ incest, whoredome, sodomie, — as well as for all who are guilty of incest, whoredom, sodomy, and adultery.
Defile the land with damnd adulterie,
Which strive not to suppresse their lewde desires,
But fewell ad to their lust-burning fires,
By seeking wicked opportunities — [leaf 33]
To act their damnable iniquities,
Till they have ruind all their hope of blisse,
Devilles will hale them to helles darke abisse.

[1] MS. Sathange.

Sat[ira] 7.

[AGAINST THE PASSIONS OF THE MIND.]

ARGUMENTUM.

Reginam mentis rationem, serva rebellis
Passio devincit, calce tyranna premit,
Dum gerit immodicos (victa ratione) trivmphos,
Incautos homines, ad mala damna rapit.

God gave to man a reasonable soule, that he might govern all things.

God gave to man a reasonable soule,
That he might govern vnder his controle
All other creatures in the world beside,
Yet man wantes reason how himselfe to guide.

Reason is the queen of the soul,

Reason, the soules queen, whose imperious sway
Should rule the microcosme of man, & stay
By her wise governing authority
Each insolent affections tyranny,

but she is become the slave of her subject,

Is through much, too much, sufferaunce become
Slave to her subiect, who vsurps her roome.
Ambitiously aspiring passion,
Ever delighting in rebellion,
Collects her forces, meets her prince i' th' field,

who boldly rebels against her.

Subdues her power in conflict, make[s] her yeild.
And now the tyrannesse beares all the stroke,
Clogging her suffering neck with servile yoke,
And proud insulting in her victorie,
Trivmphs o're mans base imbecillity.

Thus his owne servant, every base affection,
Keeps him in slavish t[h]raldome & subjection.
By love or hatred, by ioy, griefe, or feare,
Desire, boldenesse, anger, hope, dispaire,
Man is enthrald, & doth submitt his will
Their tyrannies & pleasures to fulfill.
The Amoretto, pearc'd with Cupides stroke,
Must straight submitt his neck vnto *the* yoke
Of peevish love. Either his mistrisse haire,
Or else her forehead is beyond compare;
Her eyes are starres, & her cheekes roses be,
Her lips pure rubies, her teeth ivorie,
Her breath perfume, her voice sweet harmonie
Passing Threician Orpheus melody;
The path between her brestes a whiter way
Then that celestiall via lactea;
Her veines pure azure, o[r] what colour 's best,
Her skin sleek sattin or *the* cygnettes brest;
A Venus in whom all good partes doe hitt,
More then a second Pallas in her witt;
In stately pace and dazeling maiestie,
Another Iuno; in pure chastety
Spotlesse Diana. Thus is all her feature
Beyond *the* fashion of a humane creature.
Then what "ay mees!" what crossing of his armes,
What sighs, what teares, what love-compelling charmes
He vseth, would enforce a sicke man smile!
Yet all the paines he takes is to beguile
His sillie soule; for having once enioyed
The thing, for which he erst was soe anoyde,
The tide is turnd, the saint doth seem a devill,
And he repentes that soule-bewitching evill
[1] Which once his fancy as a good adorde;—
His mistresse love, I mean, is now abhorde.
Anothers minde by hate distempered is,

Every base affection keeps man in thraldom.

If man falls in love he must submit to the yoke of peevish fancy,

and compare his mistress to

[leaf 33, back]

Venus, Pallas, Juno, and Diana.

Then to hear his "*Ah me's!*" till he gets disenchanted!

Then his "saint" seems a devil.

The mind of another is overcome by hate,

[1] /*I* in margin of MS.

Malicing whom in shew he seemes to kisse.
This base affection causeth dismall strife,
Despoileth honour, & destroyeth life.

which he hides by dissimulation.
Yet in these dayes 'tis counted pollicie
To vse dissimulation; villanie
Masqu'd[1] vnder friendships title (worst of hate)
Makes a man liue secure & fortunate.
These Machiavillians are *the* men alone
That thrive i' th' world, & gett promotion.

Such as he are worse than Timon of Athens.
Athenian Timon, in his hatefull moode,
Was ne're soe bad as some of this damnde broode,
This brood of Caines, these dissembling knaves,
These mankinde-haters, bloody minded slaves,
Which all *the* world *with* horrid murders fill,
Laughing one those whom they intend to kill.

A third sort have their minds overwhelmed with joy.
A third ther is, *which* gaining some vaine toy,
Is overwhelmèd through excessive ioy.
The husbandman, if that his crops proove well,
Hath his heart fild *with* joy 'cause his barnes swell;
The marchant, if his gaines doe safe come in,
Is *with* ioy ready to leape out on 's skinne;
The vehemency of this passion 's such,
Many have[2] died by joying overmuch.

Some are overcome with grief,
Another, shuning comfort & reliefe,
Suffers himselfe to be surchargde *with* griefe,
And soe this passion doth his reason blinde
That it begettes a frenzie in his minde.
Another, if that fear doe him assaile,
Doth suffer that affection to prevaile,

[leaf 34]
And doth bring him [in]to such franticke fittes,
As you would judge him to be out on 's wittes.

and some with fear.
Each bush doth fright him, & each flying bird,
Yea his owne shadowe maketh him afeard.

[1] *Masque* originally written; altered into *Masqu'd.*
[2] This *have* seems to have been *o'ave*, but a line is drawn through the *o.*

Desire in others sheweth forth his mighte,
Making them follow brutish appetite.
Desire of honour fires th' ambitious minde;
Desire of wealth the covetous doth blinde;
The lecher cannot lustfull thoughtes withstand:
Reason 's controlde by passions that commaund.
Another, rash & indiscreetly bolde,
Hazardes himselfe in dangers manifolde,
Yet thinks himselfe (mislead by his temerity)
To vse true valour & dexterity;
When folly his companion is assignde,
For "who soe bolde as bayard that is blynde?
With rashnesse is conioynèd impudence,
With which my Muse in noe case can dispence.
His talke is bawdry, he doth rather choose
His soule then a prophane conceite to loose.
Mischiefe-procurer anger rules another,
That knowes not friend from foe; stranger or brother,
All 's one to him; for in his bedlem fitt,
Which quite deprives him of his litle witt,
He cares not whom he strikes, or what vile wordes
That cutt like razors, or sharp edgèd swordes,
Flie from his hasty tongue. This passion swaies
And rules over too many now adayes,
For each vaine toy stirreth vp man to furie,
When he in patience greatest wrongs should burie.
Hope & affection is that doth least harme
Vnto the soule of man; for it doth arme
With constancy in trouble to endure
The worst of evill *that* sad fates procure.
It makes the prisoner, bound in gives of steele,
In expectation of release, to feele
Noe torment in his bondage; cures the sicke
Of his diseases; makes the halfe dead quicke.
Yet is this good conioynèd with some evill;
To hope on God is good, but from the devill

Honour fires the ambitious.

Rashness by some is mistaken for valour.

Impudence is often conjoined with rashness.

Anger rules some, and deprives them of their wits.

They care not whom they wound.

Hope and affection do the least harm.

They console the prisoner and cure the sick.

Don't expect aid from the devil.

To expect healp, as they doe which attend
With expectation of a happy end
To some ill act, is diabolicall,
And not by Christians to be vsde at all.
But when I come to think vpon dispaire
(Which to withstand the rediest meanes is praier)

Despair drives men to suicide.

I muse to think it should soe much bewitch
The minde of man, making *the* soule (like pitch)
Commit such deeds of darkenesse, such damnd ill,
As with our owne hande*s* our owne lives to spill.

[leaf 34, back]

Farre be it from me all passion to exclude
Out of mans soule, my meaning 's not so rude;

A man void of passion is void of good.

For 'tis an axiome not to be withstood,
"He *that* is void of passion 's voide of good."[1]
Love of *that* love deserving Diety,
Which doth produce effect*es* of charity,

Love to God kindles devotion.

And kindles in mans heart[2] devotion,
Once to extenuate were a sinfull motion
Of a pestiferous braine; noe, I desire
To ad more fewell to that holy fire.

Godly hate is commendable.

Nor can I but commend of godlie hate,
Detesting sinne, *that* doth commaculate
The soule of man; this passion 's worth commending,
That hates the offence, yet loves *the* man offending.
Neither will I restraine *the* heart from joy

Joy in moderation is good,

Soe that with moderation we imploy
This passion to good vses; hart*es* rejoyce,
But let *the* cause be singuler & choice.
Grief likewise must abounde in every man
That will indeed be a true Christian,

so are godly sorrow and filial fear.

Sorrow *the* badge of true repentance weares,
Sinne must be purgde by a whole flood of teares.
[3]To filial feare I likewise doe assent,

[1] *blood* was first written, then a line drawn through it, and *good* written after.
[2] MS. heard. [3] */I and* written in margin of MS.

That 's awd from sinne by love, not punishment.
Salvations hope, celestiall ioyes desire,
Vertuous boldenesse, with religious ire,
Are heavenly passions not to be denide,
But as occasion serves, to be applide
To their true ende*s*. Affection*es* of such kinde
Mie Muse disclaimes not; but all such as blinde
The eyes of reason, & doe quite pervert
The soule, mans better intellectuall part,
That keep him from *th*e path of his salvation,
And lead *th*e way w*hi*ch brings vnto damnation,
These, these they be, on w*hi*ch I doe engage
My vexèd Muse to wreck her spleenfull rage.
Philautus with his very soule doth love
A wench as faire as Venus milck white dove;
He loves his hunting-horse, his hauke, his hound,
His meat & drink, his morning sleeps profound;
He loves to follow each new-fangled fashion,
He loves to hear men speake his com*m*endation,
He loves his lande*s*, *tha*t bring him store of pelfe,
But above all thinge*s* he doth love himselfe.
In all this love noe love of God I finde,
Noe love of goodnesse, but a love confinde
To sensuall delights, to sinne & ease,
A love to others soe himselfe to please.
Thou impious worldling, leave this vaine affection,
W*hi*ch only on thy selfe hath a reflection;
This sinne relinquish, lest incensèd Iove
Doe iustly plague thy misapplyèd love.
I saw (a sight *tha*t made me much affraide)
Amorphus kisse his mothers kitchin-maide.
Me thought as both their heade*s* together came,
I saw *th*e devill kissing of his dam:[1]
And yet this foole 's in love w*i*th her 'bove measure,
Calls her *th*e mistresse of his[2] ioy & pleasure;

Virtuous boldness and religious ire,

my Muse disclaims not; but all such affections as lead man to sin.

Philautus loves many things,

but himself most of all.

[leaf 35]

This is love misapplied.

Amorphous is in love with his mother's kitchen-maid.

[1] Final *e* crossed out. [2] MS. *her*.

Sweares *that* faire roses grow vpon her cheekes,
When I 'le be sworne 'tis fitter place for leckes;
Saies her sweet breath his amarous fires increase,
When she smelles filthy strong of durt & grease.

It is a case of like to like; the collier and the devil.

"But like to like, *the* collier & *the* devill,"
He & his wench; she stammers, he doth drivell;
He squints, & she doth gogle wondrous faire;
His botle-nose is red, soe is her haire;
She hath a crooked backe, he a polte foote;
His face is blacke, & hers begrimd'e with soote;
A loving lovely couple most divine,
Pitty it were *that* they should not combine.

Pamphila is in love with every man she sees.

Pamphila is in love with every man
That comes within her sight, & if she can
Will prostitute her body to his will,
And never leave till she her lust fullfill.

Stepmother Phœdra woos her husbandes sonne,
Hypolitus, but he with care doth shunne

Phœdra's love to her stepson is turned to hate.

Her odious lust, loathing a sinne soe vile
As his sires bed with incest to defile;
But still she sues, & still he doth denie,
Till vrgde to farre, he doth her presence flie.
Lust thus by verteous chastetie withstood
Is turnd to hate, & hate thirsts after blood;
And his hartes blood it is this thirst must ease;
Only his death can her fell hate appease.

True Machiavillian Cœcilius

Honorius is persecuted because of his virtues.

With hate doth prosecute Honorius,
Because his vertues did deserve more love,
And he i' th' Court respected was above
His high aspiring selfe. Yet till *the* end
In outward shew he seemd to be his friend.
But when *that* Fortune had once turnd her wheele
He was *the* first *that* did his furie feele;
For then his rage burst forth, & it is thought
This one mans hate his sad destruction wrought.

Misotochus (*which* his hand will sooner lend
To bring his neighbour to vntimely end
Then save his life) *hath horded vp his corne,*
Ready to burst his *garners with the horne*
Of his aboundance, & *doth hope his seed*
Kept from *the* market *will a famine breed;*
And therfore will *not sell a graine this year,*
Nor to sustaine his *household*e *thresh an eare;*
But lives one rootes like a Diogenes,
With poor thin drink, & course bread mad[e] of pease.
What though *the* poore doe want, begge, starve, & dye,
They get from him noe healp in miserie.
Their hunger feeds him fat, he ioyes to see
Their death-procuring sad calamity.
Thou hateful cynick-dog, belov'd of none,
Because none loving, not thy selfe alone!
Inhuman devill! think some fatall hower
Will bring huge troupes of vermine, to devoure
Thy graine & thee; or that from heaven will fall
Consuming fyer & destroy it all.
Looke for some fearfull vengeance to be sent,
Some plague vnheard of, some straunge punnishment;
For such damnd hatred, iust revenging God
Will scourge thy sinne *with* some vnusuall rodde.
Nænius hath *with* much officious labour
Recoverèd his mistrisses lost favour,
For *the* w*hich* act *the* foole's soe overioyde
That through excesse therof he is annoide.
When she vouchsafte *that* he might kiss her hand,
The asse had much adoe on 's feet to stand,
He was soe inly ravisht *with* delight
Of *that* rare pleasure: such another fight
Twixt reason & his passion would have sent
A foolish soule to Plutoes regiment.
When Carthaginian Hanniball, *that* stout
And politicke captaine, w*hich* soe often fought

A man who would rathe help to kill t *save life, [leaf 55, bac keeps his corn till there's a famine.*

Though the poor die of want they get no help from him.

But troops of vermin devour him and his corn.

One fool was so overjoyed at his mistress's favours,

that another fit like it would have killed him.

With Roman Consuls in their native soile,
And their best forces many times did foile,
It is recorded by cronologers
And excellent histriographers,
A Roman matron heard that her two sons were killed in the battle of Cannæ. In *that* vnluckie Cannas overthrowe,
When few or none escapte deaths fatall blowe,
A certaine woman dwelling then at Rome
Heard her two sonnes had their eternall doome;
For which (as nature would) she did lament,
Her eyes (bare witnesse) all with teares besprent.
But they escaped, and she was so overcome when she saw them, that she died. But *the* young men scaping by flight their foe
Recover Rome & to their mother goe;
She hearing both alive returnèd were
And bid her former sorrow to forbeare,
[leaf 36] Will not beleeve reporte, but trust her eyes,
When sodainly opprest with ioy she dies.
One dies in the act of sin. Mopsa, they say, o'recome with joy lies dead,
But how? i' th' act of her lost mayden head!
A fearfull end, to die in act of sinne,
And in this death a second death beginne,
A dayly living death, yet dying paine
Which shall in *per*petuity remaine.
Another mourns her puppy's death. Luctantia, cease thy lamentation!
Thou mone'st thy puppies death with greater passion
Then *the* offences *that* thou dost com*m*itte
'Gainst thy Creato*u*r; which iust ne're a whit
Grieve thy seard conscience; noe remorse for sinne
On[e] tear enforceth, but for every pinne,
For every trifle else, that doth distast
Thy foolish liking, thou dost even wast
Thy selfe in sorrow. Wash thy blubbered eyes,
She should weep for iniquity. And cry no more for shame! If thou be wise
See that hence forth thou keep thy fludgates dry,
And weep for nothing but iniquity.
Mutius, why art thou thus opprest with griefe?
Take comfort man, & thou shalt finde reliefe;

Be not dejected, bear a constant minde:
What though the tempest of an [a]dverse winde
Hath blowne thy fortunes downe, ruind thy state?
Wilt thou for this accuse *the* god of fate,
And yeild to sorrow? Doe not soe; beware,
'Twas mercy in him then thy life to spare.
When he destroide thy goods, had 't been his pleasure
He might have ruinde thee & them together.
But now thy substaunce & thy wealth is lost,
Thou art vndone, & all thy hopes are crost;
Ther is noe meanes to rise: who once doth fall
Is still kept downe, & cannot climbe at all.
Fear not, Antæus more courageous grew,
And by his fall did still his strength renew.
Be thou like him; may be this misery
Was pre-ordainde for thy felicity.
Grieve not at all, ther 's blessing still in store,
And he *that* tooke thy goodes can give thee more.
Ther 's three ill feares (to one good filiall)
A worldly, servile, & a naturall:
A worldly feare is when some worldly gaine
Makes vs doe evill, or from good abstaine;
When for our proffit, pleasure, & our ease,
We doe not good, but men fear to displease.
There is a worldly fear, a fear to lacke
Things necessary for *the* maw or backe,
Which hath in nature greater confidence,
Then in Gods all-foreseeing providence.
Naturall fear is a distraction
Of mind & senses, by th' iniection
Of some moste eminent danger; & this passion
Is great where faith doth want his operation.
A servile fear, 's a fear of punnishment
Vnto *the* reprobate coincident,
Whom oftentimes vnto good actes doth drawe,
Not fear of God, but fear of humane lawe.

If adversity come do not be cast down.

Antæus became more courageous by his fall.

There are three ill fears:

A worldly fear, or fear for want of things necessary.

[leaf 36, back]

A servile fear, or a fear of punishment for ill deeds.

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Letia doth fear to play *the* whore *with* any,
And yet she loves the sport as well as many
That act the sinne; what hinders her intent?[1]
O she 's afraide of shame & punnishment.

A man would steal, but he fears punishment.

Irus is poore, yet feares to play *the* theefe,
And yet his fingers itch to get reliefe,
"But the burnt childe (we say) doth dread *the* fire;"—
Hee 's burnt i' th' hand, the next is halters hire.

The Church dignitary would neglect his duty, only he fears the consequences.

Romanus keeps his monthly residence
At church, although against his conscience;
He would refraine (because he doth abhor it)
But *that* he feares to be presented for it.

Bellina, tost in a tempestuous sea,
Fears drowning much, & fear doth make her pray.
And yet her prayers, *which* doe seeme profounde,
Are but lip-labo*u*r & a hollow sound;
For set a shore, vnlesse apparent evill
Affright her much, she fears nor God nor devill.

Phorbus has been frightened, but it was only a cat,

Phorbus, what makes thee looke soe like a ghoast?
Thy face is pale, thy sences are quite lost,
Thy haire vpon thy head doth stand vpright
As if thou hadst been haunted *with* a spright.
Why soe thou hast, thou thinkst; what, hast thou soe?
How scapdst thou from him? would he let thee goe?

which he thought was the devil.

Sure 'twas a very honest devill, friend,
Wer he hobgoblin, fairie, elve, or fiend.
Thou fearfull idiot! looke, it was a catt,
That frights thee thus, I sawe her wher she satt;
But thou *with* conscience guilty of much evill
Dost deeme *the* cat to be a very devill.

Caligula creeps under the bed, but it is a poor shelter.

Caligula, creepst vnderneath thy bed?
That 's a poore shelter to defend thy head
'Gainst Ioves feard thunderbolte; huge Atlas hill
Cannot preserve thee, when he meanes to kill.

One wishes for an estate

Votarius wisheth for a great estate,

[1] MS. intentent.

And saith *the* poore should then participate
Of all his blessings; yet doth nothing give
Although he be exceeding well to live,
And might healp others, till his substaunce grew; [leaf 37]
But *the* olde proverbe is exceeding true, that he might assist others.
"That these great wishers, & these common woulders,
Are never (for *the* moste part) good householders."
Timophila her part of heaven would sell Another would sell heaven to be a lady and be called Madam.
To be a ladie, she so much doth swell
With this ambitious longing, to be cald
Madam at every word; to be enstalde
In such a chaire of state, were heaven it selfe.
Ambitious woman, high aspiring elfe!
All thy desires are wicked, thou vnblest,
Vnlesse Gode*s* Spirit, working in thy brest,
Change thy desire from vaine & earthly toies
To covet truely after heavenly ioyes.
Chremes is troubled w*i*th *the* greedy minde Chremes is greedy, and his only comfort is in gain.
Of golde-desiring Midas; he doth finde
Noe comfort but in gaping after gaine.
Would to his wish awarded were *the* paine
That Midas felt; who, thirsting after golde,
Wishd *that* what e're he touchd might change *the* mould Midas wished all things turned into gold,
Into *that* purer mettall. Phœbus graunt
Confirmd *the* misers wish, but soone did daunt
The wretches minde; for all *the* foode he tooke
To comfort nature, cleane his forme forsooke
And turnd to golde. The asse had surely starvde and had starved had not Apollo taken off his wish.
Had not Apolloes power his life preservde
By taking of his wish. May the intent
Of Chremes meet w*i*th *the* like punnishment;
Or, since *that* Midas greedy minde he beares,
May he w*i*th Midas wear *the* asses eares.
Dame Polupragma, gossip Title-tatle, Dame Tittle-tattle
Suffers her tongue, let loose at randome, pratle

goes to public feasts,

Of all occurrentes; comes to publike feastes
Without invitement, 'mongst the worthiest guestes
Takes vp her roome at table, where, more bolde

and talks politics and divinity.

Then truely welcome, she discourse will holde
Of state affaires, talke of divinity
As moves the hearers to deride her folly,
But grieves me to the heart, that thinges soe holy,
Things which in greatest estimation stand,
Should by her foolish lips be soe prophande.
But Betterice let me thee this lesson teach,
To leave those thinges that are above thy reach.

Temerus, wishing to advance himself,

Temerus, which i' th' warre had borne a launce,
Vpon some great exploite would needes advaunce
His high attempting minde, & doe some act,
To make the world applaud his worthy fact.

[leaf 37, back]

Then (ne're regarding what might him befall)

undertook to kill the general of the foes' army.

He takes in hand to kill the generall
Of the foes armie; but his vaine intent
Met with as ill successe; care did prevent
His desperate boldenesse, ere he could come nigh
His wishèd end; for, taken for a spie,

Brought to the rack he confesses all.

And brought to th' racke, torture did him compell
The truth of his straunge stratagem to tell;
For which the wretch in horrid torment lies,
Being iustly plagu'de for his rash enterprise.
Anaidus, art soe clean devoide of grace?
Hast thou soe impudent a brasen face,

Some men sin and boast of it.

Not only to act sinne with greedinesse,
But to make boast of thy damnde wickednesse?
Was 't not enough with wordes to have beguild
Thy mothers maide & gotten her with childe,
But that thou must most shamefully beginne
To make a iest of this thy hellish sinne

They think money can buy them off,

'Mongst thy companions? Thou perhaps dost think,
Because thy law-perverting cursèd chink
Hath freed thee from the standing in a sheet

(A punnishment for thy offence moste meet)
That there remaines noe more? Yes, ymp of hell,
There is a Iudge *which* in the heavens doth dwell, — but an uncorrupted Judge dwells in heaven.
An vncorrupted Iudge, *that* will award
Damnation for thy sinne, vnlesse regard
Of *that* vnhappy state wherin thou art,
Softning (I fear) thy vnrelenting heart,
Shew thee thy soules deformity, & in
Repentaunce fountaine make thee purge thy sinne.
Looke vpon Adrus in his furious ire! — The limbs of Adrus shake with anger.
He seemes to burne like some red cole of fire;
How his eyes flame! how his limbs shake *with* rage!
How his voice thunders, as he ment to wage
Warre against heaven! Surely the cause is great
That makes him in this sort himselfe forget;
It can*not* but be matter of much consequence, — What moves him so?
That moves *the* man to this impatience?
Faith no, you are deceivde; *the* cause was smale,
A better man then he would put vp all,
Were *the* disgrace more hainous, *which* is none
But *that* his cholericke humo*ur* makes it one.
This asse (*which* for *the* wagging of a straw — He'll draw his dagger upon any man:—
His dagger vpon any man will drawe)
Walking i' th' street, was iustled fro*m* *the* wall — why? Somebody pushed him into the gutter!
Downe almost to *the* channell; this is all
That putt*es* him in this fume! Would you surmise, [leaf 38]
A man that hath the vse of reasons eyes
To guide himselfe, should for a cause soe light,
Soe smale a matter, be in such a plight?
Ready to frett himselfe to death, to sweare,
To curse, & banne, as if [he] meant to teare — And all this fury because he knows not on whom to bend his fury!
The earth in sunder, only for this end,
Because he knowes not vpon whom to bend
The furie of his rage! Thou irefull foole!
Vse henceforth to frequent *the* learned schoole
Of sacred vertue, *which* will thee inspire

With patience to moderat thine ire.
Good Mistriss Orgia, holde your hasty handes!
Because your maides have not pind in your bandes
You who lay the stick about your servants' shoulders, According to your minde, must the stick flie
About their shoulders straight? Should they replie
In your owne language to you, you were servde
According as your rage had well deservde.
But this is nothing with this furious dame,
Ther 's other matters that deserve more blame.
and break your husband's head, She will not stick to breake her husbandes head,
Revile[1] him to his face & wish him dead
In most reproachfull manner; he, good man,
Dares not replie a worde, but gettes him gone
Till her fit 's past, & doth with patience
Endure his wives outragious insolence.
learn to rule your passions. Thou furious vixen, learne to rule thy passion,
And vse thy husband in a better fashion,
Or I will have thy name to be enrolde
For a moste shamelesse & notorious scolde!
Manlius lives in hope of inheriting his uncle's lands. Manlius hath a very mean estate,
Yet lives in longing hope of better fate;
He hath an vnkle above measure rich,
And cares not much if he lay dead i' th' ditch;
Hopes he cannot last long because hee 's olde;
And then he hopes to seaze vpon his golde.
Foole, how dost know that thou shalt him outlive?
'Twere better for thee, did he something give
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and he who waits for dead men's shoes may go barefoot. Now while thy wanttes desire reliefe; "one thrush
I' th' hand is worth more then are two i' th' bush;"
And "he that hopes to put one dead mens shoos,
It often comes to passe he barefoote goes."
Elpinas, which with seas doth traffique holde,
Hath made a ship out for West Indian golde,
And all his hopes doe in this venture lie:

[1] *Reveale* originally. The stroke over the second *e* is continued till it looks more like *j*—*Revjle*.

Should she miscarry sure *the* man would die;
But hope, w*hi*ch holds him like a violent fever,
Flatters him still he shalbe made for ever
At her returne; & since she first began
To cut *the* billowes of *the* ocean
W*i*th her swift keel, his minde, more swift then she,
Followes her in *the* voyage, & doth see
W*i*th eyes of selfe-delighting fantasie
(W*hi*ch sometime wrap him in an extasie)
Her prosper*o*us traffique. If *the* day be faire
He hopes *that* homeward she doth then repaire;
If stormes obscure *the* brightnesse of *the* skie,
He hopes she doth in safest harbo*u*r lie.
The time w*hi*ch slowlie seemes to passe away
Vnto his longing hopes, he day by day
Telle*s* o're in minutes; not a puffe of winde
Blowes, but *that* straight his advantageous minde
Carries it to his ship. Sometime his thought
Runnes on *the* gold wherw*i*th his ship is fraught,
Imagining in his still working braine,
How to imploy it to his best of gaine.
Thou greedy minded slave! whose hopes are fixd
Only on wealth, w*i*th pleasure inte[r]mixt,
And ne're hop'st after heaven, how canst thou thinke
But *that* iust Iove should in *the* ocean sinke
All thy fond hopes, & drive thee to dispaire,
W*hi*ch ne're implorst his ayde by hearty praier?
Returne at last, and fix thy hopes one him,
Whose only power can make thee sink or swimme.

Alston, whose life hath been accounted evill,
And therfore cal'de by many the blew devill,
S[t]ruck w*i*th remorse of his ill gotten pelfe,
Would in dispaire have made away himselfe,
One while by drowning, when *that* would not be,
He drew his knife to worke his tragedie,
Intending w*i*th *that* fatall instrument

[leaf 38, back] The merchant is all anxiety about his ship.

He daily tells over the time for her return in minutes.

Sometimes he decides what to do with the gold she will bring home.

But his hopes may all be confounded!

Alston, in a fit of "blue devils," would have committed suicide,

To cut his owne throte. Fearfull punnishment
Of a dispairing minde! O, who can tell
The pangs *that* in a guilty conscience dwell?
but God's mercy restrained him, Had not *the* gracious mercy of *the* Lord
Restraind him from a sinne soe much abhord,
With his owne hand*es* he would have stopt his breath
And *with* his bodie sent his soule to death.
Thrice happie mortall, w*hich* this grace didst finde,
Soe *that* henceforth thou bear a better minde,
And let thy actions to his glorie tende
and saved him from such an end. That savde thy life from such a fearfull end.
Returne thankesgiving, & desire in praier
His grace to sheild thee from forlorne dispaire.
[leaf 39] Latro added murder to robbery, Latro did act a damnèd villanie,
Adding blacke murder to his robbery,
Yet 'cause 'twas closely done he might conceale it,
For, save himselfe, none living could reveale it.
But see *the* iust revenge for this offence;—
but conscience After *the* deed, his guilty conscience
Torturing his soule, enforc'd him still to think
The act disclosde, & he in dangers brinke.
He thought *the* birds still in their language said it;
He thought *the* whistling of *the* winde bewraide it;
He cald to minde *that* murder was forbidden,
And though a while, it could not long be hidden.
Destract in minde, & fearfull in his place,
and the devil Having noe power to call to God for grace,
The devill doth suborne him to dispaire,
Tells him 'tis pitty he should breath this aire
W*hich* hath been such a villaine; thrusts him on
To worke his owne death & confusion.
made a coward of him, He, though he had *the* murderous hand to spill
Anothers blood, himselfe yet durst not kill,
And was afraide of others. What e're stirres
He iudgeth to be men & officers
Come to attache him, & his sight vnstable

Takes every bush to be a constable.[1] — and he fears every bush is a constable;
Thus plagud & torturde with dispaire & feare,
Out must *the* fact, he can noe more forbeare;
For w*hi*ch according to *the* course of lawe · — till he yields himself to justice.
Deaths heavy sentence one him he doth drawe;
And being brought vnto *the* place of death,
There in dispaire yeild*es* vp his latest breath.
Thus each affection like a tyrant raignes — So every passion reigns over man's soul.
Over mans soule, w*hi*ch letteth loose *the* reines
Vnto selfe will, in w*hi*ch soe slavish state,
Mans sence captivd'e, his reason subiugate,
Makes *the* soule clogd, a massie lump of sinne,
W*hi*ch following his creation should have been
Like his Creator pure;—soules were made free,
Not to be held in base captivitie
By every passion, but with reasons bitte
To checke affections from all things vnfitt.
He therfore *that* intends to live vpright — He that would live upright must curb his appetites.
Let him in time curbe hedstrong appetite.

[1] See 3 Hen. VI., v. 6.

[END OF THE SATIRES.]

[Certaine Poems.]

[PART II.]

[leaf 39, back]

Certaine Poems, comprising Things Naturall, Morrall, & Theologicall, written by R. C., Gent.

E dulci virus contractat aranea flore,
Quando ex vrtica mella leguntur apo.

Ad Lectorem.

I did not intend to place these Poems before you,

had not my friends persuaded me to do so.

They were so suddenly put to press, that I

I had not thought (courteous reader) to have pretended thus conspicuously in thy sight this rude & indigested chaos of conceites (the abortive iss[u]e of my vnfertile braine) & to have set before thee this immature & vnpleasing fruit, collected only for my private recreation, & not for thy publique satisfaction & delight; but the vehement importunity & instigation of certaine friends, with whom I did communicate my moste private studies, prevailing above mine owne determination, enforced me (otherwise vnwilling) to commit this piece of poetry alsoe to thy curteous acceptaunce & kinde censure. It was soe sodainlie thrust into the presse, that I had noe competencie of

time, with *the* bear, to lick over this whelp, & with a more diligent *per*vsall to correct any easily overslipped error*ur*. Wherfore I desire thee, if thou finde any, to think it is rather a lapsus pennæ then an error[1] mentis. As for *the* crabbed & criticall interpretation of many, *that* would seeme moste iudicious Catoes, & yet are indeed most censorious coxcombes, I waigh it litle, and lesse *the* detracting speeches of barking Momists; & yet let them both know *that* it is easier to reprove then reforme, & a good word is as soone spoken as a bad. But least I seeme to begge their favo*ur*s, or distrust mine owne fancies, I will leaue them as I found them, & returne to thee, gentle reader (because thou shalt be both *the* protasis & catastrophe of my epistle). If thou canst with *the* bee sucke honie out of this hemlock, I hope, when *the* garden of my wit shalbe throughly watered with *the* spring of Helicon, to present thee with flowers. In *the* meantime, thy present kinde acceptation of this wilbe a great animation to my subsequent endeavo*ur*s.

pray you excuse errors.

As for judicious Catos, I care but little.

If you, gentle reader, can suck honey from this hemlock, I may at a future time present you with flowers.

Farwell.

[1] error in MS.

[Certaine Poems.]

Vera quid hominis forma.

[leaf 40]

What makes a *per*fect man? My Muse declare.

External qualities do not make a perfect man.

Externall qualities? Their force is much
I doe confesse; but beastes excell vs farre
In them; *our* stepdame Natures will is such,
The lions strength mans force doth overquell;
The hare in swiftnesse doth vs all excell.

The brutes excel him in senses.

In sences likewise brutes doe vs exceed;
Hartes in quicke hearing, eagles in sharp sight;
Spiders in touching; apes when as they feed,
Have daintier palates to procure delight:
Tender-nosd hound*es*, & vultures, senting prey,
In smelling doe surpasse vs every waie.

In his form, man excels all beasts.

Neither doth mans essentiall forme consist
In lineaments of body well contr[i]vde;
Although heerin of force I must insist
He doth excell all beastes *that* ever livde;
Since beast*es* aspect is downeward as they passe,
And man *th*e heavens hath for his looking-glasse.

Wealth cannot make him perfect.

What then? Doth wealth mans *per*fect forme compose?
Noe, though thy wealth doe Crœsus wealth exceed;
Though many miles thy land can*n*ot enclose,
Though all things to thine owne desire succeed:
Yet this (if thou *th*e matter rightly scanne)
Is of noe force to make *th*e *per*fect man.

There is a soule, not generate, but infusde, But his immortal soul does.
Immortall therfore, which conjoyntly knit
With [the] corriptible bodie, & diffusde
By vertue through each member, as is fit,
Informes each part, & animates the same,
And this mans true essentiall forme doth frame.

De quatuor anni partibus.

Apollo to his flaming carre adrest Apollo dips his head into Thetis' watery breast 365 times.
Taking his dayly, never ceasing course,
His fiery head in Thetis watry brest,
Three hundred sixty & five times doth source:
As many times Aurora doth appear
Ere there be made a full & perfect year.

This year equally doth it selfe distribute The year is divided into four parts:
Into 4 partes, which we doe quarters call,
Each having his peculiar attribute
Of name, & severall qualitie with all:
Spring ever plesaunt, Summer hot & dusty,
Fruit-ripening Autumne, Winter colde & frosty.

Sweet smelling Spring, that ever chearfull season, [leaf 40, back] Spring, clothed with herbs and flowers;
Clad with the verdure of fresh hearbes & flowers,
Renewes the year & makes it alwaies geason
By distillation of his fruitfull showers:
This quarter doth (for soe it is assignde)
Refresh the sence & recreate the minde.

No sooner doth the blazing bright beamd starre,
Sol, enter Cancer that signe tropicall,
But Summer in his progresse doth declare Summer, when Ceres begins harvest;
A hot ensuing season that must fall:
Now Ceres, goddesse of all corne & tillage,
Begins her harvest in each country village.

When day & night are in equalitie,
Autumn, when Bacchus treads the vine. Autumne doth then beginne his course to take,
Whom aires temperate serenity
A pleasaunt quarter evermore doth make:
Now Bacchus treadeth[1] downe the fruitfull vine,
And doth compose the spirit quickning wine.

When longest night doth make the shortest day,
Frostie-facde Winter Autumne doth succeede,
Winter when nipping cold breeds disease. In boysterous stormes his force he doth display,
Whose nipping colde doth ofte diseases breed:
Yet man to please this quarter doth present
Domesticke sportes & homebred merriment.

Planetarum energia.

Astronomers have found seven planets. Astronomers, with their heaven searching eyes,
Seven planets in their severall orbs have found,
Whose influence, they say, descends the skies,
And in our mortall bodies doe abound:
Whose force is great, or else they greatlie lye
That calculate mans fatall destinie.

Saturn is mounted in the highest sphear,
Vnder which planet if man life receive,
The morose and melancholy are born under Saturn. He shalbe subject to dispairefull feare,
Dull melancholy to his minde shall cleave:
His stupid braine, his frowning looke, shall bear
A crabbèd nature & a life austere.

Next vnto lumpish Saturn, sprightlie Iove
The honoured and liberal under Jupiter. Moves in his orbe. Who vnder his aspect
Shall breathe this aire (which doth him mortall prove)
He alwaies shalbe held in good respect:
Pleasing his looke shalbe, comely his feature,
Bounteous his minde, and ever kinde his nature.

[1] MS. treading.

After Iove, Mars assumes his proper seat, [leaf 41]
Whom poets faine to be *the* god of warre;
That man in battell shall his foes defeate
Which vnder Mars is borne, *that* warlike starre: Soldiers under Mars.
He will (for of his nature hath been tride)
Be quicklie angrie & soone pacifide.

In midle of *the* planettes regiment,
Bright Sol, that heauenlie ever burning lamp,
Himselfe doth in his glorious orbe present. The skilful and religious under the Sun.
Who vnder him receives his native stampe,
Shalbe well skild in artes, in conference wise,
Religious in heart, in life precise.

After bright Sol, the beauteous queen of love
Faire Citherean Venus takes her place:
Who vnder her aspect is borne, shall prove The skilful in love under Venus.
Skilfull in love; & with a blushlesse face
He shall vnto his lawlesse lust allure
Many that are of thoughts & life impure.

Next Venus, in his sphear is Maiacs sonne,
Ioves messenger, wing-footed Mercurie:
Who vnder his aspect his life begunne The deceitful under Mercury.
Shalbe endude with craft & subtilty;
He wilbe (soe his state thereby may mend)
Apt to deceive even his most trusty friend.

Lowest of all *the* planets placèd is
Selfe-chaunging Luna: vnder whose aspect
If man be borne, he never shall have misse Women under the Moon.
Of an inconstant heart, *which* doth detect
A perverse nature, & a peevish minde:
Vnder this starre are borne most women kinde.

Every man hath his constellation Every man has his star.
Vnder one of these planets influence

Stars rule man.

Predominating, & *the* calculation
O[f] his ensuing fortunes comes from hence,
Be he to labo*u*r borne, to art, or warres:
Thus starres rule man, & God doth rule *the* starres.

De quatuor elementis.

Earthly bodies are composed of the four elements.

Each sublunarie bodie is composde
Of *the* fower element*es*, w*hi*ch are proposde
By Nature to *that* end, a worke t' admire
That aire should meet w*i*th earth, water w*i*th fire,
And in one bodie friendlie sympathize,
Being soe manifestlie contraries.
These elements apparent to *the* eye
Are mixt, & not of simple puritie;

[leaf 41, back] There are simple elements,

Pure simple ones ther are, but wher they be
Passes *the* skill of *our* philosophie.
Wheither earths purer elementall part
Reside w*i*thin Thessalian Tempes heart;
Wheither Arabia Fœlix it containes,
Or Edens garden, or th' Elizian plaines;

but where can they be found?

Olympus hill, or mountaine Appenine,
Our Albion heer, or fertill Palestine,
I rashly in opinion dare not enter.
Who shall finde out earth[s] yet vnheard of center?

Where purest water?

Where purest water is, declare who can,
Whether in midst of *the* vast ocean,

In Tagus or in Ganges?

Or where rich Tagus workes vp golden sand;
Whether in some clear rivolet on land,
As in *the* spring vpon Parnassus hill,
Where the nine Muses dip their learned quill;
In silver Ganges, or that fountaine rather
Where faire Diana w*i*th her nymphs doth bath her?

Where purest air?

Art thou p*er*haps *that* purest breathing aire,
Sweet Zephirus, w*hi*ch wontst to make repaire

To amarous Psyche, when for Cupids love,
She fearlesse lept downe from *the* rocke above.
If thou be *that* pure aire *with*out all doubte,
Shew me thy dwelling, & I'le seeke thee out,
And having found thee, then my next desire
Shalbe for purest elementall fire;
Be it *with*in the moones concavity
Or above all the heavens convexity,
Doe it *with*in *that* fornace closely lurke,
Where Vulcan & his Cyclopes doe worke,
Or be it *that* celestiall fire above
Which wise Prometheus stole away from Iove.
But I leave these pure elements alone,
To speake of these amongst vs better knowne.
This quadruplicity, these elements,
From whom each body takes his existence,
Have qualities calde elementarie,
Knowne by *the* names of first & secundarie.
Earth is *the* driest in his first degree,
Then coldnesse is his second quality.
Coldest is water in first quality,
Then moysture is his second propertie.
Moistenesse in aire houlde*s* principality,
And heat is secundarie quality.
Fire doth predominate in calidity.
And then *the* next degree is siccity.
Fire hot & dry, aire moyst & hot we call,
Seas colde & moist, earth dry & colde *with* all.
These elements, although they doe agree
In *the* composure of mortalitie,
Yet in each body one it selfe doth vaunt,
And is above *the* rest predominant.
In man complexions plainly doe dilate
What element is moste predominate.
In cholerick bodies, fire doth govern moste;
In sanguine, aire doth chiefly rule *the* rost;

Having found air, fire must next be sought.

Each body takes its existence from the elements.

And each has its particular quality,

[leaf 42]
as hot and dry, dry and cold.

In choleric bodies is most fire;

In phlegmatic most water.

In flegmatick, hath water greatest sway,
Dull melancholy seemes to be of clay.
It is recorded by some antiquaries,
Nor doe I see *that* it from truth much varies,
That each before recited element
Gives to a bruit his onlie nutriment.
I speake not this of those we purest call,
For they, I know, cannot sustaine at all.

The mole lives in the earth, the herring in the sea.

The earth vnto *the* mole her essence gives,
The herring only in *the* water lives;

The chameleon lives in air, the salamander in fire.

Aire only *the* camelion doth suffice,
And salamander from *the* fire dies.
To these 4 brutes, living in this estate,
Fowre kindes of men we may assimilate.
Like to *the* mole *the* worldly minded man
Workes in *the* earth, as if he headlong ran
Into her bowels; for some paltry gaine,

Man searches the earth for gold.

He digs, & delves, & toiels himselfe with paine.
His avaritious minde is wholy bent
Vpon *the* purchase of this element;
Blind like *the* mole in 's intellectuall eye
That should direct him to felicity.
The second kinde from water doth alone
Produce his lifes best sustentation,

Pirates live by sea-robbery;

And such are they which vse damnd piracie,
And live vpon *the* sea by robberie,
These with *the* herring make *the* sea their friend
Till some of them at Wopping take their end.
Ambitious men doe one *the* ayer feed;
Like *the* camelion they are pleasde indeed

ambitious men on praise.

With meer aeriall praise; good words (I think)
Fattens them better then their meat & drinke.
Some of this kinde build castles in *the* aire,
Thinking themselues instald in honours chaire
In their selfe pleasing mindes, when such promotion
Is as farre from them as they from devotion.

But they think soe ; & he should doe them wrong [leaf 42, back]
That puts them by this their conceit soe strong.
Lust is *the* fire that doth maintaine the life
Of the venereous man (but sets at strife
The soule & body). Did I say maintaine?
I should haue saide consume, for soe 'tis plaine.
Yet can he live noe more *w*ithout desire,
Then can the salamandra *w*ithout fire.

Lust consumes the life of the venerious.

De quatuor virtutibus cardinalibus.

What may the reason be that we doe call
Our fower excellent vertues cardinall?
Is it because Romes Cardinals moste vse them,
And other men doe more then they refuse them?
No truely, for each severall vertue trie,
And you shall finde that they one few relie.
For wisedome first, what wisdome can ther be
In them, who, given sup*er*stitiouslie,
For the true God doe images adore,
And in necessity their healpe implore?
Yet why should I their wisdome thus defie,
Whose crafty witt and damnèd pollicie
Is to enrich themselves, though their soules have
Perdition, whom true wisdome seekes to save?
For iustice next, doth iustice *w*ith them live
Who absolution to each sinne doe give
For a corrupting bribe? The sonne may kill
His aged parent*es*; man the blood may spill
Of his deepe foe & 'scape; for a large fee
Wrong shall take place, & right p*er*verted be.
If these thing*es* we may iustice iustly call,
Iustice is vsde by every Cardinall.

Are these virtues called cardinal because Cardinals use them?

Their policy is to enrich themselves.

They do not excel in justice,

But it may be in temperance they excell,
And therin doe all only bear the bell.

perhaps they do in temperance,

if to be Epicures is to be temperate;

If to be Epicures, and live at ease,
Swallowing vp pleasures when & how they please,
We doe account a temperat sober life,
Then these are they we graunt withouten strife.

and chastity, if the keeping of concubines is chastity.

Their chastety is soe immaculate
That they doe alwaies live in virgin state,
Marriage they nill admitt by any meanes,
Yet doe allowe of concubins & queanes.

Lastly to speake of manlie fortitude,
Therin their calling shews them to be rude;

[leaf 43]

Full ill (we know, & every man may see)
A steely helme, & Cardnals cap agree;

As for their fortitude of minde, 'tis small,

They are proud in power.

Proud in their height, dejected in their fall.
I, but their power 's great great; in oppression,

They tread down virtue.

Treding downe vertue, raising vp transgression.
These are their cardinall vertues of cheife fame,
Which we may trulie cardnall vices name.
But now at last a reason shew I shall,
Why we these vertues doe name cardinall:

These virtues are called cardinal because they embrace all the rest.

Cardinall iustly may derived be
From cardo, which a hinge doth signifie;
Soe these 4 vertues, all the rest enfolde,
Even as *the* hinges doe *the* dore vpholde.

Scilicet vt fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum,
Tempore sic duro est inspicienda fides.

A rich young man to prove his friends

A certaine man which great possessions had,
Had likewise store of friendes; as who 's so mad
To think that friendship doth not wealth pursue,
Though for the moste part fainèd & vntrue?
This man of wealth (though seld it soe be found
In a young man) in iudgement did abound,

And him bethought a way his friendes to trie,
How they would serve him in extremity.
He kills a calfe & ties him in a sacke, killed a calf, and put it into a sack.
Whom vp he takes & carries one his backe;
And then straightwaies vnto his friendes he goes,
And in this manner doth his minde disclose.
"My friendes," quoth he, "your loves I now must trie, He told his friends he had killed a man,
For friendes are truly prov'de in misery;
Vnlesse your succours doe my life defend,
I am in danger of a shamefull end.
Knowe, in my rage I have slaine a man this day,
And knowe not where his body to conveigh
And hide it from the searchers inquisition, and wished them to hide the body.
My house being subject to no mean suspition.
Healp me, good Sirs, in my distressèd state,
Since thus to you my griefs I doe dilate."
"Depart," quoth they, "from vs, you are a stranger!
We mean not for your love to bring in danger
Our goodes & lives; should we a murder hide
'Twould even by sencelesse creatures be descride.
Your friendship thus distainde with innocent blood
We doe disclaime. While your estate was good, They would have nothing to do with him in his trouble.
And your selfe free from danger of the lawe,
The fatnesse of your purse had power to drawe
Our wealth-pursuing loves; but you must knowe, [leaf 43, back]
Our friendships with your fortunes ebbe or flowe."

Thus severally he all his friendes did trie,
And had from them this or the like replie;
At last he cals to minde a man of fashion,
With whom his father held much conversation
Whilome he livde, & oft had heard him praise Then he tried his "father's friend,"
His friendship, prov'de in divers hard assaies.
To this as to the rest the young man hies,
And in like manner his fainde griefe discries;
He for his fathers sake, which was his friend,
Sweares he will doe his best his life to shend.

The body then he takes, & meanes to hide;
Vowes secrecie, what euer doe betide.
who at once promised to help him.
"And if," quoth he, "you 'le on my faith relie,
I 'le keep you safe from the world searching eye,
Vntill this gust of danger be o're blowne,
Which threatens death, if that the fact be knowne."
The man reioycing in his friends firme love,
Sayes how he did it but his faith to prove,
"And now," quoth he, "by giving of false fire,
Having found a friend, he told him the trick.
I have found out the thing I doe desire,
A faithfull friend, vpon whose trust I may
My life, my landes, & all my substance lay."
A compact of never-dying friendship was made between the two.
Then vp & tels him all the project plaine,
How the dead body was a calfe yslaine.
The other, wondring at his pollicie,
Resolvèd straight a knot with him to tie
Of never-dying friendship to their end,
Thus each to other was a perfect friend.
Mean while the other from him he removde,
Whose fainèd love sufficientlie was prov'de.

Somnium.

About the dead time of the silent night,
Disquiet thought debarring sounder sleepe,
I had a dream about the choice of a wife.
A dreame I had that did me much delight,
Wherof my minde doth yet impression keepe,
Because it chiefly touchèd single life,
In good or bad election of a wife.

Three virgins introduced themselves to my notice.
Methought 3 virgins did appear vnto me,
In their attyer all full seemly clad,
Which saide they came on purpose for to wooe me,
To know to which I moste affection had:
"But first (said they) before this thing thou shew
Thou each of vs shalt severally knowe."

Then first gan say *the* fairest of the three, [leaf 44]
"I Beawty am; if me thou list to take, Beauty was poor and faithful.
Thy fancy shall receiue content in me,
And I will never thy true love forsake:
But I am poore, & have no meanes at all
Reliefe to give, if want should thee befall."

The second then begann, "I Wealth am hight; Wealth promised plenty,
If me thou chuse thou never shalt have lacke;
Aboundance thee to give is in my might,
To fill thy belly, or to clothe thy backe:
Only I am (as thou maist well beholde) but she was ugly and deformed.
Deformde, hard-favourd, crabbed, wringkled, olde."

Then quoth the third & last, "My name is Witt;
If me thou chuse to give thy minde content,
I can discourse, with wordes moste apt & fitt, Wit was pleasing, but wanton.
Of nature, heaven, & every element:
But this be sure, a wanton I will prove,
And not be tyed vnto on[e] only love."

"And now," quoth they, "thine answeare we request,
For we of purpose come the same to knowe;
Tell whether of vs thou canst fancy best."—
And heer me thought they left to speake; when loe! I awoke before I made up my mind.
I framèd me an answear them to make,
But forc'd my selfe, & thus I did awake.

Brevis Allegoria.

Out from the depth[1] of Griefes infernall cave Melancholy and Discontent proceed from Grief.
Sad Melancholie rose with weeping eyes;
Company had she none, ne would she have,
But ne're pleasd Discontent, with whom she hies
With as swift feet as Griefe to her had lent,
Vnto *the* surging billowes of Lament,
To be washt[2] o're into *the* desert Languishment.

[1] MS. depht. [2] MS. waste.

Despair is their Ferryman over Lament.

The ferriman, or boatswaine of *the* lake,
Incredulous, all doubting, hight Dispaire,
Would none conduct *that* did not aye forsake
To draw *the* breath of *that* halfe killing ayre
Issuing from Hope, his still professèd foe,
Which makes men constant in abiding woe,
Expecting still at length their trouble to forgoe.

The boat was a fearful hulk,

The boat wherin this Ferriman of hell
Dischargde his office, was a fearfull hulke
Framd' of a guilty conscience (worst of ill);
The sailes composde of sinne, whose monstrous bulke
Swelling *with* sighs, *which* were *the* gales of winde
Made *the* barke seeme to flie; a fearfull minde
Was the maine-mast, & doubt for anchor was assignde.

[leaf 44, back]

in which passengers are carried

Thus rigd & trimd, it floteth vp & downe,
To ferry passengers vnto *the* shore
Of *that* inhospitable desert, where no towne,
Ne humane wight inhabited of yore;
Yet gins it now *with* people to abound,
Which daylie passe o're to *that* hatefull ground,
Although they know it will at length them quite confound.

to the shores of death.

For whie, *within* that desert lyes a cave,
Where horrid Murder, Death[s] sterne sire, doth dwell;
Him that Dispaire doth hither bring, this slave
Doth straight encounter, leads him to his cell,
Presenting him *with* cordes to stop his breath,
Poyson to kill him, or else doth vnsheath
Swordes, ponyards, knives, all instruments of cursèd death.

Hope met Melancholy on her way and cheered her up

As Melancholie posted to the shore,
To be conducted to this balefull place,
Hope met *with* her & never gave her o're,
Till she had staide her rash vnsteady pace.

And with wise wordes, diverting her intent — with wise words.
From seeking out *the* desert Languishment,
At last she brought her to *the* house of Merriment. 42

De Fortuna.

Well have the poet*es* fainde the queen of chance, — The poets represent Fortune as blind and fixed on a wheele.
Dame Fortune, blinde, & fixd vpon a wheele,
The swiftnesse of whose motion may entrance 3
A dull spectato*urs* eye ; at whose feet kneele
Great potentates, & king*es* that sue for grace,
Whom as she list she spurns or doth embrace. 6

Sometimes she rayseth to emperiall throne — Sometimes she raises a beggar to the throne.
An abject peasant & base cuntry swaine,
Who from *the* ycie to the torrid zone 9
Boundeth *the* frontiers of monarchall raigne :
Then downe she thrust*es* from their supernall seat
Princes & kings, & makes them begg their meat. 12

O could she see, she would not be soe mad — Could she see she would not promote the vicious.
(As now she is) in hono*ur* to advaunce
(Vertue despisde, & art but meanlie clad) 15
Vnmatchèd vice, & worthlesse ignoraunce :
But blinde she is, & seeth no mans fall ;
Deafe, & can harken vnto no mans call. 18

Homo Arbor.

Like as a tree from forth *the* earth doth spring, — As a tree springs from earth, so man takes his essence from it.
So from *the* earth doth man his essence take ;[1]
The tree shoot*es* forth & doth faire blossoms bring, 3
So man, till youth his mansion doth forsake :
The tree growing crooked, if you 'l have it mended,
Whilst that it is a twigg it must be bended. 6

[1] *Secundum corpus* written at the end of this line in the MS.

[leaf 45]

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Right soe it fares with man, whose infant age
Is apt of any forme to take impression,
Following advice & reason or else rage,
According as his youths frame takes succession:
If green he be not bended, but let grow,
When he is olde hee'l breake before hee'l bowe.

In spring trees put forth leaves;

so man, and both die for want of nourishment.

When lusty Ver approcheth, he doth bring
Fresh vigour to the tree & liveries gay;
Soe man doth reassume new health i' th' spring;
The tree when moysture failes will fade away:
And man will quickly perish like a plant,
If he that *humidum radicale* want.

The tree falls at last; and as it falls so it lies.

Looke how at length the tree to ground doth fall,
Though long it stand fast fixèd in the earth;
Soe man, thoug[h] long he live, yet die he shall;
No helpe there is in honour, wealth, or birth:
The tree what way it falls, that way doth lye;
Even so shall man be iudgde as he doth die.

Mundus Theatrum.

The world is by some compared to a theatre, the gods being spectators, men the players.

The world by some, & that not much amisse,
Vnto a Theater comparèd is,
Vpon which stage the goddes spectatours sitt,
And mortals act their partes as best doth fitt.
One acts a king, another a poore swaine;
One idely lives, another taketh paine;
One, like Orestes, becomes mad with rage,
Another seeks his furie to asswage.
And as i' th' play that man which acts the king,
(Though many he to his obeisaunce bring)

In the end he who plays king and he who acts

I' th' end is of no more account then he,
Which represents the beggers misery,

So is't i' th' world, when every man by death — the beggar are alike
Has his last exit, which doth stop his breath.
The king for all his crowne shall reape noe grace,
Nor beggers meannesse shall his cause embase.
But to my thinking, in this saide compare,
Though many iump, yet some things differing are.
In our stage-plaies ther 's but one foole at most — In plays there 's only one fool, in the world many.
And sometimes none at all; we cannot boast
So much, farre otherwise with vs it is;
We act the same part all, not one doth misse.
They shew awhile in iest their foppery,
We still in seriousnesse our foolery.

Armat spina rosas.

Hard is it for the patient which is ill, — Physic is bitter, but man must keep himself in health.
Fulsome or bitter potions to disgest,
Yet must he swallow many a bitter pill,
E're he regaine his former health & rest:
To keep the body safe is mans desire, — [leaf 45, back]
Though it be done through water, sword, & fire.

The hardy soldier, with death-threatning sword, — The soldier endures wounds, hoping for conquest.
To kill his hostile enemy procures,
In hope the conquest will rich spoiles afford,
He mortall strokes & bloody wounds endures:
Victorious tryumph ther doth never grow,
But by the adverse parties overthrowe.

The silly bee his hony doth defend, — The bee protects its honey with its sting.
And from his hive doth chase the drone away;
Yea oftentimes with man it doth contend
And 'gainst him doth his threatning sting display:
Loth is it his mellifluous meat forgoe,
Which with such paine it gathers too & froe.

The odoriferous & fragrant rose,
Which in the spring tide shewes his blushing hiewe,
The rose is fenced about with thorns. For fence it selfe with prickes doth round enclose,
Which make the gatherer oftentimes to rue,
And wish, with his prickt fingers making mone,
That he had let the verdant rose alone.

T[h]e amorous lover, ere he can enioy
The lover undergoes many hardships. His wishèd end, doth many paines endure;
Sometime his love disdainfull is & coy,
And will not stoop vnto his gentle lure;
Sometime he feares she will vnconstant prove,
And not reward him faithfull love for love.

Straight is the passage vertue to attaine,
And steep the hill that vnto honour leads;
Things valuable are difficult of attainment. Art is not had without industrious paine,
Nor wealth possest by praying vpon beads:
Things of great prise are not atchiev'de with ease,
But once attaind, they doe for ever please.

Comparatio mortis & Hyenæ.

The hyena has the shape of several beasts. A monstrous beast ther is Hyena namde,
Whose shape of sundry formes composèd is;
Like to a wolfe her visage is iframde,
A vipers swelling neck she hath, I wis;
An elepha[n]ts huge backe, voice like a man,
And Proteous-like, transforme her selfe she can.

Death is like it in many respects. Death like this monster is in each respect:
First like a wolfe that ravenous is of prey,
Whose very looke his rapine doth detect,
Ne spareth he ought commeth in his way;
So death is cruell, suffering none escape;
Olde, young, rich, poore, of all he makes his rape.

Next as a viper swelleth on *the* ground, [leaf 46]
And glideth to & fro to many a place,
Yet wher he was no print there can be found,
So nimble is he & so quick of pace;
Soe death is heer & yonder in one stound, Death is subtle as a viper:
And kills & sleas, yet no man sees him wound.

The elephant in strength to him doth yeild, strong like the elephant;
Though he 'mongst beast*es* the strongest be accounted,
And castles carries on his back in field,
Where fighting men, as on a tower mounted,
Safegard themselves & doe their foes annoy;
But death whole townes & countries doth destroy.

A man he is in craft & pollicy,
Lurking full closely to devo*ur* his prey;
So death is full of craft & subtilty, crafty as man,
And vnawares doth many take away;
As w*ith* sweet sleep he closeth oft the sight,
Yet shutt*es* the eyes in an eternall night.

Lastly as Proteus into sundry shapes and can transform himself
(When as him list himselfe transforme) could change, like Protæus.
Or male or female he could be p*er*haps
Nor male nor female; soe doth death estrange
Himselfe into each sexe when as him will,
That is, both male & female he can kill.

Vesper exornat diem.

What proffits it the well built ship to ride What good is it for a ship to have a prosperous voyage, if it is wrecked in the end?
Vpon the surging billowes of the maine,
Drivne w*ith* a pleasant gale & a calme tide,
If, ere it iornies end it doth attaine,
By boysterous stormes, w*hi*ch cannot be w*ith*stood,
Sea wrackt it p*er*ish in the raging floud?

The learned artist*es* much admired skill
The old wife's medicine cannot cure grief. In life-preserving phisicke is then tride,
When some strange cure is wrought; not every pill
Or olde wifes medecine to the sick applide
Can griefe recure; 'tis arts all knowing lore
Must man vnto his wonted health restore.

He who has fought and conquered may claim the crown. He that *with* trenchaunt blade in bloody fight,
Singlie opposde, & clad in equal armes,
Hath slaine his foe, or forced him vnto flight,
Vsing noe witch-craft, sorcery, nor charmes,
May worthely crowne his victorious brow
With oken leaves of Ioves tryumphant bow.

[leaf 46, back] Who truely can affirme the day will prove
Pleasant & faire, e're even doth appeare,
The result praises or dispraises every man's work. When sodeinly[1] o'recast, the heauens remove
Oft times their beawty *which* our sight doth chear;
*Successe by the event is knowne, the end
Doth every action praise, or discom*m*end.[2]

Virtus *per*sequenda.

He who pursues virtue in youth shall be famous in age. He that in youth doth vertues path way tread,
When age vpon his wrinkled front shall sitt,
A crowne of honou*r* shall enguirt his head,
And though he dye, his praise shall never flitt:
With her shrill trumpet never dying Fame,
Vnto the world shall still resound his name.

He that despises virtue shall be forgotten, But he that vertue in his youth disdaines,
And like a lozell run*n*eth out his race,

[1] I cannot tell whether this was intended to be *sodeinly* or *sodainly*. The MS looks more like *sodœinly*.

[2] *———Careat successibu*s* opto
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
Written in the margin of the MS, with the asterisk as above. Ovid. Epp. 2. 86.

Shame & not honour in his age attaines,
And after death on earth shall have noe place:
Lethe shall drowne his ill deserving name,
But vertuous acts are still enrolde by Fame.

and drowned by Lethe.

Cur Venus orta mari.

The poetes faine (for soe I know I read)
That Venus of the seas white foame was bred,
And therfore Aphrodite doe her call,
Which name doth signifie as much to all
That know the word; but wherfore she should be
Derivèd from the froath of Neptunes sea
I know noe reason, since, as I doe gather,
Neptune her vnckle was & not her father;
Vnlesse that we, against true logicks lawes,
From the effect produce th' efficient cause;
And that too by comparison must be
As thus:—we all know that the foaming sea
Is salt & bitter to our tasting sence;
So lustfull Venus, which is saide from thence
To issue forth, proves salt & bitter still,
To them that follow her disordered will.

Venus, they say, was born of the sea-foam.

Perhaps so: we all know how bitter her followers find her.

Medio tutissimus ibis.

Climenes brat, aspiring Phaëton,
Dryving the fierie horses of the sunne
Out of the midle way, vp to the seat
Of Iupiter, & scorching with the heat
Of his bright flaming charriot all the goddes,
Was by incensèd Iove whipt downe with roddes
Of thundering lightning to the raging wave
O' the vast ocean, his vntimely grave.

When Phaeton drove the chariot of the Sun

Jupiter sent him headlong into the sea.

[leaf 47]

Icarus, soaring too high, fell into the sea.

Fond Icarus, proud of his waxen wings
Soaring to high, is drenchèd in the maine,
When Dædalus his plumèd bodie brings
Safe to the shore. Ambition is a traine
That life entraps; a golden mean the way
To live securely; for we often see
Men of most honor soonest doe decay,
When meaner men live in tranquillity.

If you would not fall, don't climb.

Wilt thow be safe? strive not to climbe at all;
Low shrubs stand fast, when statelier okes doe fall.

Scribimus indocti doctique epigrammata passim.[1]

Jonson, they say, has turned Epigrammatist. I don't believe it.

Iohnson they say 's turnd Epigrammatist,
Soe think not I, believe it they that list.
Peruse his booke, thou shalt not find a dram
Of witt befitting a true Epigram.
Perhaps some scraps of play-bookes thou maist see,
Collected heer & there confusedlie,
Which piece his broken stuffe; if thou but note,
Iust like soe many patches on a cote.

He has put Cato at the beginning of his book!

And yet his intret Cato sta[n]ds before,
Even at the portall of his pamphlets dore;
As who should say, this booke is fit for none
But Catoes, learned men, to looke vpon:
Or else, let Cato censure if he will,
My booke deserves the best of iudgement still.[2]
When every gull may see his booke 's vntwitten,

The epigrams are as bad as any written.

And Epigrams as bad as e're were written.
Iohnson, this worke thy other doth distaine,
And makes the world imagine that thy vein

[1] Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata passim.
Hor. Ep. ii. 1, 117.

[2] *skill* in MS.—? iudgement[s] skill.

Is not true bred but of some bastard race.
Then write no more, or write with better grace;
Turne thee to plaies, & therin write thy fill;
Leave Epigrams to artists of more skill.

He had better confine himself to plays and leave Epigrams to better men.

In Madamam quandam.

A country lasse of silly parents bred,
In London was for service entertaindo,
And being of a wealthy master sped
She with her luring lookes so farre him trainde,
That he embrac'd her in a marriage bed,
But first she pawnd to him her maydenhead.

A country lass induced her rich master to marry her.

What plottes she had, what tricks she then did vse,
To bring her matter to soe good effect,
I list not now repeat; lest for the stewes
New stratagems I plainlie doe detect:
But such they were, that from a scullians life
Made her a wealthy marcheantes second wife.

[leaf 47, back] Her contrivances to bring this about need not be named.

Then gan she trip it proudlie one the toe,
And mince it finely vpon London streetes.
She lady-like in her attire did goe,
Bought with the purchase of vnlawfull sheets;
At last, her of her husband death bereft,
Who dying, her a wealthy widow left.

Then she tripped it finely till he died.

Ambition now began to swell her minde,
All her desire was to be ladifide;
And with a knight at len[g]th she was combindo,
Which made her think herselfe halfe deifide:
But well she might, in Edens plot she lies,
And all men know that place is paradise.

Afterwards she was married to a knight.

Long liv'de she not in Edens fruitfull soile,
For her aspiring minde straight drave her thenco;

But pride ruined her.

That serpent pride did her soe far beguile,
Eden she banisht was for her offence:
Iudge, was not woman very much vnwise
That thus by pride hath twice lost paradise?

In Neandrem.[1]

Neander, appointed to dispute before the king,

Neander, held a great cevillian
(Let me not say a Machiavillian)
Appointed to dispute before the king,

could not say a word,

Struck mute with fear, could not say anything
Save 'twas ill luck; for if he had done well,
As we expected he would bear the bell
From the whole Academie for the test,
'Tis certaine he had been a knight a[t] lest,

so he lost the reward he expected.

And made his wife (what she hath lookt for long)
A Madame. Fortune, thou hast done her wrong
To hinder his once dubbing of his wife,
Which hath dubde him soe often in her life.

In Asinium.

Asinius what I speake straight overhears;

Asses have long ears.

Will you know why? Asses have longest eares.

[leaf 48]

In Balbutiam.[2]

Balbutia has induced a gentleman to leave his wife and family for her,

Balbutia, which hath all the tricks of art
That doe belong vnto a whorish part,
Wholly bewitchd a gentleman to leave
His wife & children vnto her to cleave

[1] This and the next poem but one have been so thoroughly obliterated by means of a thick pen that at first I was tempted to omit them. I have been at some pains to read them, but I am by no means sure that my readings are absolutely correct.

[2] I cannot ascertain whether this was Bacbutia or Balbutia. I am more inclined to think the former.

Even to his end, &, though God did him blesse
With a faire issue, clean to dispossesse
His children of his goodes & give her all
By his last dying testimoniall.
But how dost thrive with her? Exceeding well;
She is the likelyst still to goe to hell.
But heer she doth not without crosses goe,
Those in her children, sonnes & daughters too.
Her eldest sonne is hangd or drownd i' th' seas,
Her other is as good in forwardnesse.
Her eldest daughter 's married to her griefe,
Whose husband lives a prisoner & a theefe.
Her other daughters would fain married be,
But moste that knowe doe hate this progenie.
Thus she which made mothers fare the worse
In her owne seed hath this deservèd curse.

and give her his property.

How does she prosper?

Her eldest son is hanged or drowned.

Her eldest daughter is married to a thief.

In adulantes Aulicos.

Base sycophantes, crumbe-catching parasites,
Obsequious slaves, which bend at every nod;
Insatiate harpies, gormandizing kites,
Epicures, at[h]eists, which adore no God
But your owne bellies & your private gaine,
Got by your oily tongues bewitching traine!

Sycophants,

harpies, kites,

epicures,

O how my Muse, armde with Rhamnusiaes whip,
Desires to scourge your hell[1]-bred villanie,
And with Astræas sharp edgd sword t' vnrip
The hatefull cloke of your deformity;
Whose naked view soe odious would appear,
That we should hate what now is held full deare.

how my Muse desires to scourge you!

Your sly deceits dissimulation hides,
Your false intent faire wordes obnubilate;

Your deceits hide dissimulation,

[1] *lell* in MS.

as grass hides serpents.

So 'mongst the greenest grasse the serpent glides,
And freshest flowers foule toades coinquinate:
All is not golde that hath a glistering hiew,
But what the touchstone tries & findeth true.

You cause dissensions between friends.

Dissentions, & twixt friends vnfriendly jarres,
Your base tale-carr[y]ing tongues doe sett abroch,
Intestine broyles, cyvill vncivill warres,

[leaf 48, back]

Which end in death or infamous reproch,
Are causd' by your insinuating wordes,
Whose poysnous breath wounds deeper then keen swordes.

Leave the Court, and no longer flatter greatness.

Avaunt, ye fauning curres, & leave the Court!
Flatter not greatnesse with your scurrill praise.
Dare flies approach where eagles doe resort?
And shall the cuckoe in [a] cove[r]t[1] chaunt his laies?
For ye, like cuckoes, all one note doe sing,
And like to flies doe buzze about our king.

The king scorns the whole of you.

But he, the princely Eagle, scornes such flies,
Such butter-flies, such gnates, whose humming sound
Relisheth not his eare; nor doe his eyes
Affect your gaudy outside, which abound
More in queint speach & gorgeous attire,
Then in your loves, which ought to be entyre.

Leave off your flattery.

Ye Aristippian zanies, Albions ill,
Leave off at last your poysning honnied speach;
Let not your sugred wordes be traines to kill,
Iust like the foxe when he to geese doth preach:
And ye rich men, which selfe-conceit doe love,
Be not such geese, foxe-flattering praise to prove.

And you rich men, remember Æsop's crow

So Aesops crow whom crafty rainard spide
With prey in bill, was earst by him deceivde;

[1] ? For *Court*.

"O thou faire bird" (a lowd lie!) then he cride, 45 which was deceived by the crafty fox
"Why singst thou not, whose musick hath bereavd
The nightingale of that respect she held,
Since thy sweet voice a sweeter note doth yield?" 48

The silly crow, bewitchd with flattering praise,
Addrest herselfe to give the foxe a song,
When opening wide her bill to chaunt her laies, 51
Downe fell the prey she held! The foxe ere long and cheated out of her prey.
It quite devoured had, gan her deride;
Then, all too late, his cunning she espide. 54

Such crowes are they whom flatterers beguile;
Such foxes they which flatter, faune, & cog:
Brittans, let them no more sucke vp your oyle; 57 Men beguiled by flatterers are just like this crow.
Be Aesops crow noe more, but Aesops dog.
Chace hence these foxes, which at your mercy stand,
For our then happy made Eutopian land. 60

Somnium.

About that time when as the chearfull spring
Bedeckes the earth with her sweet smelling flowers,
When pretty birds with their sweet caroling, 3
Record their ditties in Silvanus bowers,
I fortunde, envited by the aire, In the spring I wandered into a grove,
Vnto a pleasant grove to make repaire. 6

Quite through the thicket ran a pleasant spring, [leaf 49]
Whose gentle gliding a sweet murmure made;
The place (sufficient to content a king) 9
Allurde me to repose vnder the shade and sat down under a broad beech,
Of a broad beech, the aptnesse of which seat
Preservde me from the sunnes annoying heat. 12

Not many minutes did I there repose,
Ere gentle Morpheus, powerfull god of sleep,

where I soon fell asleep,

With his compelling charmes mine eyes did close.
Such harmony the chirping birdes did keep
Coniointly with the sweetly warbling streame,
That my long slumber did begett this dreame :

and dreamed an amazing dream.

Me thought it was about the dead of night,
What time there was presented to my view
A spectacle that did me much affright,
And all my senees in amazement drew ;
Till manly courage, putting fear to flight,
Made me expect the issue of the sight.

A woman appeared to me in costly robes and crowned.

The fearfull obiect of my wandring eye,
In shew appeard to be a womans shape ;
Her looke was heavy, & did well descrie
She had been subiect to noe mean mishappe :
Her robes were costly, crownèd was her head,
Which did foretell she was not basely bred.

In one hand a sword, in the other she held a torch.

One of her handes a bloody sword did graspe,
Wherwith had been transfixd her tender heart ;
The other hand a burning torch did claspe,
By light wherof I might descrie each part
Of her well featured body, whose sad plight
Drew forth salt teares from my relenting sight.

I would have questioned her, but was too frightened.

I would have questiond whence, or who, she was,
But admiration such amasement bred,
That not one word from forth my lips could passe,
My voice had lost his office & was dead,—
Buried in silence lay ; when loe, ere long
The apparition thus let lose her tongue :—

"Young man" (quoth she) "thy spirites recollect ;
Be not amazde mine vncouth shape to see ;

She spoke and commanded me to listen.

Such peevish fear doth shew a minde deiect,
Or guilty conscience, which are farre from thee :
Give ear vnto me, & I will relate
A true sad story of my passèd fate.

"I am by birth of most divine discent;
For I am daughter to immortall Iove,
From whom into the world I first was sent
As witnesse of his reconcilèd love
With mortall man; for which effect I came
From heaven, & True Religion is my name.

She said she was the daughter of Jove, True Religion by name.

"First went I to the vnbeleeving Iewes;
But there I could smale entertainment finde:
The greater part did vtterlie refuse
To lodge me in their hearts, & wilfull blinde
Did cast me from them; though alone by me
Man can attaine to true felicity.

[leaf 49, back] She went first to the Jews, who refused her.

"By them reiected thus, I did intend
Vnto the Gentiles next to bend my course,
To see if they would greater favour lend:
With these I had indeed somewhile great force,
And purchasde a large kingdome with this crowne,
Till the ten persecutions put me downe.

Then to the Gentiles, who listened to her.

"But noe oppression could me quite suppresse;
Nay, persecutions made me flourish more;
I still was slaine, yet still I did increase,
And growing lesse, grew greater then before:
Cammomill trodden doth the farther spred,
And the palme prest, the higher lifts his head.

No oppressions could put her down.

"Rome was of yore my place of residence,
Where as a soveraigne I long time did sitt,
Till antichristian prelats drave me thence;
Then did I flie to Brittaine, & in it
I have till now, & ever will remaine,
Till the world shall to chaos turne againe.

She was driven from Rome to Britain,

"With this sharp sword, which in my hand I holde,
A cruell Lady peared me to the heart;
The wound is fresh to see, the blood scarce colde,—
Her name was Mary that did act this parte:

where Mary pierced her to the heart.

But e're she kilde me she was slaine by death,
And I revivd'e by young Elizabeth. 84

But Elizabeth revived her.

"Forty-fower yeares this far renownèd queen,
Honord of all, me above all did honor;
But fates her, graie in yeares, in vertues green, 87
Cald to a worthier place, death seazd vpon her,
And for this world, which nought but sorrow yeilds,
Carried Eliza to th' Elizian fields. 90

Afterwards came the "good Josiah," James I.,

"After her death the good Iosiah came,
When the land feard some sodaine innovation,
And, for the propagation of my name, 93
Contracts a league with many a neighbour nation;
Wisely foreseeing that by such a peace,
My crowne should flourish & my power encrease. 96

[leaf 50] under whom she rules Britain in spite of Rome.

"Vnder this monarch, or above him, rather,
I rule this Britaine Empire & doe bring
Many a soule vnto my heavenly Father, 99
In spite of Rome, which for me hates the king:
But God will blesse him, & vnto the end
He and his issue shall my cause defend. 102

The torch she carries is to disperse the mists of error.

"If thou wouldst know whie this bright burning light
Mine other hand doth bear, I will thee tell;
I have an enemie as darke as night, 105
Cald Error (I to heaven, she leades to hell)
Whose blacknesse to obscure me doth endevour,
But that this light doth her false mists dissever. 108

She looks downcast because of the hypocrisy

"The reason why I looke thus heavily,
Is 'cause of late my power gins decay;
That hellish monster, damnd hypocrisie, 111
Doth carry in the land far greater sway;
Enters my temples &, in spite of me,
Vsurps my place & titles soveraigntie. 114

" There is a sort of purest seeming men,
That aide this monster in her wrongfull cause,
Those the world nameth—Puritanes I meane—
Sent to supplant me from the very iawes
Of hell, I think; by whose apparant shew
Of sanctity doe greatest evils grow.

" Vnless the hand of wise authority
Doe reinstall me in my former place,
And punish them & their hypocrisie,
They will ere long mine honour quite deface.
And so I prethee, tell him gentle youth,—
Be not afraide, 'tis nothing but the truth."

of the sanctimonious Puritans,

who must be put down.

This saide, methought she vanishd from my sight,
And left me much perplexèd in my thought.
I musde a Puritan should be a wight
So seeming good, & yet soe passing naught;
Till thinking long vpon so strange a theame,
At last I wakd, & then I writ my dreame.

Then she vanished,

and I mused on Puritans till I awoke.

In curiosos theologos.

You high aspiring wittes, which seeke to prie
Into the secretes of the Diety,
Is 't not enough to know his will reveald,
But you must aime at that which is conceald?
By curious inquisition, too much light
Hath made you lose the perfect vse of sight.
Saint Austines saying may you well befitt,
Which vnto one would know (without all witt)
By curious interrogation,
What God did ere he layd the worldes foundation,
Replide, "I think, or rather know full well,
He made for such as thee infernall hell."

Is 't not enough to know what is revealed, but some would know the Divine secrets?

[leaf 50, back]

Remember the saying of Augustine to one of these inquisitors.

Hell is the place for them.

A place most meet for them that dare adventure
Into Godes secret cabbinet to enter.
O, strive not then to know his secret will,
Which art can never compasse with her skill!

Gratia peccatum superat.

Mounted on winges of high aspiring thought,
I soar to the throne of grace,
I soare a loft vp to the throne of grace;
My hearts repent, by true contrition wrought,
I there present before th' Almighties face.
and there seek pardon of my sins.
The spotlesse Lambe which for my guilt was slaine,
I offer vp a ransome for my sinne;
With sighs, praiers, teares, I begge release of paine,
Of him that ever mercifull hath been.
My soule thus seated in divine desires,
Selfe-love allurs me vnto vaine delight,
Then quenchèd are my former heavenly fires,
Till grace doth once againe put sinne to flight.
Sin and grace strive together.
Thus sinne with grace, & grace with sinne doth strive,
Till sin lie dead, & grace doe sinne survive.

Christianus Agnus.

A Christian must be like a Lamb
Like a young tender lambe that man must be
Which doth professe true Christianity
With sincere heart, in imitation
First of that spotlesse Lambe, whose Passion
Brought sinfull man from endlesse misery
To the true center of felicity.
in innocence, gentleness, quietness,
Next, as a lambe is harmlesse, innocent,
Meek, gentle, humble, quiet, patient,
So must a Christian be; his harmlesse life
Must be devoide of all malicious strife.
Revilde, he must not once revile againe,
But must doe good for ill, must suffer paine

And *per*secution *w*ith an humble heart
And patient minde ; yea, though it doe impart — patience in suffering,
The bodies death ; such martirdome shalbe
A glorious crowne of im*m*ortality.
Lastly, in this respect (if I not erre)
A lamb is a true Christians charecter:
The infant lambe among a thousand sheep, — [leaf 51]
Whose frequent bleatings a loude murmere keepe, — and in knowing his own Mother
Knowes his owne dam*m*e when he but heares her voice,
And to sucke her milke onlie doth reioyce:
So must a Christian know the Church his mother
By her owne voice, the word of God, from other
*Wh*ich are but stepdames :—Popish congregations, — from all others by whom she is surrounded.
Brownisme, & Puritannicke invocation[s],
*Wh*ich bleat false doctrine & damnd heresies,
He must distinguish from true misteries ;
And like an infant lambe, the childe of grace,
Sucke only from her breast*es*, which flow apace
*W*ith the sincere milke of God*es* holie word,
His soules nutrition. Thus ther is accord
In these respect*es* & more, *wh*ich I 'le not trace, — There are lambs of nature, and
Twixt lamb*es* of nature & the lambes of grace. — lambs of grace.

Christianus Navis.

A ship vnto a certaine haven bent,
Turmoilde in Neptunes watry element,
*W*ith longing expectation doth attend
To make arrivall to his wishèd end.
This ship thus troubled is a Christiane — The Christian is like a ship tossed upon the ocean,
Tost vp and downe in the vast ocean
Of this terrestriall orbe, of *wh*ich even all
We fitlie by the name of sea may call ;
For 'tis a place of *per*turbation,
Of anguish, sorrowe & vexation,

Like the tempestuous sea; & is to vs
endeavouring to escape all dangers — For rockes, quicksandes, & gulfes, as dangerous.
Vpon this ocean terrestriall,
This ship, this vessell allegoricall,
A Christian, floating vp & downe, doth strive
and to reach a haven at last. — To heaven his safest haven to arrive.
Which harbour ere he can entirely winne,
He must first passe by rockes & gulfes of sinne,
And therfore needes good preparation
To make a prosperous navigation.
Assist me Phœbus, & I will recite
The ship must be properly rigged, — How he must riggèd be to saile vpright.
The earthly stuffe wherof this ship 's composde
Is flesh & bones in order well disposde.
Ships have their sides or ribbes, & soe hath man
All tacklings else, soe must a Christian.
The maine-mast must be love o' th' Diety;
The lesser ones, meeke heart & charity;
[leaf 51, back] with masts of love, sails of faith, the anchor of hope. — The sailes strong faith, hope anchor is assignde,
And fervent prayer is the gentle winde
That blowes it forward; other tacklings be
Good thoughtes, good wordes, good workes, which trinity
Must all conioyne in one to holde the sailes,
For when these stringes slip, faith then quicklie failes.
The pilot, God's Word. — The pilote which must alway be aborde
To steere the right way, is Godes holy worde;
The common sailors, affections under restraint. — The sences must the common sailers be,
Affections, slaves restrainde of libertie,
Kept only to take paines, their actions
Must still be ordered by directions
Given by reason, which must have some sway
All must obey the pilot. — In this same voyage; but all must obey
The counsell of the pilot, & still stand
Prest at his service, when he doth command.
Now, 'cause this voyage cannot welbe made
Free from all danger, but ther will invade

Some hostile foe or other; be ther placd
A prospective vpon the top o' th' mast, 48 A sharp outlook must be kept to discover enemies;
Wherin 'tis fitt that carefull diligence
Keep evermore his watchfull residence,
And straight give notice, when he doth descrie
The force & comming of the enemie. 52
For Sathan, that leviathan, that whale,
Who is an enemie & ever shall
To Christian man, doth wat[c]h occasion
When he may make his best invasion. 56
Wherfore against this foe, which seekes to kill, weapons offensive and defensive must always be ready,
Offensive & defensive weapons still
This ship must carrie, & himselfe prepare
To fight it out like a strong man of warre. 60
First at his beake-head he must fasten on
Th' impenetrable helme salvation,
And then the breastplate of true righteousnes
Which will resist the devill, & represse 64
His furious rage. Then faith his sheild must be and faith will, as a shield, "quench the balls of wild-fire."
To quench the balles of wilde-fyer presentlie;
But the sword of the spirit Sathan quailes,
And to attaine the conquest never failes: 68
This is the weapon that the pirate woundes,
This is the sword-fish which the whale confounds.
Thus if vnto the end he doe endure
Like a brave champion, then he shalbe sure 72
The fiend will like a coward run away, [leaf 52]
And he, a happy victour, gett the day. Enduring unto the end he will arrive safe in port.
Then having once attaind the victorie,
He may advance his flag trivmphantly, 76
And saile with ioy, till he the port attaine,
Where in perpetuall blisse he shall remaine. 78

Deum nescire est nihil scire, ipsum rectè scire, omnia.

Philosophers may search into all things,

Philosophers, which search the cause of things
As farre as nature gives their knowledge winges
To soar vnto; whose quicke & ready witt
A definition to each thing can fitt;
Though they can sillogize with arguments
Of all things, from the heavens circumference
To the earths center, & true reason give
Of natures power, which makes thinges move & live;

but if they are ignorant of God they are but fools.

Yet if they want faiths intellectuall eye
First to believe ther is a Diety,
In Godhead one alone, in Persons three,
By whom all creatures are, & cease to be,
They are but fooles, & they 'r still blinde, not seeing
The Cause of causes, which gives all their being.

Astronomers can foretell many things,

Astronomers that can foretell eventes
By the celestiall creatures influence,
By errant planettes & by fixèd starres,
Can pre-divine of famines, plagues, & warres;
And of their contraries pre-indicate,
Which come by an inevetable fate;
Can shew th' ecclipses of the sunne & moone,
And how the planettes make coniunction;
Which have found out, & will maintaine it true,
Three orbes, which Aristotle never knew.

yet all their knowledge is vain, and they are in ignorance.

Yet all this knowledge, though it reach as farre
As is the Articke from th' Antarticke starre,
Is nothing, if they know not God above,
That Primus Motor, which all orbes doth move;
Their art wherin they doe themselves advaunce,
Lives still ecclipsèd in black ignorance.
Phisitions which prescribe a remedy
To each disease & bodies maladie;

That know what is nocivous, & what good, [leaf 52, back]
When it is fit to bath, to purge, let bloode;
Although they know the nature & the power
Of every simple, every hearbe, & flower,
With Solomon, which from the cedar tall
Vnto the hisope spreading on the wall,
Knew every growing plant, flower, hearbe, or tree,
With their true vse & proper qualitie;
Yet all their skill as follie I deride,
Vnlesse they rightly know Christ crucified.
He, he it is, which truly is alone
The soules best physicke & Physition.
All artes, as well those we call liberall
As other sciences mechanicall,
What e're they be, & howsoever lov'de,
And worthily by mortall man approv'de,
If the best knowledge theologicall,
Be not conioynèd with their rationall,—
What e're they may vnto the world professe—
All their best wisdome is starke foolishnesse.
He is the only wise & prudent man
Whose knowledge makes him the best Christian.
For practise must agree with speculation,
Belief & knowledge must guide operation;
Man may believe & yet he may dissemble,
For even the divels doe beleeve & tremble.
'Tis not enough that we beleeve a God,
For this will all confesse that feele his rod;
But we must alsoe in this God beleeve,
And in our actions not the Spirit grieve.
We must beleeve that it was he alone
Which gave to man his first creation,
And that from him alone comes our redemption,
Which is from everlasting death exemption;
That we in him alone are iustifide,
And by him only shall be glorifide.

Physicians know the virtues of herbs,

yet if they are ignorant of Christ, their skill is but folly.

The Christian is the only wise man.

The devils believe and tremble.

We must believe that God create and redeemed u

This we must trow & (though it passe our sence)
Repose in this assurde confidence,
Which how we must performe in each respect
The Scripture plainly doth vs all direct.

The man who knows these things,

[leaf 53]

He that knowes this (although the poorest worme)
And to this knowledge doth his life conforme,
Want he the giftes of nature, education,
Speake he the tongue but of one only nation;

though a fool in men's eyes,

Be he a foole in the esteeme of man,
In worldly thinges a meer simplician;
Yet for all this, I boldly dare averre

has a knowledge to be preferred before that of physicians, lawyers, astronomers.

His knowledge great, & will it farre preferre
Before the skill of wise philosophers,
Phisitions, lawyers, & astronomers,
Which either want the knowledge of the Diety,
And live in sinne & damnd impiety,
Or, if they know a God, doe fear him rather
As a just Iudge then as a loving Father.
He that doth truly know Christ crucifide,
Doth know enough, though he know nought[1] beside;
But he that knowes him not doth only rave,
Though all the skill else in the world he have.

Ternarius numerus perfectissimus.

The number Three is the principal number.

Of all the numbers arithmeticall,
The number three is heald for principall,
As well in naturall philosophy
As supernaturall theologie.
Philosophers, in causes naturall,
Holde that all thinges have their originall

Three chief causes.

From three chief causes, or principia,
And therfor say tria sunt omnia,
From three all essence & existence growe,
Materia, forma, & privatio.

[1] Perhaps *naught* in MS.

The body three dimensions doth include,
And they are these, length, bredth, profunditude.
In mathematique bodies three thinges please, Bodies have three dimensions.
their punctum, linea, superficies.
The soule, that breath of life, we threefold call, The soul is threefold.
Vegitive, sensitive, & rationall.
Time doth his three divisive partes endure, So is time.
That which is past, the present, & future.
There are three graces; ther be vertues three, Three Graces.
Theologicall, faith, hope, & charity.
The father of the faithfull, Abraham, Three angels appeared to Abraham.
Receivde three Angels which vnto him came.
From the fierce flames of Nebuchadnezar [leaf 53, back]
God was the three childrens Deliverer. Three children.
Ionah, whose flight Godes mandat had opposde, Jonah three days in the whale.
In the whales belly three dayes was enclosde.
Christ, to give man a new regenerate birth, Christ three days in the grave.
Was three dayes in the bowels of the earth;
When he from death & hell a Victour rose,
Did three times visible himselfe disclose
To his disciples; thrice bad Peter keepe
And nourish well his flock of lambs & sheepe.
Thrice was let downe to Peter in a dreame The sheet was let down to Peter three times.
A sheet, with beastes, birdes, creeping things vncleane,
And he thrice bidden eat, denide consent,
Whilest three men sought him, from Cornelius sent.
The heavenly kingdome, that celestiall bower,
A leaven is, hid in three peckes of flower.
Lastly, but principallie, above all
The Diety in Persons three we call; Three Persons in the Trinity.
This Trinity it is[1] indeed alone
Which gives this number best perfection.
Thrice happy is that man, with ioy shall see
This Perfect Number, this Thrice Glorious Three.

[1] MS. *is is.*

De duplici adventu Christi.

As soon as man had sinned,

When sinfull man in Edens garden plac'd,
By stubborne disobedience had defac'd
The true idæa of his happinesse,
And had deservde, for soe great wickednesse,
Eternall death, loe, mercy then began
To mitigate the punnishment of man.

mercy began to mitigate his punishment.

Though earth was cursde, & man must by the sweat
Of his owne labour make it yeild him meat;
Though woman, whom the serpent had beguilde,
In paine & sorrowe must bring forth her childe;
Yet from eternall death the promisde seed
Put them in comfort that they should be freed.
To which effect the only Son of Iove,
Out of the infinitenesse of his love

[leaf 54]

To his own likenesse man, came downe from heaven,

Christ made satisfaction for him.

Toke flesh vpon him, was of life bereaven,
And made full satisfaction by his death
For all their sinnes, which by a lively fayth
Lay holde vpon his meritorious Passion,
The perfect path that leads vnto salvation.

Christ's first coming was in the flesh.

This Christes first comming was, which we doe name
A comming vnto vs in grace; to frame
Mans soule to come to him, he first began
To come him selfe in grace to sinfull man,
From a pure Virgin to take incarnation,
From impure Iewes, his patient Passion.
His first Advent yeilds a quaternall section,
His birth, his life, his death, his resurrection.

His birth was poor.

His birth was poore, that by his poverty
We might be made rich in eternity.
Borne in a cratch 'mongst beastes (yet for our gaine)
That in heavens kingdome we with saintes might raigne.

He lived despised of man,

He livd despisde of man, to get vs grace
With God the Father; meekly did embrace

(Sole sinne excepted) each infirmity
Coincident to fraile humanity,
That he might put vs in a better state,
And in his weaknesse vs corroborate.
As he was man he yeilded vp his breath — and gave His life for man,
To save vs men from an eternall death,
Which death was full of agonie & paine,
That our life purchasd, might in joy remaine.
Lastly, as God he subdued death & hell,
And rose againe from the infernall cell
Of conquerd Sathan, to prepare the way
For vs to follow him; and now this day
Sitting in maiesty at Gods right hand, — and is now his Mediator in heaven.
Sole Mediatour for our cause doth stand,
And till his second comming, shall doe still
To plead their cause which doe obey his will;
Which second comming shall in glory be,
And in vnvtterable maiestie.

The generall resurrection shalbe then, [leaf 54, back]
And dust & wormes returne to living men.
Then shall our corruptible[1] flesh put on
Immortalnesse & incorruption.
Then shall we see Christ comming in the cloudes, — His second coming will be in clouds and majesty.
When some will wish whole mountaines were their shroudes.
Then he the sheep from goates shall separate,
The iust & godly from the reprobate,
And sheepe have blisse; the other for their hire
Perpetuall paines & everlasting fire.

Thus shall his second powerfull comming be — It will be joy to the godly, misery to the wicked.
The godlies ioy, the wickedes misery.
Twixt his first comming & his latter one
There wilbe found much discrepation.
First did he come in all humility,
Then shall he come in splendant royalty;

[1] May be *corruptible* in MS.

First to be iudgèd by *the* world he came,
Then shall he come as Lord to iudge the same;
In his first com*m*ing he for man did die,
In this he shall give 's lifes eternity.

May we use the first to prepare us for the second!

May we the first advent of Christ emploie
So to *our* good that at the latter day,
His second com*m*ing, when he shall appeare,
Before *our* Iudge we may *w*ithout all feare
Expect that happy sentence, "Come ye blest,
And enter into everlasting rest."

In Momum.

Momus derides my verse,

Momus, that foulmouthd slave, my verse derides;
Sayes they are plaine, bald balladstuffe; besides
They want invention, poetrie, & witt,
And are farre worse then ever Bavius writt.
Dost not thou like 'em, Momus? Why I 'me glad;
That *w*hich thou likst, I 'me sure must needs be bad.

but he has wronged better men than I.

But be they soe, as worse thou canst not prove them,
I tell thee they like me, & I will love them.
As for thy scoffes, I neither doubt nor fear them,
Thou hast wrongd better, therfore I may beare them.[1]

[End.]

[1] The Poems end here without any horizontal line. The next leaf of the volume is the fly-leaf of another MS.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX

(INCLUDING PROPER NAMES).

Note. For the extracts from Marlowe I have used Mr Dyce's ed. 1858; from Greene and Peele, his ed. 1861. For those from John Taylor, the Water-Poet, I have used the Spenser Society's reprint of the Folio ed. of 1630. Where not otherwise stated the reference is to the page. H. = Halliwell's Archaic Dict. P. = Kersey's Phillips, 1708.

A, a nightes, 90/2852.

A, a safe, 60/1813, very safe.
To steal sands from the shore he loves *a-life*. *Marlowe*, 337.

Abie, 23/613, pay for, expiate.
Thou shalt dear *aby* this blow.
Greene, 259.

Abraham, 39/1158, 149/21.

Abroach, new-set-abroach-fantastique fashion, 85/2706. Fantastic fashions, newly invented, or introduced.

Adon[is], 37/1101.

Adrus, 105/3352, Dives, rich.

Advantageous, 107/3429.
Advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude. *Troil. & Cress.* v. 4.

Æsculapius, 69/2163.

Æsop, 136/43.

Aflaunt, 86/2726, showily dressed.
Al *aflaunt* now vaunt it;
Brave wench, cast away care;
With layes of love chaunt it,
For no cost see thou spare.
Promos and Cassandra, i. 2. *H.*

A forehand, 83/2609, before.

After-clap, 68/2126, the punishment which follows an unlawful act.

Ahab, 50/1501.

Alcheron, 9/188, Alcoran, the Koran.

Alehouse, 60/1821.
Farewell my Cowslippe sweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the *Alehouse* meet. Sam. Rowlands, *The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood, etc.* Sat. 4.

Alehouse-haunter, 60/1813, a frequenter of the ale-house.

Alexander VI., 78/2436, Pope. Died, 1503.

Allegant, 63/1919, wine from Alicant.
Sweet *Allegant*, and the concocted Cute. *Taylor*, 549.
Boxt *Alligant* with Sugar and Eggs. *Heywood's Philocoth.* p. 48.
Sweet wines . . . Tent, *Halligant*. *Ib.*

Alston, 107/3442.

Amber, greece of, 36/978, ambergris, a perfume.
Embalm'd with cassia, *ambergris*, and myrrh. *Marlowe*, 53.

Amoretto, 93/2927, one who yields to "love-kindling looks."
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with *amorets*. *Greene*, 168.
Cotgrave has "*Amourettes*. Louetricks, wanton loue-toyes, ticking, ticklings, daliances," &c. *Ib. note* by Ed.

Amorphus, 97/3088, deformed, ugly.

Anabaptists, 9/195, a sect whose distinctive tenet is, that those who have been baptized in their infancy ought to be baptized anew.

Anaidus, 104/3332, irreverent.

Ananias, 46/1370.

Anchoves, 87/2769, anchovies.

Angels, 48/1490, the name of a coin varying in value from six shillings and eightpence to ten shillings. It was introduced by Ed. IV.
My Lawyer said the case was plaine for mee,
The *Angell* told him so hee tooke for fee:
But yet my *Angell* and my Lawyer lyed,
For at my Iudgement I was damnified. *Taylor*, 515.

Antæus, 101/3213.

Anthony, 59/1779.

Antilegon, 49/1487, a disputer.

Aphrodite, 131/3.

Apitius, 58/1765, ? Gr. *apites*, perry.

Apollo, 41/1214, 70/2170, 103/3300, 113/1.

Appetituall, 18/496, appetive, belonging to the appetite.

Arch-defender, 68/2111.

Architecture, 55/1668, heaven's architecture, the skies.

Argus, 2/27.

Aristippian, 136/37, pertaining to Aristippus.

Aristotle, 29/821, 146/24.

Arras, clothes of, 36/1044, a superior kind of tapestry, so named from Arras in the French Netherlands, which was celebrated for its manufacture. "I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with *cloth of arras*." *Marlowe*, 89.

Assimilate, 118/78, to compare.

Astræa, 50/1524, 88/2791, 135/9.

Athenian, 94/2965.

Augustin, S., 28/816, 141/7.

Aurimont, 41/1211.

Aurora, 113/5.

Avarice, 41/1201.

Avicen, 29/822. Died, 1037.

Baal, 51/1562.

Bacchanal, 62/1907.

Bacchus, 63/1919, 70/2193, 87/2762, 114/29.

Balladstuffe, 152/2, worthless rhymes.

Bavius, 152/4, a bad poet, contemporary with Virgil and Horace.

Bayard, prov., "Who so bold as blind Bayard?" 95/3000.

Beake-head, 145/61, of a ship.

Beer, broken, 60/1845, spilt beer. "Remnants of beer." *II.*

Begorde, 68/2100, covered with gore.

Beholding, 90/2853, beholden. "And so I will, my Lord; and, whilst I live, rest *beholding* for this courtesy." *Marlowe*, 98.

Belike, 53/1611, 73/2306, perhaps. "Staves-acre! why, then,

belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin." *Marlowe*, 84.

Bell, phr., "Win the silver bell," 62/1884, to gain the highest prize, to beat, or excel all. See also 119/24.

Of all the Bawdes that euer were,
The Deuill himselfe *the bell away doth beare*. *Taylor*, 254.

Bellie-cheer, 10/232, eating and drinking.

Bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in *belly-cheer*. *Marlowe*, 91.
At supper with such *belly-cheer*
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life. *Ib.* 98.

Bellona, 25/708, the goddess of war.

Bereaven, 54/1638, bereft.

My senslesse braines, of wit and sence *bereauen*. *Taylor*, 389.

Bernard, S., 28/816.

Besprent, 100/3174, besprinkled.

Betterice, 104/3316, ? Beatrice.

Bewraide, 108/3471, bewrayed.

Bit, phr., "two bits," 20/571, two bites, two morsels.

Bitte, 109/3500, bit.

Blew, 60/1837, "Till the ground seems blue," till they are drunk. A drunkard is "One that will drinke till the ground lookes blew," in Heywood's *Philocoth.* p. 44.

Blotted, 86/2735, spotted, ruined.

Blubbered, 100/3195. "O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll; come. [She comes *blubbered*.] Yea, will you come, Doll?" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4.

Blushlesse, 115/34.

Bolster, 37/1073, prop up, support.

Boore, 27/763, boor, a rustic.

Hobnaild *Boores*, & sheep skin country clowns. *Taylor*, 511.

Bootelesse, 45/1325, in vain, to no purpose, profitless.

I'll follow him no more with *bootless* prayers. *Mer. of Ven.* iii. 3.

Bord, 19/520, board, table.

Borgia, Cæsar, 78/2431. Died, 1507.

Botle-ale, 62/1909.

Away, you *bottle-ale* rascal.
2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4.
One madly sits like *bottle-Ale*, and hisses. *Taylor*, 307.

Botle-nose, 98/3100, a large nose.

Bout, 60/1832, a contest.

Braggadochio, 26/731

Braue *Bragadocia* whom the world doth threaten,
Was lately with a Faggot-sticke sore beaten. *Taylor*, 508.

Brat, 131/1, a child.

Bread, phr., "To know on which side the bread is buttered," 64/1987, to know what is for one's advantage. In Heywood's *Philocoth.* one of the titles of a drunkard is, "One that knowes of which side his bread is butter'd." p. 45.

Bread-chipper, 27/775, one who chipped the crusts off burnt bread (see Index to *Babees Book*); a term of contempt. "A' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' *chipped bread* well." 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. "Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and *bread-chipper*." *Ib.*

Brooke, 60/1811, to bear patiently.

First let me ask of these,
If they can *brook* I bow a knee to man. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1.

Brownisme, 4/16. See p. xxviii.

Brusano, 90/2865, one who is vigorous, or enjoys life.

Brute, 26/728, the legendary founder of Britain.

By, to put by conceit, 119/102, to undeceive.

Cæcilius, 98/3119, proper name.

Cain, 94/2967.

Calidity, 117/53, heat.

Caligula, 102/3267.

Camelion, 118/75, chameleon.

Can, 59/1800, a vessel.
Canne follow'd *Canne*, and Pot succeeded Pot. *Taylor*, 136.

Canarie, 62/1916. "From the Spaniard . . . Malligo . . . sherry, *Canary*, Moscatell." Heywood's *Philocoth.* p. 48.

Cancer, 113/20.

Canckered, 91/2887. Eaten with the Canker or with Rust. *P.* See *Anat. of Abuses*, p. 111: "There are three *canckers*, whiche, in procesee of time, wil eate vpp the whole common wealth," where caterpillar is meant, as in *Two Gent. Ver.* i. 1.

Captivde, 109/3495, held in captivity, enslaved.

Carrier, Dr, 52/1583. See *note*, p. x.

Cashier, 87/2744.
Maymed *cassiered* Soldiers and Mariners. *Taylor*, 87.

Cast, 61/1851, to vomit.

Cast office, 27/781, cast off, despised, abandoned.
While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note,
To beg of Rufus a *cast* winter-coat. *Hall's Satires*, vi. 1.

Castles in the air, to build, 118/97.

Catastrophe, 111, end.

Cates, 56/1683, 87/2774, dainty victuals.

Cato, 29/824, 132/9.

Ceres, 87/2763, 113/23.

Cervisius, 59/1799, 61/1887, *Cervisia*, a Gallic word, meaning Beer.

Cevillian, 134/1, one versed in civil law. *See* p. xvi.

Chalk from cheese, phrase, 28/794.
Tom is no more like thee, *then Chalks like cheese.* S. Rowlands, *The Letting of Humours Blood*, etc., Sat. 6.

Chalkd out, 9/181, pointed out.
For it is you that have *chalk'd forth the way*
Which brought us hither.
Tempest, v. 1.

Channell, 105/3367, kennell, gutter. See quotation under *Iustled.*

Chapmen, 43/1282, dealers, customers.

Charles V., 25/685. Died, 1558.

Charnico, 62/1916, a kind of sweet wine.
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know
The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico.*
S. Rowlands, *The Letting of Humours Blood, etc.*, Sat. 6.
And here, neighbour, here's a cup of *charneco.* 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3.
Peter-se-mea, or head strong *charnico. Taylor*, 519.
It is called *charnio* by Heywood, *Philocoth.* p. 8.

Charon, 72/2267.

Charret, 63/1921, claret.
Claret, Red nor White,
Graues nor High-Country could our hearts delight. *Taylor*, 549.

Cheap, phrase, good cheap, 65/2014.

Checke, 52/1576, restraint; censure, reproof, or reproach.
Rebuke and *check* was the reward of valour. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3.

Child, prov., "The burnt child dreads the fire," 102/3243.

Chinck, 61/1872, 104/3341, money.
Both lybertie and *Chinck* ynough himselfe he will allow.
Newes out of Poules, Sat. 5.
Some of their pockets are oft stor'd with *chink. Taylor*, 197.

Chockt, 14/343, choked.

Chremes, 103/3289, the name of an avaricious old man in the *Andria* of Terence.

Chuffe, 26/749, a reproachful term often applied to an old miser.
Mizer *chuffes* who charitie doe banish. *Taylor*, 398.
If he but steale a sheepe from out the fold,
The *chuffe* would hang him for it if he could. *Ib.* 494.

Circe, 23/617.

Civet, 34/979, a perfume obtained from the civet-cat.
Is not this a sweet pride, to haue *ciuet? Anat. of Abuses*, p. 73.
And though they were perfum'd with *Ciuet* hot
Yet wanting these things they would stinke and rot.
Taylor, 549.

Clap, 80/2530, caught a clap = met with a mishap.

Claudia, 80/2530.

Cleopatra, 59/1779.

Climenes, 131/1(2).

Clogd, 109/3496, burdened.

Clogging, 92/2918, loading, or burthening. The noun is used in the following passage:—"I 'll hang a *clog* about your neck for running away again." *Marlowe*, 59.

Closely, 85/2691, secretly.
Now every man put off his burgonet,
And so convey him *closely* to his bed. *Marlowe*, 234.

Cloy, 85/2674.

Cocus, 48/1433, a cook.

Codpiece, 27/758, an artificial protuberance to the breeches.

Codrus, 49/1481, proper name.

Cog, 137/56, to lie, to cheat.

Coinquinate, 136/16. "To coinquinate, staine, or defile." *Minsh.* 1627.

Cold comfort, phr. 57/1704, no relief, no sympathy.

Collation, 88/2785.

Collier—devil, prov., "Like to like, the collier and the devil," 98/3097.

Comines, Philip de, 28/814.

Commaculate, 71/2216, 96/3046, to spot, pollute.

Commerce, 51/1537, to trade with, deal with.

Comprisde, 85/2682, comprised to act, etc., in which the "villany" was to be acted.

Consubstantiation, 17/473.

Convented, 49/1472, convened, summoned.
The king hath commanded To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be *convented. Hen. VIII.* v. 1.

Convertites, 77/2413, converts.
No, governor, I will be no *convertite. Marlowe*, 149.
See *As You Like It*, v. 4.

Coram, 46/1382, "Justice of peace and coram." Coram, "an ignorant mistake for Quorum."
"Robert Shallow, esquire . . . . . justice of peace and '*Coram.*'" *Merry W. of W.* i. 1.

Cornelius, 149/36.

Corrivals, 35/1024, rivals.
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without *corrival* all her dignities.
1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3.

Corroborate, 151/38, to strengthen. "Meates (moderately taken) *coroborate* the body, refreshe the arteries, and reuiue the spirits." *Anat. of Abuses*, 114.

Coryate, 26/721, "was bepraised and abused as much as any man." See *Taylor's Works, Corbet's Poems*, etc. He died in 1617.

Cosens, 43/1282, cheats.
To lye, to *couzen*, to forsweare, and sweare. *Taylor*, 536.

Cote, 13/316, 16/408, quote, speak about, "make a note of."
"He sayeth moreover that he hath

coated a number of contrarieties out of the Scriptures." (*Bame's Note*), *Marlowe*, 390.

Cotten, 62/1883, to cotton, to succeed or prosper; to go right.
Why, so; now it *cottens*, now the game begins. *Geo. Peele*, 396.

Course, 26/718, coarse.
Her with your *course* wives compare. Taylor, *A Pedlar and a Romish Priest*, p. 8.

Cow, 26/731, coward. Cf. cowish, *K. Lear*, iv. 2.

Coy, 59/1804, shy.

Crasis, 24/647. "In a *Physical-Sense*, a proper Constitution, Temperature, or Mixture of Humours in an Animal Body." *P.*

Crassus, 46/1393, proper name.

Cratch, 150/31, a manger. "And she broght forth her fyrst begotten sonne, and wrapped him in swadlyng clothes, and layd him in a *cretche*, because there was no rowme for them with in y^e^ ynne." *Luke* ii. 7, *Gen. New. Test.* 1557.

Cronologers, 100/3167.

Cronologized, 72/2253, chronicled.

Crosse-barre, 39/1151, an obstacle.
There is probably a reference to the cross-bar, or cross-beam of the gallows.
Out of the water shall appeare one dead,
A halter and *a crosse-barre* o'r his head. *Taylor*, 316.

Crumbe-catching, 135/1.

Cue, 66/2038, 90/2879. "Cue, a terme vsed by Stage-players." *Minsh.* 1627.
His Buckram-bearer, one that knowes his *ku*,
Can write with one hand and receive with two." *Taylor*, 495.

Cuffe, 43/1255, same as chuffe, *q. v.*

Cupid, 45/1339, 93/2927.

Curry favour, 48/1434, to flatter, gain favour.

Cyclops, 117/38.

Cynick-dog, 99/3143.

Cynthia, 41/1214.

Cytheræa, 37/1102.

Dabbes, 77/2402, ? deceives. Perhaps the same as *dub*. See 134/11, 134/12.

Dad, 78/2448, father.
Thy body is the *Dad*, thy minde the Mam. *Taylor*, 232.
The names used for food in Northamptonshire sometimes show the different classes of society:
Dad, mam, and porridge;
Father, mother, and broth;
Pa, ma, and soup.

Dædalus, 132/11.

Dagon, 51/1559.

Damon, 24/654, a Pythagorean philosopher, the intimate friend of Pythias. When Damon was sentenced to death, and had obtained leave to go and settle his domestic affairs, Pythias pledged himself to undergo the punishment if Damon should not return in time.

Danae, 42/1252.

Dance, phr., "goe dance for," 39/1164, to wait for, obsequiously, perhaps. Cf. "Danced attendance on," 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3; and "I dance attendance here," *K. Rich. III.* iii. 7.

Dareling, 37/1102, darling.

Daunce, a Scottish daunce, 86/2716. Cf. The Gallicæ Morbus, and the *Scottish fleas* (*Taylor*, 549), which were the result of indulging in the "Scottish dance."

Daw, 46/1380, a foolish fellow, a slattern, or sluggard. *H.* A daw to a solicitor probably means what we now understand by a "lawyer's clerk."

Day, phr., "dying day," 62/1900, day of death.

Day, phr., "happie day," 12/275, happiness, prosperity.

Dealing trade. *See* Trade.

Debaush, 58/1759, debauched, dissolute. "A *Debosht* Drunkard." *Taylor*, 335.

Defame, 51/1541, 1556, to render infamous.

Deianira, 66/2059.

Demosthenes, 42/1237.

Descride, 121/26, descried.

Detect, 82/2569, 133/10, to accuse.

These fishers tell the infirmities of men:
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men *detect!* *Pericles*, ii. 1.

Devil, blew devill, 107/3443. "Blue devils," the "horrors," or the remorse which frequently follows an ill course of life.

Devil, prov., "Goe they must because the devill drives," 52/1582; "Needs must when the devil drives."

Diana, 93/2943, 116/26.

Dilate, 117/61, 121/22, to show, declare, open.

Diogenes, 99/3137.

Dioscorides, 29/821, flourished in 2nd century A.D.

Dirges, 13/336, dirge, corrupted from *Dirige*, the commencing word of *Dirige nos, Domine.*

Discrepation, 151/66, discrepancy, difference.

Distaine, 121/27, 132/17, to sully by contrast.

Her beauty glancing on the waves
Distains the cheek of fair Proserpina. *George Peele*, 430.

Distast, 100/3193, disgust, disagree with.

Divisive, 149/17, divisible.

Dog, phr., "A hair of the same dog," 61/1860, the homœopathy of the period.

Dores, keep the doors, 86/2724, 2742.

A Pander (Hostler like) that walks a whore,
And for a Fee securely *keeps the doore*. *Taylor*, 215.

Drabbes, 80/2525.

The Deuils deere *drab* must be the Church of Rome.
That Church . . is . . . the devils whore. *Taylor*, 503.

Draco, 57/1728.

Drivell, 98/3098.

Drugo, 78/2459.

Drusus, 37/1077, proper name.

Dubbing, 134/11 } *See* Dabbes,
Dubde, 134/12 } *supra.*

Ducke, 85/2699, an endearing term often applied to a child or young girl.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty *duck*, my dear-a?
Winter's T. iv. 4.

"Eat to live, not live to eate," 56/1672. "The olde adage saith . . . . *we must not liue to eat, but we must eate to liue!*" *Stubbs's Anat.*, ed. 1836, p. 109.

Effeminize, 34/972, to effeminate, to make womanish or wanton, to soften by voluptuousness. *P.*

Elizabeth, 140/84.

Elohim, 7/112, God.

Elpinas, 106/3410, hopeful.

Embase, 127/16, debase.

Emilia, 90/2877, Emily.

Eminent, 101/3231, imminent.

Emperie, 35/1024, empire.

Measuring the limits of his *empery*
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course. *Marlowe*, 10.

Enable, 12/272, to encourage, to make firm, to strengthen.

Enact, 39/1156, commit.

Enditers, 28/816, inditers, composers, writers. Cp. "My heart is *inditing of* a good matter." *Psalm* xlv. *P. B. Vers.*

Epainnutus, 37/1085, praise.

Equipage, 58/1764.

Eringoes, 87/2773. Eringo, sea-holly, the roots of which, being candied, made excellent sweatmeats: they were considered provocatives.

Errant, 146/17.

Estrange, 129/35

Eulalius, 76/2385, eloquent.

Eve, 32/915.

Except, 9/164, accept.

Exoration, 80/2511, a prayer, a desire or wish.

Extenuate, 96/3042.

Eyen, 56/1686, eyes.

His angry *eyne* look all so glaring bright. *Hall's Satires*, v. 1.

Fact, 48/1451, act, deed.

And praise his gentle soule and wish it well,
And of his friendly *facts* full often tell. *Hall's Satires*, iv. 2.

Families of Love, 9/196, sometimes called Familists. See *Note*, p. xxix.

Fatuo, 44/1311, a fool.

Faune, 137/56, fawn.

Faustus, 53/1625. Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* first appeared about 1590. It was published in quarto in 1604, and again in 1616.

Fawkes, 12/291.

Fees, 27/780, rewards.

Felt, 27/751, a hat.

Figs of Spaine, 39/1153, a kind of poison.

Fire, phr., "to give false fire," 122/51, to raise a false alarm.

Flat, "that 's flat," 39/1166, that is certain, or clear. "The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, *that 's flat.*" *Love's L. L.* iii. 1.

Flavia, 45/1331.

Fleece, 86/2718, to rob, plunder, strip.

To *fleese* and flea the simple wretche,
to pylfer and to powle.
Newes out of Powles, Sat. 2.

Flincher, 59/1801, one who gives over.

Fond; 13/329, foolish.

Foulmouthd, 152/1.

Fox, 58/1762, 59/1806, 1807, to make drunk. "No man must call a Good-fellow Drunkard . . . but say . . . He is *foxt.*" 1635. *Heywood, Philocothonista*, p. 60. "The liquor . . . . would *fox* a dry Traveller, before he had half quencht his thirst." 1639. *J. Taylor, Travels*, p. 8. "You were never so *fox'd* but you knew the way home." *Ib.* p. 46.

Fox, 64/1985, crafty fox, a clever rogue.

Frenchifide, 80/2518, made like a Frenchman. See Ladifide, *infra.*

Frie, "the yoonger frie," 15/386, the younger children.

Thither went the doctors,
And sattin-sleev'd proctors,
With the rest of the learned *fry.*
Bp. Corbet's Poems, ed. 1807, Intro. xxiii.

Fucata, 24/661, painted.

Fucus, 34/973, a red dye, rouge.

Fulsome, 127/1, nauseous.

Fume, 105/3368, angry humour.

Fumoso, 72/2237, well-smoked, smoke-dried, smoky.

Furder, 12/270, further.

Gabrina, 85/2699.

Galen, 29/822. Claudius Galen, d. A.D. 200.; M. Galen in 1573.

Galla, 82/2581, proper name.

Gallicus morbus, 80/2519.
The Spanish Pip, or else the *Gallian Morbus*,
Bone-bred diseases, mainely doe disturbe vs. *Taylor*, 178.
The *Galliæ Morbus* or the Scottish fleas,
Or English Poxe, for all's but one disease. *Ib.* 549.

Ganymede, 79/2470.

Garnet, 12, *note*.

Geason, 113/15, this word generally means scarce, rare; as,
Base Death, that took away a man so *geason*,
That measur'd every thought by time and season. *Greene*, 279.
Good men are scarce, and honest men are *geason*. *Taylor*, 404.

George, 60/1814, 61/1879.

Gives, 95/3019, shackles, or fetters.
Manacles, and Bolts, and *Giues*,
Which fetter vs in bondage all our liues. *Taylor*, 291.

Glabria, 82/2567, one who loves a beardless youth.

Gogle, 98/3099, goggle.

Golde, King Harries golde, 61/1876. See *Note*, p. xxxv.

Grandams, 29/836, grandmothers.
If our Grand-fathers and *Grand-dams* should
Rise from the dead. *Taylor*, 488.

Gray-beard, 66/2038, 69/2135.

Grease . . . . in the fist, phrase, 43/1269, 48/1442. "If you have argent, or rather *rubrum unguentum*, I dare not saie gold, but red ointment *to grease them in the fist* withall, then your sute shall want no furtheraunce." *Stubbs's Anat.*, ed. 1836, p. 129.
Would now that Matho were the Satyrist,
That some fat bribe might *grease him in the fist*.
Hall's Satires, iv. 5.

Greece of Amber, 36/978. *See* Amber.

Guld, 29/838, cheated, deceived. "But my Gowne-brother promised mee good stuffe . . . . and verily did *gull* mee." Sam. Rowlands, *Diogenes Lanthorne*, sig. B. 1628.

Gull, 29/843, a cheat, a deceiver.

Gulles, 13/320, people easily deceived.

Hackny, 86/2720, hackney women, women who let out, etc., as explained in ll. 2720-1.

Had I wist, 40/1194, a proverbial phrase = had I known; an expression of regret.
When dede is doun, hit ys to lat; be ware of *had-y-wyst*.
Qu. Eliz. Achad. p. 42.
Clad in a Gowne of mourning *had I wist*. *Taylor*, 165.
See also *Marlowe*, 201, and *Gower's Conf. Amant.* i. 105, ed. 1857.

Haire, phr., "unto a hair," 72/2244, 80/2520, to a nicety.

Hannibal, 99/3163.

Hard-favourd, 123/24.

Harry (Henry VIII.), 61/1876.

Heliogabalus, 59/1786.

Hell-bread, 45/1342, hell-bred. Cp. *hell-borne* (*Taylor*, 511), and *hell-begot* (*Ib.* 535).

Hell-hatched, 37/1079, 58/1741.
For ther's no habite of *hell-hatchéd* sinne,
That we delight not to be clothéd in. Sam. Rowlands, *The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood*, etc., sig. A. 2.
Down must tumble
The Nimrods proud cloud-piercing Babylon
Like *hell-hatch'd* pride.
Taylor, 500.
Hell-hatcht plots. *Ib.* 501.

Hell-hound, 42/1249.

Yet all their liues here they with cares are vext,
Slaues in this world, and *Hell-hounds* in the next.
Taylor, 489.

Helottes, 58/1755, Spartan serfs or bondmen.

Hercules, 66/2057.

Herod, 36/1059.

Hiew, 7/98, hue.

Hight, 123/19, 124/9, called, named.

Hippocras, 62/1918, a beverage composed of wine, with spices and sugar, strained through a cloth. It is said to have taken its name from *Hippocrates' sleeve*, the term apothecaries gave to a strainer. *H.*

Hippolytus, 69/2164.

Histriographers, 100/3168, historiographers.

Hobnol, 22/604, ? a countryman. "Hobbinol, as most readers are aware, was the poetic name of Gabriel Harvey." *George Peele*, 583, note by Ed. G. Harvey died about 1630.

Hoggishlie, 14/344, hoglike.

Homebred, 114/36.

Home-spun.

Home-spun medley of my mottley braines. *Taylor*, 387.

Honorius, 98/3120, pertaining to honour.

Horace, 28/815.

Horn, give him not the horn, 78/2444, don't make him a cuckold.

Houreglasse, 53/1627.

Hunger-starved, 57/1705.

Meanwhile the *hunger-starv'd* appurtenance
Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance.
Hall's Satires, v. 2.

Hutch, 60/1817, like lord within a "hutch;" hutch means a chest. Here the sense seems to be "like a lord standing among his riches."

Hypocrates, 29/822, Hippocrates, d. B.C. 357.

Hypolitus, 98/3110, Hippolytus, a son of Theseus and of Hippolyte. The story of Hippolytus and Phædra is well known.

I, 46/1388, and elsewhere, Aye. "The motion was hotly canvas'd in the house of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord Paget rose up and said, '*I*, but who shall sue the king's bond?' so the business was dasht." *Howel's Fam. Letters*, ed. 1678, p. 135.

Icarus, 132/9.

Ice, 3/38, phr., "To break the ice," to open or commence a subject, or conversation.

Ies, 41/1207, ? eyes, searches, examines.

Iet, phr., "jet it," 86/2726, struts.

And, Midas-like, he *jets* it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels. *Marlowe, Ed. Sec.* (Works, ed. Dyce, p. 193).

Iet, 72/2248, a stream of water. Fr. *jet.*

Iezebel, 34/965.

Iframde, 128/3, framed.

"Ignorance is the mother of devotion," phr., 11/244.

The woman, musing little at the motion,
Said, *ignorance is the Mother of Devotion.*
If Ignorance be mother then (said he)
Sure darknesse must her onely daughter be. Taylor's *Pedlar and Priest*, p. 21.

Immediatly, 6/89, without the intervention of anything.

Imp, 46/1363, child. "An *impe* of Sathan, and a limme of th

deuill." *Stubbs's Anat.*, ed. 1836, p. 119.

Impostume, 2/12.
The Common wealths *Impostum* hee doth cut,
And the corruption in his purse doth put. *Taylor*, 495.

Inchoation, 3/56, a beginning of any work. *P.*

Index, phr., "The face is index to the heart," 23/631-2.

Inly, 99/3159.

Innocuous, 64/1955, harmless.

Intend, 56/1696, fix the mind on, aim at.
. . . . . Men intend,
But God it is that consummates the end. 17/467-8.
Paraphrase of "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Intret, 132/7, introit, preface.

Invitement, 104/3308, invitation.

Iöle, 67/1961.

Ionah, 149/25.

Ionson, 132/1, 17.

Iosiah (James I.), 140/91.

Iot, 15/401, jot, small space of time.

Iove (Jupiter, *planet*), 114/13.

Irefull, 105/3376.

Irus, 102/3241, the name of a beggar in the house of Ulysses at Ithica.

It, 129/4, its.

It's

Iudas, 20/567, 44/1291.

Iump, phr., "many jump," 127/18, coincide, agree.
Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and *jump* in one.
Taming of the Shr. i. 1.

Iuno, 38/1122, 93/2942.

Iupiter, 131/4.

Iustled, 105/3366. "A Gallant *iustled* him from the wall almost into the kennell." *Taylor*, 352.

Keepen, 33/962, keep.

Kembe, 34/979, to comb.

Knights of the post, 49/1475, professional perjurers.
A *post-knight* that for fiue groats gaine
Would sweare & for foure groats foreswear't againe.
Taylor, 557.

Lacklattin, Sir John, 43/1267, a term of contempt applied to an ignorant parson.
This *sir Iohn Lacklatine*, true course doth keepe,
To preach the Vestry men all fast asleepe. *Taylor*, 493.

Ladifide, 133/20, made a lady.
Because his Landlords daughters (deckt with pride)
With ill-got portions may be *Ladyfide*. *Taylor*, 42.
Thy Female faire, adorn'd and turpifide,
Should, for thy services be *Ladifide*. *Aqua-Musæ*, 11.

Landresses, 89/2838, laundresses.

Latro, 108/3462, an assassin.

Lazarus, 56/1703.

Let, 18/503, a hindrance, an obstacle.

Let, 78/2435, to hinder, prevent.

Lethe, 131/11(1).

Letia, 102/3238, delighting, or taking pleasure in.

Levi, 76/2371.

Levie, the tribe of, phr., 76/2371, the clergy.
Cease to Abuse the Bishops, and the *Tribe of sacred Levi*.
Aqua-Musæ, p. 9.

Lidian, 88/2800, the Lydian stone.

Liew, 9/164, lieu.

Lightly come, lightly go, prov., 89/2828.

Lightsome, 85/2681, cheerful.

Linceus, 81/2563, Lynceus. See *note*, p. 81.

Linne, 91/2893, lin, to cease, to stop.

Forth then shotten these children 2,
and they did neuer *lin*
Vntill they came to merry churchlees,
to Merry churchlee with-in.
Percy Fo., ed. Hales and Furnivall, i. 55.

Lip-labour, 102/3252.

Littleton, 46/1380.

Loaf, prov., "'Tis safest gutting at a loaf begun," 76/2393, may be for "*cutting* at," etc.

Lockram band, 27/755, a band or collar to the shirt made of *lockram*, which was of a finer texture than the shirt itself.

Hempseed doth yeeld or else it doth allow
Lawne, Cambricke, Holland, Canuase, Callico,
Normandy, Hambrough, strong poledanis, *Lockram*.
Taylor, 549.

Loose, 17/452, to lose.

Lop, 88/2809, to lop off, cut away.

Lot, 75/2347.

Loutish, 58/1756, clownish.

Lovelock, 34/971, a pendant lock of hair, falling near or over the ear, and cut in a variety of fashions.

Lozell, 130/8, a worthless fellow.

Sot, I say, *losel*, lewdest of all swains. *George Peele*, 561.

Lucius, 36/1063, proper name.

Luctantia, 100/3187, L. *luctans*, struggling, reluctant.

Luna, 115/44.

Lunacy, 51/1549. The MS. reads *lunary*. Mr Halliwell's note on the latter word is :—"The herb moonwort. This herb was formerly believed to open the locks of horses' feet. See Harrison, p. 131. Some of our early dramatists refer to it as opening locks in a more literal sense."

Lurch, 46/1364, to evade, neglect.

There's a crue of Thieues that prie and *lurch*,
And steale and share the liuings of the Church. *Taylor*, 279.

Lusco, 82/2571, one who is deprived of something.

Ly, 34/977, lye. "Will Backstead the Plaier cast his *Chamberlye* out of his window." *Taylor*, 342. *See* 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

Machivillian, 49/1467, 94/2963.

Thou . . hast beene a *Machiuilian*,
For damned sleights, conceits, and policie. *Taylor*, 510.
Hee's no state-plotting *Machiuilian*. *Ib.* 535.

Mahomet, 51/1561.

Maiæ, 115/37.

Malago, 62/1915, Malaga wine.

Little were your gaine,
By *Mallegoes*, Canaries Sacke from Spaine. *Taylor*, 549.

Malicing, 94/2956, maligning, envying.

I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall *malice* my estate. *Marlowe*, 9.

Manlius, 106/3398, proper name.

Marchpaine stuffe, 87/2773. "Marchpanes are made of verie little flower, but with addition of greater quantitie of filberds, pine nuts, pistaces, almonds, and rosed sugar." *Markham's Country Farme*, 1616, p. 585, quoted in H.

They sell so deare and take such gaine,
that well they may afoorde
To set fine *Marchpanes* and such like vpon their seruaunts boorde.
Newes out of Powles Churchyarde, Sat. 4.

Marle, 68/2130, marvel. "I *marle* in what dull cold nook he found this lady out." *Ev. Man Out of H.* ii. 1.

Marmalade, 87/2772, a confection commonly made of quinces.

Greeneginger, Sucket, Suger Plate, and *Marmaladie* fine.
Newes out of Powles Churchyarde, Sat. 4.

Mars, 26/732, 82/2590, 115/19.

Mary (Queen), 139/82.

Massie, 47/1422, massive.

To make a Globe to serue this *massie* earth. *Taylor*, 236.

Maudline, 64/1959, corruption of Magdalene. "With *Maudlin* sorrow . . . . they have wept with very griefe." Taylor, *Apology for P. Preaching*, p. 7.

Maw, 101/3226, stomach.

May, 65/2010, the blossom of the white or haw-thorn.

Meacocke, 27/783, a silly effeminate fellow. "Some are suche peasantes and such *maicokes*, that either they will not, or . . . . they dare not, reproue them for it." *Stubbs's Anat.*, ed. 1836, p. 105. "He (The Great Eater of Kent) is no puling *Meacocke*, nor in all his life time the queasinesse of his stomacke needed any sawcy spurre or switch of sowre Veriuice." *Taylor*, 156.

Mechanico, 24/655, mechanic, wright.

Mediocrity, 71/2210, moderation.

Medusa, 23/623.

Mercury, 115/38.

Messalina, 77/2424, the name of the profligate wife of Claudius.

Messe, 60/1826, number.

Microcosme, 8/145, 92/2908. "*Microcosme*, or little world, Man." *Minsh.* 1627.

I haue a heart doth like a Monarch raigne,
Who in my *Microcosme* doth lawes ordaine. *Taylor*, 208.

Midas, 45/1351.

Mirre-breathing, 38/1112, having sweet breath.

Mirrha, 82/2595, Myrrha.

Misotochus, 99/3129, man-hater.

Misthink, 67/2086, think amiss.

Mollified, 45/1327, softened.

Momists, 111, fault-finders, carping critics, so named from Momus.

Momus, 152/1.

Moncking-stock, 5/23, perhaps for mocking-stock. "One that doth purpose to make this towne a iesting *mocking stocke* throughout the whole Kingdome." *Taylor*, 356. Cf. *laughing-stock*.

Montaigne, 28/813.

Mony-taker, 48/1442, a receiver of bribes.

Mopsa, 100/3181. "Mopsey, a term of endearment." *H.* See the *Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 169. "Handekercheifes . . . borrowed for the moste parte of their *pretie mopsies* and loouyng bessies, for bussyng them in the darcke."

Moros, 28/789, L. *mos*, manners.

Morpheus, 137/14.

Muskadine, 62/1918, 88/2778, a rich wine; muscadel.

The wind no *Muskadine* could hither bandy,
Or sprightly Malmesey out of fruitfull Candy. *Taylor*, 549.

Mutius, 100/3199, changed in circumstances.

Nænius, 99/3153, a heaping up of praise, or commendation.

Nappy ale, 71/2224, strong ale.

Narcissus, 34/984.

Nathlesse, 23/624, nevertheless.

Neandrem, 134, ? Newman.

Nebuchadnezar, 149/23.

Necessity, that hath no law, 46/1379, a quibble on the phrase, "Necessity has, or knows, no law."

Nectar, 62/1913, the drink of the gods; hence, a delicious or inspiring beverage.

> What god soever holds thee in his arms,
> Giving thee *nectar* and ambrosia.
> *Marlowe*, 53.

Neighbour, 52/1594, 140/94, neighbouring.

> The hope of Persia . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> That holds us up and foils our *neighbour* foes.
> 1 *Tamburlaine*, i. 1.

Neotimus, 38/1121, an upstart.

Nepenthe, 62/1914, the name of an Egyptian drug which lulled sorrow for the day. Gr. νηπενθης, removing all sorrow.

Neptune, 75/2353, 131/6, 143/2.

Nessus, 66/2059.

Nill, 120/31, ne will, will not.

> [I] left my mill to go with thee,
> And *nill* repent that I have done.
> *Greene*, 264.

Nisus, 23/645, proper name.

Noble, 48/1443, the name of a coin. "A *Noble* in money . . . six shillings and eightpence in England, where there hath beene an old English coine of gold called an *Edward Noble* . . . . worth some fifteene shillings sterling, and is the Rose *Noble* . . . as I take it, now worth seuen shillings, and six pence." *Minsh.* 1627.

Nocivous, 147/33, hurtful.

Nonce, 60/1831, occasion.

Nothus, 80/2513, spurious, illegitimate.

Obeisaunce, 25/703, obedience.

Obnubilate, 135/14, darken, confound, cloud over. "Immoderate slepe . . . doth obfuske and doth *obnebulate* the memory." *Andrew Boorde's Dyetary*, p. 244, ed. Furnivall.

> Mans vnderstanding 's so *obnubilate*,
> That when thereon I doe excogitate,
> Intrinsicall and querimonious paines,
> Doe puluerise the concaue of my braines. *Taylor*, 404.

Observancie, 89/2830, respect, obsequiousness.

Occasion, as occasion serves, 97/3062, as opportunity offers, or presents.

Occurrentes, 104/3307, occurrences.

Oddes, phr., "by odds," 11/259, 62/1914. "The *ods* is, my Cormorants appetite is limited, but most of theirs is vnsatiable." *Taylor*, 483.

Oldcorn, 12, *note*.

On, on 's, 94/2976, 2986, of his.

> Look how his brains drop out *on 's* nose. *Jew of Malta*, iv.

One, 4/9, on. This form is not common in other writers of this period.

One, phrase, "all one with," 30/866, equivalent to.

Opifice, 7/104, workmanship, L. *opificium*, from *opifex*.

Orestes, 126/7(2).

Orgia, 106/3380.

Orleance, 62/1917, wine from Orleans. "From France Red, White, claret, *Orleance*." Heywood's *Philocoth.* p. 48.

Orpheus, 93/2934.

Ougly, 23/638, 37/1100, ugly.

Overquell, 112/5, overcome.

Oxe, phr., "A right ox," 64/1986.

Pact, 39/1166, packed, sent; often "be off," as,

'Tis time, I think, to trudge, *pack* and be gone. *Com. of Er.* iii. 2.

Pallas, 93/2940.

Pamphila, 98/3105, all-loving.

Pamphlet, 29/842. "Should I write all that I am truely informed, my Booke would out-swell the limits of a *Pamphlet*." *Taylor*, 74.

Pandarus, 50/1529. *See* Troilus and Cressida.

Papistrie, 4/16.

Yea, and a church, unspotted, pure,
From dregs of *papistry* secure.
A Poem on New England, Ined. Misc. 1870.

I may be mannerly
In Gods House, and be free from *Papistrie*.
Taylor, *Mad Fashions*, p. 7.

Pasiphæ, 82/2593.

Passion, "void of passion, void of good," phr., 96/3038.

Pelt, 27/752, a skin. "The Lord . . . gaue them *peltes*, felles, and skins of beastes to make them garments withal." *Anat. of Abuses*, p. 20.

Peppercorne, 65/2010.

Peter, S., 35/1014, 149/31.

Phaeton, 34/995, 76/2367, 131/1.

Phalerno, 62/1917, a wine now known as Falernian wine, from Mount Falernus, in Italy.

Philarchus, 39/1143, a lover of authority, or the power which comes of wealth.

Philautus, 97/3071, self-love. "Such as give themselves to *philautia* . . . . are choleric of complexion." *Greene*, 204.

Philogonous, 76/2391, loving his children; here his flock is probably meant.

Phisicall, 71/2212, medicinal.

Phœbe, 41/1212, the moon-goddess, sister of Phœbus, or Sol.

Phœbus, 103/3295, 144/21.

Phœdra, 98/3109. *See* Hippolitus, *supra*.

Phorbus, 102/3255, fear.

Phrygian, 79/2470.

Pickle, 60/1841, condition of drunkenness.

Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this *pickle?*
Temp. v. 1.

Pils of Italy, 39/1153, a kind of poison.

Pinne, 58/1742, phr., "not worth a pin," of no value.

Pistor, 53/1601, miller, baker.

Pithias, 24/654, Pythias. *See* Damon, *supra*.

Pixes, 13/333, pix, the sacred vessel in which the Host is kept.

Plato, 29/823.

Pluto, 99/3162.

Polte-foot, 98/3101, a club foot.

Polupragma, 103/3305, many matters, well rendered in the same line by "Tittle-tattle."

Poppæa, 36/1037, L. a cosmetic made of dough moistened with asses' milk.

Pot companion, 59/1795.

Poynts, 69/2135, tagged laces used in dress. *To truss a point* was to tie the laces which held the breeches; *to untruss a point* was to untie them.

Praise, prov., "A man's praises in his own mouth stink," 37/1089.

Pratle, 103/3306, prattle.

Precisians, 10/213, persons who are over scrupulous in matters of religion. "I will set my countenance like a *precisian*." *Marlowe*, 82. "Corbet was certainly no *precisian*." *Gilchrist's Corbet*, xxxi.

Pre-devine, 146/18.

Pre-indicate, 146/19.

Pre-ordainde, 101/3216.

Profunditude, 149/12.

Promethean, 67/2078.

Prometheus, 117/40.

Prospective, 145/48.

Protasis, 111, beginning; protasis and catastrophe, commencement and ending.

Proteus, 128/6, 129/31.

Provocatives, 87/2765.

Psyche, 117/29.

Ptolomeus, 29/823, Ptolemy.

Put up all, phr., 105/3361, put up with all, endure all.

Putrefactious, 70/2178, putrifying.

Quadruplicity, 117/43.

Quailes, 145/67, quells, cows.

Quarrell, 61/1852, combat, bout.

Quaternall, 150/27, fourfold.

Quean, 36/1053.

Quintus, 82/2568.

Quite, 81/2537, requite.

Lose more labour than the gain shall *quite*. *Marlowe*, 17.

Quoted, 63/1937, same as *cote*, *supra*.

Rafe (Ralph), 60/1814, 61/1880.

Rape, 128/12, prey. Cf. *rapine*.

Ravaillac, 12/283. See *n.* p. x.

Reassume, 126/15.

Recordation, 68/2108, the act of recording, mentioning, writing.

Recover, 100/3176, return to, reach. "I swam, ere I could *recover* the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on." *Tempest*, iii. 2.

Recure, 2/14, 130/11, to cure, heal.

A smile *recures* the wounding of a frown. *Venus and Adonis*, 465.

And to *recure* me from this strange quandary,
Hence Vsquebaugh, and welcome sweet Canary. *Taylor*, 179.

Regiment, 99/3162, kingdom, rule.

Four elements
Warring within our breasts for *regiment*. *Marlowe*, 18.

Repent, 53/1628, 142/3, repentance.

Repurifide, 38/1118, purged, made pure.

Residence, monthly residence, 102/3245. Reference to Canons of Cathedral Churches being "in residence" one month in the year.

Rhamnusiæ, 135/7, Nemesis.

Rhamnusian, 2/1.

Rhenish, 62/1918.

No . . . . . .
. . *Rhenish* from the Rheine would be apparent.
Taylor, p. 549.

Rising, prov., "A sudden rising hath a sudden fall," 39/1142.

Rivolet, 116/22, rivulet.

Romanus, 102/3245.

Roring boy, 47/1397, roring boyes, 62/1889, riotous fellows who took delight in annoying quiet people. "And many sat there [in the Parliament] that were more fit to have been among *roaringboys* than in that assembly." *Court & Times of James I.* i. 322.

Like shamelesse double sex'd Hermaphrodites,
Virago *Roaring Girles*. *Taylor*, 43.

Sometimes these disturbers of the peace were called "roarers." See *News From Hell, Hull, and Hallifax, etc.*, p. 43.

Rost, phr., "to rule the rost," 117/64, to have most influence.

Roundly, 81/2556, vigorously, without fear.

Rushes, phr., "picking rushes," 90/2882, idling away the time.

Ruffino, 47/1397, It. *ruffiano*, a pimp. "She will . . . cause thy throate to be cut by her *Ruffiano*." *Coryate*, 264/4.

Salamander, 118/76, 119/108.

Sampson, 25/688.

Sanctimonious, 10/224, holy, full of sanctity; used in a *good* sense, as it is in

All *sanctimonious* ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd. *Temp.* iv. 1.

Sardanapalus, 59/1785.

Saturn, 114/7.

Sawe, 37/1088, "Saw, saying," proverb.

Scanderbeg, 25/687. Died, 1467.

Scilla, 82/2575, Scylla.

Score, 81/2561, to cut, or mark.

Scotus, 27/767, Scott, probably a fling at one of James's courtiers.

Scullian, 133/11.

Scurrill, 136/26, scurrilous.

Sea, 51/1564, see. "And now I speake of Rome euen in her *Sea*." *Taylor*, 484.

Seld, 120/5, seldom, not often.

Seeld and seldome can they helpe
to keepe the good from harme.
Newes out of Powles, Sat. 2.

Seller, 60/1829, cellar.

Sempronia, 77/2417, proper name.

Separists, 15/375, separatists. See *note*, p. xxx.

Sharke, 85/2694, to cheat, to "sponge." Cf.

The *sharking* tricks
Of cooz'ning Tradsmen.
Taylor, 210.

Sheet, standing in a sheet, 104/3342, customary mode of punishment for a certain sin.

Shelfe, 43/1288, a ledge of rock.

Shend, 68/2103, 121/42, to protect, defend.

Give laud to him that loveth Israel,
And sing his praise that *shendeth* David's fame.
George Peele, 471.

Sherry, 62/1916.

Gascoygne, Orleance, or the Chrystall *Sherrant*. *Taylor*, 549.

Ship, made a ship out, 106/3411, fitted out a ship.

Shoe, to tread the shoe awry, 81/2542, to leave the path of virtue. This is probably Taylor's meaning:—"He bade me leave prating, for I hindred him from mending Alderman Pennington's shooes, (who had gone much aside,) and that his especiall care and charge was, to set him upright if it were possible." *Complaint of Christmas*, p. 3.

Shoes, prov., "He who waits for dead men's shoes goes barefoot," 106/3408.

Shoone, 27/754, *pl.* of shoe, shoes.

Shroudes, 151/58, coverings or a shelter. "They turne them [the poor] out of their *shrouds* as mice." *B. Gilpin's Sermon*, p. 33.

Siccity, 117/54, dryness.

Sillie, 25/710, seely, simple.

Silvanus, 137/4.

Silvius, 90/2851, proper name.

Simple, 147/36, simples, medicinal plants.

Simplician, 148/78, simpleton.

Simpring, 29/829, simpering.

Simula, 26/733, pretence.

Sir, 28/807, a scholastic title, the translation of *dominus* commonly applied to priests and curates.

Skip-iacke, 71/2219, a dandy, a puppy.

Iacke of Newbery I will not repeate,
Nor Iacke of both sides, nor of *Skip-Iacke* neate. *Taylor*, 123.

Skin, leap out on's, 94/2976, to be beyond one's self with joy.

Skull, 71/2218.

Slavering, 43/1259.
She mumbled and she *slavered*, and she spun. Taylor, *A Pedlar and a Romish Priest*, p. 20.

Sleas, 129/18, slays.

Sleeve, "pinned upon the," phr., 28/784.
This gallant *pins* the wenches on his *sleeve*. *Love's L. L.* v. 2.

Snake, 71/2221, a poor wretch; a term of reproach.

Snowt-faire, 34/975, contemptible, coxcombical.

Snuffe, 60/1833, a very small quantity. Cf.
When as is spent his credit and chink,
And he quite wasted to a *snuffe*.
Taylor, 214.

Sodomeo, 79/2467.

Sol, 113/19, 115/26.

Solomon, 147/37.

Solon, 38/1120.

Sordido, 26/749, sordid, dirty. See Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of H.*

Sorrow, phr., "drink down sorrow," 62/1894, "to drive dull care away" by drinking.

Source, 113/4, souse, dip. "This little barke of ours being *sourst* in cumbersome waves." *Optick glasse of Humors*, 1639, p. 161, quoted in *H.*

Spare, prov., "He harmes the good that doth the evill spare," 45/1350.

Spleenfull, 97/3070.

Spring, phr., "'Tis sweetest drinking at the spring," 60/1830.

Spurio, 77/2421, false-one.

Spurt, 79/2494, probably an error for sport.

Stage-plaies, 127/19.

Starke, 147/52, mere, sheer.

Stationer, 28/806, a bookseller. See *Taylor*, 228.

Stint, 89/2808, stop.

Stolido, 45/1352, dunce.

Stones, 87/2769, *testes*.

Stound, 129/17, an instant of time.

Stow, 81/2544, bestow.

Straw, 5/21, phr., "Not to set a straw by," to hold in small esteem.

String, phr., "lead in a string," 76/2383.
Following their Vickers steps in every thing,
He led the parish euen by a string.
Sam. Rowlands, *The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood, etc.*, Epi. 37.

String, a golden, 44/1307.

Stroke, phr., "bear the stroke," 92/2917.

Strouting, 89/2844, swelling out.

Sulpitia, 78/2441, proper name.

Sumner, 81/2538, summoner, apparitor.

Swinge, 71/2232, swing, bent, inclination.

Sword-fish, 145/70.

Tagus, the river, and its golden sand, 116/21.
The sands of Tagus all of burnish'd gold. *Greene*, 90.

Take me e're, 72/2251, take me to any; show me.

Tamburlaine, 25/686. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great* was probably written before 1590. It was printed in 8vo in 1592, and in 4to, in 1605 and 1606.

Tane, 26/739, taken.

Taurus, 48/1449, bull.

Tellus, 41/1209, Earth, as a deity.

Temerus, 104/3318, rashness.

Tempe, 116/12.

Tender-nosd, 112/11.

Thersites, 43/1255. "Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian." *Troi. and Cres.*, Dram. Pers. It is probable that R. C. gained his idea of Thersites from seeing this Play performed.

Thetis, 113/3.

Thieues—receivers, prov., "No receivers no thieves," 89/2818.

Thrush, prov., "One thrush in the hand is worth two in the bush," 106/3406. "A bird in the hand," &c.

Timon of Athens, 94/2965.

Timophila, 103/3279, love-honour.

Title-tattle, 103/3305.

Tobacconist, 72/2239, a tobacco-smoker.

> The smoakie black-lung puft *Tobacconist:*
> Whose ioy doth in Tobacco sole consist. *Taylor*, 511.

See also *Ib.* 214.

Toiels, 118/82, toils, fatigues.

Trade, common trade, 83/2626; see next.

Trade, phr., "The dealing trade," 72/2258. "And why should not Whores haue a Mistris of their owne *dealing-trade?*" *Taylor*, 261.

> A gentlewoman of the *dealing trade*
> Procur'd her owne sweet picture to be made. Sam. Rowlands, *The Letting of Hvmovrs Blood, etc.*, Epi. 29.

Traine, 87/2761, trick, arrangement.

Trans, 17/473, trans[ubstantiation].

Trencher-scraper, 27/771, a menial who works for food. Cf. Trencher-man, trencher-fly (Ash.).

Trinity, 144/32, three things.

Troth, 2/21, tell-troth rimes. Tell truth, the phrase was a favourite one at the time. "In 1600 John Lane published his *Tom Tel-troths Message*, and his *Pens Complaint.*" Tom *tell-troth* is a foolish gull to thee. *Taylor*, 237.

Troynovant, 86/2725, London.

> Like Minos, or iust iudging Rhadamant,
> He walkes the darkesome streets of *Troynouant*. *Taylor*, 491.

See also *George Peele*, 543.

Tuffe, 27/752, tough.

Turnus, 49/1465, Latin name.

> Come, now, as *Turnus* 'gainst Æneas did. *Marlowe*, 39.

Tyranness, 92/2917.

Veneria, 83/2622, Venus.

Venus, 77/2418, 87/2753, 93/2939, 97/3072, 115/32, 131/2.

Ver, 126/13, spring.

Vilde, 44/1321, 68/2120, vile.

> Goe but to Spaine, and shew thy *vild* condition. Taylor, *A Pedlar and a Romish Priest*, p. 8.

This form is sometimes used in the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623.

Virgil, 28/815.

Vitellius, 89/2825.

Vixen, 106/3394.

Vncase, 82/2579, expose. In a literal sense—

> Tranio, at once
> Vncase thee; take my coloured hat and cloak.
> *Taming of a Shr.* i. 1.

Vndermining, 44/1317, undermining bribes, bribes which procure one to commit unlawful or dishonourable actions.

> They . . . . . .
> Have hired me to *undermine* the duchess,
> And buz these conjurations in her brain. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2.

Vnkemd, 27/760, uncombed, untrimmed.

Her unkemb'd locks asunder tearing. *Marlowe*, 345.

Vntemperate, 58/1763, intemperate.

Vntrust, 69/2135, unfastened. See 'poynts,' *supra*.

Vntwitten, 132/15, ?

Votarius, 102/3271, wish, desire.

Vp, phr., "Up and tells," 122/55, tells without hesitation.

Vpsefreese, 60/1816, a kind of beer imported from Friesland. Cf. *upse-Dutch*, *upse-English*. "To drink upse-freeze," "to drink swinishly;" to drink all off at a swig.

This valiant pot-leach, that vpon his knees
Has drunk a thousand pottles *vp se freese*. *Taylor*, 487.

See also Heywood's *Philocothonista*, p. 45, where one of the names for a drunkard is "One that drinkes *Vpse-freeze*."

Vulcan, 82/2588, 117/38.

Warrant, phr., "A warrant seald with butter," 12/276, an empty promise.

Warrantize, 12/275, to warrant, promise.

Whilome, 121/37, once, formerly.

Thou Saint (quoth he) I *whilome* did adore. *Taylor*, 388.

Whipping-cheer, 13/332. "Nowe and then not a fewe haue *whipping cheare* to feede themselues withall." *Stubbs's Anat.* ed 1836, p. 111.

Whit, "ne're a whit," phr., 100/3190, not in the least.

Wilde-fyer, 145/66.

Wishers, prov., "Great wishers and common woulders seldom good householders," 103/3277.

Worser, 75/2358.

Wreck, 97/3070, wreak, inflict.

Ycie, 125/9, icy.

Yclad, 30/869, clothed.

Ycleped, 22/607, called, named.

Yslaine, 122/56, slain.

Yspread, 64/1988, spread.

Yspunne, 27/753, spun.

Zephyrus, 116/28.

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